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THE

LIFE AND EXPLOITS

OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH

OF

MIGUEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA.

By CHARLES JARVIS, Esq.

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he whole carefully revised and corrected, with a new Translation of the Poetical Parts by another Hand.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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THE TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

AS much as I diſlike the uſual practice of tranſlators, who think to recommend their own by cenſuring the former tranſlations of their author, I am obliged to aſſure the reader, that, had I not thought thoſe of Don Quixote very defective, I had never given myſelf or him the trouble of this undertaking.

There have been already three of Don Quixote in Engliſh. The firſt by Shelton has hitherto paſſed as tranſlated from the original, though many paſſages in it manifeſtly ſhew it to have been taken from the Italian of Lorenzo Franciosini. An inſtance or two will be ſufficient.

In the ninth chapter of the third book of the firſt part, Sancho's aſs is ſtolen by Gines de Paſſamonte, while Sancho is aſleep; and preſently after, the author mounts him again in a very remarkable manner, ſideways like a woman, "a la mugeriega." This ſtory being but imperfectly told, Franciosini took it for a groſs overſight: he therefore alters it, indeed a little unhappily; for, in defect of the aſs, he is forced to put Sancho's wallets and provender upon Rozinante, though the wallets were ſtopt before by the innkeeper, in the third chapter of the third book. This blundering amendment of the tranſlator is literally followed by Shelton.

Again, in purſuance of this, Franciosini alters another paſſage in the eleventh chapter of the ſame book. Sancho ſays to his maſter, who had enjoined him abſolute ſilence; 'If beaſts could ſpeak as they did in the days of Guiſopete (I ſuppoſe he means Æſop) my caſe would not be quite ſo bad; for then I might commune with my aſs, and ſay what I pleaſed to

him." Here the Italian makes him ſay "Commune with Rozinante;" and Shelton follows him, with this addition, "Since my niggardly fortune has deprived me of my aſs."

But what if Cervantes made this ſeeming ſlip on purpoſe for a bait to tempt the minor critics; in the ſame manner as, in another place, he makes the princeſs of Micomicon land at Oſſuna, which is no ſea-port? As by that he introduced a fine piece of ſatire on an eminent Spaniſh hiſtorian of his time, who had deſcribed it as ſuch in his hiſtory; ſo by this he might only take occaſion to reflect on a parallel incident in Arioſto, where Brunelo, at the ſiege of Albraca, ſteals the horſe from between the legs of Sacripante, king of Circaſſia. It is the very defence he makes for it, in the fourth chapter of the ſecond part, where, by the way, both the Italian and old Engliſh tranſlators have preſerved the excuſe, though by their altering the text they had taken away the occaſion of it.

The edition by John Stevens is but a bare attempt to correct ſome paſſages of Shelton, and, though the grammar be a little mended by the connecting particles, the antique ſtile of the old one is entirely broken. This is therefore ſo much the worſe by altering the ridiculous of the old diction, without coming nearer to the ſenſe or ſpirit of the original. Stevens alſo has made the ſame wiſe amendments with his predeceſſors.

That of Motteux is done by ſeveral hands, and is a kind of looſe paraphraſe, rather than a tranſlation; and has quite another caſt, being taken wholly from the French, which, by the way, was alſo from the Italian. It is full of what is called the 'Faux brillant,' and openly carries throughout it a kind of low comic or burleſque vein. Motteux is ſo injudicious as to value his verſion upon this very air of comedy, than which nothing can be more foreign to the deſign

ſign of the author, whoſe principal and diſtinguiſhing character is, to preſerve the face of gravity, generally conſiſtent through his whole work, ſuited to the ſolemnity of a Spaniard, and wherein without doubt is placed the true ſpirit of its ridicule.

For the three principal points, which a ſtanch Spaniard lays down to his ſon, are ranked in the following order; 'Gravedad, lealdad, y el témor de Dios, i. e. In the firſt place Gravity, in the ſecond Loyalty, and in the third, the fear of God.' The firſt is to manifeſt itſelf in a punctilious zeal for the ſervice of his miſtreſs; the ſecond in an unreſerved ſubmiſſion to his prince; and the third in a blind obedience to the church. The firſt of theſe makes the chief ſubject of the preſent ſatire.

Upon the whole, I think it manifeſt this author has not been tranſlated into our language in ſuch a manner as to give any tolerable ſatisfaction; though it is evident from the two attempts made by Motteux and Stevens, and the ſucceſs they met with upon the firſt publication, that there was an univerſal demand for ſuch a work. However, in a ſhort time, all thoſe who had any taſte of the author, finding themſelves diſappointed, choſe rather to have recourſe back again to the old one, which, as it was nearer the words, was ſo much nearer the ſenſe of the original.

There are three circumſtances, wherein the excellencies of this author appear in the ſtrongeſt light. The firſt is, that the genius of knight-errantry having been ſo long expired all over Europe, excepting in Spain, yet this book has been tranſlated into moſt languages, and every where read with univerſal applauſe; though the humour was long ago ſpent, and the ſatire affected none but the Spaniards. Secondly, that, although it requires a good judgment to diſcover all the nicer beauties in this writer, yet there remain enough ſufficiently obvious to pleaſe people of all capacities whatſoever. The third (which I con-

fine wholly to England) is, that, though we have already had so many translations and editions, all abundantly defective, yet the wit and genius of the author has been able to shine through all disadvantages, so as to make every one of them as entertaining as any we have among us.

The ironical is the most agreeable, and perhaps the strongest of all kinds of satire, but at the same time the most difficult to preserve in a work of length. Who is there but observes our author's admirable talent at it? However it must be confessed, he has now and then broke in upon this scheme; which I am persuaded he must have been forced to in compliance with the humour of the age and country he wrote in, and not from any error of judgment.

It is certain, that, upon the first appearance of this book in public, great numbers of the Spanish readers understood it as a true history; nor perhaps is the opinion quite extinguished in that country: for an intimate friend of mine told me, that, meeting not long ago, in London, with a Spaniard of some figure, and wanting to learn of him some particulars concerning Cervantes and Don Quixote, the Spaniard very gravely assured him, that Cervantes was a wag, the whole book fiction and mere invention; and that there never was such a person as Don Quixote.

We daily see people of a gross and low taste apt to be offended at a serious manner of jesting, either in writing or conversation; and therefore it will not be improper here to take notice of the frequent oaths, the author puts into the mouths of Don Quixote and his squire, and likewise of the pious reflexions and ejaculations made by both upon very mean and ridiculous occasions. However unwarrantable this practice may be among casuists, it is certainly no fault that falls under the cognizance of a critic, neither can Cervantes in justice be condemned, who appears, in several parts of this very work, to be a man not only

only of great morality, but true piety. We ſhould rather blame the diſpoſition and mode of his country, where the authors frequently take the liberty of mingling what we call profaneneſs and religion together. But above all, the old romances, which he ſatirizes, abound in this very practice. May I not add, that a good writer of humour proceeds like a maſter-painter, who is deſigning pictures by invention? Firſt, he is intent upon fixing the general idea of the characters, and, when he has carried theſe as far as he is able by the mere ſtrength of his genius, he then applies himſelf to minuter likeneſſes from nature itſelf, to come nearer to the life, and deſcribe the particulars more ſtrongly. Thus the very interſperſing thoſe oaths and ejaculations contributes much towards giving the work that air of nature and truth, ſo neceſſary in a piece of this kind.

There are ſeveral broad hints of ſatire upon the wealth, the power and ſplendor of the clergy, as inconſiſtent with the original chriſtian ſcheme; and he has alſo made pretty free with the voluntary penances, and heroic whippings, of his own countrymen. Such ſtrokes would certainly never have paſſed the jealous eyes of the Inquiſition, had they not been ſagaciouſly balanced by ſeveral humble and dutiful paſſages in favour of pious donations, foundations, Purgatory, praying to ſaints, and other profitable doctrines of the church.

In ſome places you meet with ſundry quaint turns, and now and then ſome obſolete expreſſions in bombaſt ſpeeches; both which vices he endeavours to expoſe in thoſe very paſſages, by making his hero imitate the ſtile and phraſe uſual in the romances ſo much in vogue: and one would wonder how monſieur and mademoiſelle Scudery, and the reſt of the Beaux eſprits of the French academy, could be ſo barren of invention, and ſo unthinking, as to copy that very model of romance ſet down by Cervantes, wherein their he-

roes and heroines are exactly described, and the whole system ridiculed; particularly in the discourses of Don Quixote and the canon.

I thought here to have ended this preface: but considering that this work was calculated to ridicule that false system of honour and gallantry, which prevailed even until our author's time; to which there are frequent allusions through the whole of this work; I have chosen to give some account of the rise, progress, and continuance of it, in this place.

As far back as we have any records of the northern nations, it appears, that they decided controversies and disputes by the sword. Lucian tells us, that whoever was vanquished there in single combat, had his right hand cut off. Cæsar, in his sixth book, says, the Germans reckon it gallant and brave to rob and plunder their neighbours; and Tacitus observes, they seldom terminated a dispute with words, but with wounds and death. But nothing can better shew, how common this practice was among the people, than the fatal instance of Quintilius Varus in Velleius Parculus. Varus commanded three Roman legions, with their allies, upon the Rhine; where the enemy taking notice, that he was more intent upon deciding causes in a judicial way, than upon the discipline and care of his army, took occasion from thence of forming a design to surprise and destroy him and his army. And this they partly effected, by amusing him every day with scuffles and quarrels, contrived among themselves, to furnish Varus with store of plaintiffs and defendants; pretending to be extremely surprised and pleased to see the Romans end those disputes by the magistrate and civil pleadings, which the Germans knew no other way of determining but by the sword.

All over the north, single combat was allowed upon various grounds. Krantz, the Danish historian, tells us, how usual it was to decide causes this way; and

and that, not only between perſons of equal circumſtances; but ſo ſhameful a thing was it deemed to decline it, that even ſovereigns have accepted a challenge from their own rebellious ſubjects. Aldanus, king of Sweden, fought with Sivaldus in the liſts; and Addingus, king of Denmark, with Toſſo, who had in vain endeavoured to raiſe an inſurrection againſt him. Schioldus (nephew to that Dane who gave the name to Denmark, they ſay, before Romulus) challenged his rival Scato, the German, to duel for a young lady. The famous pirate Ebbon demanded the daughter of Unguinus, king of the Goths, in marriage, with half his kingdom for her dowry; and there was no avoiding a conceſſion or a combat; but, by good fortune, another bravo had challenged Ebbon, and killed him. In the reign of Fronto the Third, king of Denmark, one Greppa was accuſed by one Henrick of having violated the queen's majeſty; and though the thing was true, and public enough, yet Greppa, to prove his innocence, challenged the accuſer: Henrick was ſlain, and after him his father and brothers, who endeavoured to revenge his death.

By degrees their acute legiſlators found out, that women, and old or infirm men, were under too great hardſhips, and therefore in equity allowed them the uſe of a champion, to battle it in their ſtead. Geſtiblind, king of the Goths, challenged in his old age by the king of Sweden, ſent his champion; and Elgon of Norway, having a mind to the daughter of Fridlevus, ſent the famous Starcuter to fight his rivals; who, notwithſtanding his being ſo redoubted in arms, ſlew Olo the Norwegian by treachery. It is recorded, that theſe champions were a ſet of the vileſt fellows in the world, who often yielded themſelves vanquiſhed for a bribe; and then the unhappy principal was delivered up into the power of the victor, who ſometimes put him to death. But, when

the treachery was too palpable, the villain loſt his right hand, and he and his patron were branded with a note of perpetual infamy. Saxo Grammaticus, who wrote about the year 1200, ſays, that Fronto above-mentioned decreed, "That all controverſies ſhould be decided by Arms, deeming it more reputable to contend with blows, than with words." Before this the Longobards, of German extraction, who had continued and multiplied ſeveral ages in Italy, began to copy after the Italians with a notable mixture of their original genius. App. Sigonius, l. 2. ſays, Rotari, with the conſent of his nobles and army in Pavia, enacted "That if any five years poſſeſſor of any thing, moveable or immoveable, be taxed by any man as wrongfully poſſeſſing, he may juſtify his title by Duel:" And whichſoever of the combatants gave ground ſo far, as to ſet his foot beyond the line aſſigned them, loſt his cauſe as vanquiſhed. In ſome places the rigours were extreme: axes and halters, gallows and gibbets, were prepared without the liſts, and the poor caitiff was hanged or diſmembered, who happened to be worſted.

By length of time the climate began to ſoften theſe ſavage minds. At firſt, the Goods and Chattels of the vanquiſhed belonged to the conqueror: but this practice was laid aſide; for no wealthy gentleman could be ſafe. The Horſe and Arms were a great while a perquiſite: but, in proceſs of time, this alſo was retrenched to the offenſive weapons the unfortunate had made uſe of in the liſts. Theſe the conqueror hung up in ſome church under his own; and, if he liked the enemy's device upon his ſhield, he made an exchange. One of the Viſconti family defeated a Saracen of quality in the liſts, and that houſe, to this day, bears a viper with a bloody child in its mouth, the Saracen's device.

In the Longobard Codex, rates were ſet by law upon affronts, as well as aſſaults and batteries, of both

both which I will set down a sample. When any person had beaten another, and made a livid spot or wound, he was amerced three crowns for the first, six for the second, nine for the third, twelve for the fourth beating, and all beyond went into the bargain. You see the penalty for wounding a man: now behold how sacred were his honour and his property, and how guarded by the wisdom of the law. Item, six crowns for pulling him by the beard; the same for taking away a pole from his hops, or his vines; the same for plucking off the hair of his neighbour's horse's tail; three for beating a servant-wench, and making her miscarry; and just the same for making a mare cast her foal, or a cow her calf. Again, if you struck a man on the head, so as to make a fracture, twelve crowns; twenty-four for the second blow; thirty-six for the third: but if there happened to be any more fractures, the patient must be quiet; for the statute is express, and in very good Latin, Sit contentus. A catalogue is drawn up of the members of the human body: so much for a simple tooth, and so much for a grinder: the nose was always a ticklish article, and twenty-four crowns was always the lowest penny: but, for assassinating a baron or squire by treachery, nine hundred crowns; and, to shew their zeal for the church, the same for murdering a bishop. They allowed of duel in nineteen cases; eighteen of which were to be fought at blunts, with a club and a shield; but the nineteenth was for high treason, and to be fought at sharps with the sword. I forgot to mention, that, in their books of rates, to call a man Cuckold was fined at twelve crowns, and to offer to prove it, admitted of a combat in form.

Not only single persons, but whole towns have challenged other towns to battle, by first engaging some great families, then the friends and dependents of each, until numbers were embarked on both sides, and much blood was spilt. When they came to an

accommodation, the terms were sometimes pretty hard upon the vanquished party: "That they should lower their tower, wall up some gate, clothe in black, with the lining black also, and not shave their beards in ten years." When it grew out of fashion to hang or dismember, still the poor vanquished was in a wretched case, given up to the dispoſal of the victor. The herald proclaimed him, at the corners of the lists, guilty, false, and perjured; he was unarmed backwards; he was to walk backwards out of the lists; his armour was thrown piece by piece over the barrier; and, thenceforward, no gentleman would keep him company. But the usual way was for the conquerors to send the conquered as tokens to their mistresses, to be disposed of as they thought proper. One cavalier, in a pious fit, presented his prisoner to St. Peter's, where the canons of that cathedral employed him to handle a broom instead of a spear, and he swept their church several years with great applause.

This kind of practice savoured too much of insolence, and by degrees, and Italian refinements, the vanquishers became the pinks of courtesy. Out of pure gallantry, they did not require their adversary to yield, though the superiority was apparent, but only to confess and acknowledge his antagonist to be as much a gentleman as himself. Now they began to reduce the custom of single combat to a Science, and thus it spread all over Europe. The cavaliers entered the lists for injurious Words, as well as for injurious Actions. Then frequent disputes arose about the expression, or the tone with which it was uttered: here they gave one another the Lye plentifully, one affirming, the other denying. By these military laws, the challenged was to have the choice of the weapons, of the field, and of the judge; which advantage was often fatal to the appellant, by some foul play or other; whence every man that quarrelled used great addreſs

addreſs to make himſelf defendant, to be entitled to the aforeſaid privilege. As caſes were often dubious, the advocates applied to the ſtudy of diſtinctions. They grew as numerous as the ſtudents of the civil law, and as many books were written upon the ſubject. So many exceptions were allowed, and ſo many treatiſes written on both ſides the queſtion, before the quarrel could be eſtabliſhed (as they called it) that there was no likelihood of any end. The Lye was grown ſo terrible, that no prudent perſon would venture to uſe a Negative Particle, leſt it ſhould be conſtrued by the caſuiſts an oblique way of giving the lye. A man could not ſay; "Sir, you are miſinformed," without hazarding a duel. People found out qualifying mediums: "Excuſe me, Sir; Pardon me, Sir;" which in Italy and France remain the court modes of ſpeech to this day.

Though all gentlemen were under theſe predicaments, yet thoſe who were dubbed knights were under a more immediate and preciſe obligation; they took an oath to be ready at all calls; their arms and armour were always furbiſhing, and their horſes in the ſtable; and inſtantly, upon the receipt of a letter, or gauntlet, by a trumpet, to horſe and away: for, ſhould any of theſe cavaliers have made excuſes, or ſeemed to decline a combat, their ſpurs were hacked off, and they were degraded of courſe, as recreant knights, and perjured perſons, for behaving contrary to their oath at the girding on their ſwords. If a cavalier was calumniated after his death, his next of kin was to take up the quarrel; and if a gentleman happened to die after he was challenged, and before the combat, his neareſt relation was bound to appear in the liſts, and maintain he did not die for fear. In theſe bleſſed ages, when people were obliged to combat by this divine right of ſucceſſion, a ſtrong adroit fellow has extinguiſhed a whole generation,

generation, and the merits of the cauſe point blank againſt him all the while.

But, of all obligations, that of vindicating the honour of the Ladies was the moſt binding: their beauty and chaſtity were the two topicks that made heroes ſwarm like waſps in a hot ſummer, each valuing himſelf upon the juſtice of his cauſe, and, in the very act of encountering that lance, which perhaps in a moment was puſhed three yards through his body, muttering a recommendatory prayer to heaven, and to his miſtreſs; for they were bound in gallantry to believe their future bliſs depended equally upon both. This was very groſs, and ſeemed to be a high contempt of that abſolution 'in articulo mortis,' upon which the church of Rome lays ſo great a ſtreſs. Wherefore the Lateran Council anathematized all theſe bravos, to the great diſcouragement of chivalry. Some princes grew ſqueamiſh, and would not allow of combats 'a tutto tranſito' (as the Italians called it) that is, to kill downright, unleſs in extraordinary caſes. But fighting ſtill was ſo univerſally in vogue, that, in every country in Europe, a Free Field was ſet out, and every petty prince, out of oſtentation of his ſovereignty, though he had hardly ten acres of territory, would have his Campo Franco, with judges, and all the proper officers fixed, that juſtice might not be retarded for want of ſuch a Judicature (as they called it) at hand. The 'bed of honour' was ready made, and death ſtood waiting to put out the lights, and draw his ſable curtain. Letters-patent were drawn up by the elaborate Secretary, recording all the circumſtances at large, and always with ſome flouriſhes in favour of the conqueror: theſe were witneſſed by all the cavaliers and men of quality preſent. The very eccleſiaſtics were not exempt: for in 1176, Matthew Paris informs us, the pope's legate obtained a privilege,

lege, "That the clergy should be no longer compelled to single combat."

Philip the fair of France, in 1306, by his constitutions, allowed of decisions by combat; and because the ladies could not decently engage in cold blood, and cold iron, they were indulged, out of tenderness to the soft sex, the 'Trial ordeal:' burning plowshares, with troughs of scalding liquor, were placed at unequal distances upon the ground: the accused was blind-folded, and, if she chanced to tread clear of all these gins, her innocence was apparent, and Heaven favoured her righteous cause: but, if she was scalded or burnt, God have mercy on her! 'Edward the Confessor's mother, Emma, underwent this trial, and came off safe from nine plowshares.' If the charge was for witchcraft, which usually happened to women in old age, they were thrown into some deep pond or river, and if the operators pulled them out before they were quite suffocated, it was well; but if after they were actually drowned, there was still this mercy, they escaped burning.

While these customs were in vogue, superstition had a noble latitude. Saxo Grammaticus, l. 1 & 4, tells us, it was generally believed, that "some men were invulnerable by magic; some armour, by necromantic art, of proof and impenetrable, unless some magician of superior skill forged a sword of such temper, as nothing could resist." Some balsams were thought so sovereign, as to heal all wounds, and, in consequence of these opinions, the combatants, at entering the lists, were obliged to take an oath, that they had no such thing about them.

During the prevalency of these barbarous customs, St. Peter's successors took the opportunity of fishing some utility out of them, by inciting the princes of Christendom to undertake to recover the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Saracens; as well as to establish certain Military Orders. These were a kind of religious

ligious edged-tools, who were so zealous at their first dubbing, that not content to stay at home, and serve their king and country, they armed, and mounted forthwith, and, accompanied by a trusty squire, went about the world in quest of adventures. Their Oath at their installation obliged them "to redress wrongs, relieve widows and orphans, chastise insolence, &c." These injunctions they piously took 'au pied de la lettre;' and those cavaliers, who were of a compassionate character, set up for immediate redressers of grievances, and steered their course towards whatever court or city was most renowned for valiant knights. Those of an amorous complexion offered to maintain, that their mistresses were superior in beauty to all the ladies of the said court or city. At their arrival, they published a cartel or manifesto declaring their pretensions. The compassionate knights insisted, that such a damsel should have right done her upon an inconstant or faithless lover; such a widow or orphan have redress of a certain grievance; such an old or infirm person have satisfaction given him. If any of these or the like demands were rejected, a combat ensued of course, and the stranger knight was to be treated with great distinction until the question was decided.

Some gay cavaliers carried the humour farther, and took a company of damsels upon palfries about with them, to stake them against their opponents women. Their letters of defiance were usually in an extraordinary stile. I will transcribe a few of the ancient and authentic precedents, in their own words, from their historian and advocate, Fausto the Italian; by which specimen you will find our cavaliers of Hockley were a set of modest gentlemen.

CHALLENGE.

"You may have heard I am one that make pretension to beautiful damsels; and I am credibly informed

formed you have one called Perina, said to be wonderous handsome: now, if you do not send her me forthwith, or acquaint me when I may send for her, prepare to fight me."

ANSWER.

"You are not such a man, that one of my rank should regard what you pretend to. Perina is mine, and handsome: I will meet you, and bring her with me into the lists: you shall stake a couple of yours against her, because they have less beauty and worth. When I have vanquished you, they shall wait upon Perina as long as she pleases."

Another CHALLENGE.

If you do not set the Brunetta at liberty, meet me and name the day; though this enterprize does not so properly belong to me, as to some other cavalier, who lives nearer, and can be better informed of the violence."

ANOTHER.

"Not out of envy at your glory, but out of a desire to be partaker thereof, do me the favour to fight me, and you will oblige your humble servant.

The ANSWER.

"Pray, Sir, be so kind to come and dine with me to-morrow, and at two of the clock I will attend you to the lists."

Another CHALLENGE.

"You say your cap is red; I say it is blue; and will prove, that the sword by your side is lead, and your dagger a wooden one."

The seconds were to make exceptions and enter protests, to examine the arms and armour, and to see there was no false workmanship: for smiths had been bribed,

bribed, and made some armour more weak, that their best chapman might prevail. The seconds then never fought, but interposed as they saw cause, until by later refinements it grew to be the mode.

When combat became a science, the criticks frequently differed on which side the lye was given Validly. To the end all points might be sufficiently discussed, ten days were allowed for accepting the challenge; twenty to answer the adversary's manifesto; and forty more to agree upon the lists, the judge, &c. So that, let a man of honour be in never so much haste, seventy days were good and safe within the forms. In this interval some new scruple was often started, each party endeavouring to put himself in the place of defendant; and before these difficulties could be removed, one or both of the parties have died peaceably in their beds. To gain time was a main artifice, and frequently practised; and in some great emergencies, a kind of military 'writ of error' was admitted, by which the heroes were to begin again. It will not be improper to quote one example. Peter, king of Arragon, was challenged by Charles, king of Sicily, to single combat. The field appointed was near Bourdeaux in Gascony. Charles appeared with the lord of the field and the judge. He waited several hours; then scoured the field (as their law enjoined) and, upbraiding his adversary with contumacy, went off with the judge. When Charles was gone, Peter appears; stays some time; scours his field, and accuses his competitor as contumacious, for not staying out the whole time allotted. The case was referred to counsel learned in chivalry: they declared Charles not guilty of contumacy, because the judge went off with him; and another day was appointed. Peter refused to appear: but pope Martin, who was as infallible as any of his successors, deprived him of the kingdom in dispute.

Sometimes

Sometimes the day and hour were agreed upon, but they differed about the field. One named the Piazza Grande at Milan; the other the Carbonaro at Naples; and each has appeared in ſhining armour, prauncedover the liſts, and ſcoured his field, a hundred leagues from his enemy, who was doing the like in his own country, with equal parade, and equal bravery.

But of all the examples of this ſort, I muſt not omit a very ſignal one, which is given us by Froiſſart the French hiſtorian, and an eye-witneſs, and which I ſhall tranſcribe at large. It is of a famous deciſion at Paris, in 1387, between two gentlemen, vaſſals of the count D'Alenſon, both in employment under him, and both favourites; the chevalier John Caronge appellant, and James le Gris reſpondent. John, it ſeems, was married to a handſome young woman, and happened to travel beyond ſea for ſome advantage to his fortune. He left his wife among her ſervants at his ſeat in the country, where ſhe behaved very prudently. Now (ſays our author) it fell out, that the devil entered the body of James le Gris, by temptation perverſe and diverſe, making him caſt an eye upon the chevalier's lady, who reſided then at Argenteil. It was ſworn at the trial afterwards, that, upon a certain day of ſuch a month in ſuch a year, he took a horſe of the count's, and rode thither. She and her people made him very welcome, as being a companion of her huſband's, and belonging to the ſame maſter. After ſome time, ſhe ſhewed him the houſe and the furniture; and, ſuſpecting no harm, no ſervant attended while ſhe did ſo. Then James deſired to ſee the dungeon, as the chief thing he wanted to ſee. Now the dungeon is one of thoſe ſtrong ſtone towers of ancient ornament and defence, belonging to every caſtle, with ſmall ſpike-holes high in the walls, to keep priſoners of war in, in times of commotion. Madam Caronge led him the way. As ſoon as they were

were in, he clapped the door after him: she thought the wind had done it, until James fell to embracing her, and, being a strong man, had his will of her. At his taking leave of her, she said to him weeping; "James, James, you have not done well; but the blame shall not lie at my door, but at yours, if my husband lives to come back." James mounted his flower of coursers (as the term was for a fine horse) and returned to the count's, where, upon the stroke of nine o'clock, he was among the rest at his lordship's levée, and at four the same morning he had been seen at home. I mark this particular so precisely, because so much depended upon it afterwards. Madam said not a word of what had passed to man or maid, but retained in her memory the day and hour *. When the husband returned from his expedition, his wife received him with great demonstrations of joy. The day passed; the night came: John went to bed; but she lingered, which he wondered much at. She continued walking backwards and forwards in the chamber, crossing herself between whiles, until the family was all in bed and asleep. Then she advanced to the bedside, and kneeling, in the most doleful accents, related the whole adventure. At first he could not believe what she told him; but she persisted so vehemently, that it staggered him, and he said, if it proved so, he forgave her; but if otherwise, he never would cohabit with her more. However, he promised to summon the chief of her relations and his own, and demean himself upon the occasion as they should direct. Accordingly, next morning, he wrote several circular letters, and appointed them a day. When

* It is pity the historian does not say, what number or whether any of her domestics swore to James le Gris being at Argenteil, in that day or at that odd hour, nor which servant brought him his horse from the stable, nor why she did not make her people stop him, since one would think she had opportunity and power enough so to do.

they

they were all met, and in a room together, he called his wife to them, locked the door, and bid her tell her own ſtory from point to point. She did ſo, and the reſult of the conſultation was, to apprize the count their lord of it, and leave it to him. This the huſband agreed to do; but James (ſays the hiſtorian) being prime favourite, the count ſaid, the tale ſounded like a fiction: however, to ſhew his impartiality, he ordered the parties ſhould be confronted, and have a fair and formal hearing face to face. After long pleading, all the relations being preſent, the woman perſiſting, the chevalier accuſing ſtrongly, and the ſquire as peremptorily denying, James was acquitted, and the count concluded the woman muſt have dreamed: for it was not judged poſſible for any man to ride three and twenty leagues, (about ſeventy miles) commit ſuch a fact, and ſpend ſo much time as the ſeveral circumſtances of her depoſition required, in four hours and a half; for that was all the ſpace, in which he could not prove himſelf at home. His lordſhip therefore ordered that no more ſhould be ſaid of it. But the chevalier, who was a man of mettle, and conſequently his honour very tender, now the thing was publick, would not be ſo put off. He brought the caſe before the parliament of Paris: It was depending for a year and half, and the parties gave in ſecurities to ſtand by the deciſion. That wiſe ſenate at laſt determined, it ſhould be decided by "combat to all extremity," on the Monday following the ſentence. The king, happening to be then at Sluys in Flanders, immediately ſent a courier with orders to adjourn the day; for he was reſolved to ſee the iſſue himſelf. The dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, the conſtable of France, with the chief of the nobility, came to town on purpoſe. The liſts were ſet out on the place of St. Catharine, and ſcaffolds were erected for the numerous ſpectators. The combatants were armed at all points cap à pie, as the fa-

hion

fashion was, and had each their chair to sit down in, until they were to enter upon action. The dame was seated upon a car, covered with black. The husband rose from his seat, went to her, and said: Madam, by your information, and in your quarrel, I am here to venture my life, and fight James le Gris: you know best whether my cause be good and true. Sir, replied she, you may depend upon it, and fight securely. Then he took her by the hand, and kissed her: he crossed himself, and entered the lists. She remained praying, and in great perplexity, as well she might; for, if her cavalier was worsted, he was to be hanged, and she to be burned without mercy; for such was the sentence in express terms. But the die was thrown, and they must abide by the chance. The field and sun being divided, according to custom and equity, they performed their careers, and their exercises of the spear on horseback, and, being both very expert, without any hurt. Then they alighted, and fell to work with their swords. In a little time the chevalier John was wounded in the thigh, and all his friends in a mortal fright for him: but he fought on, and so valiantly, that at length he brought his adversary to the ground, run his sword into his body, and killed him upon the spot. He looked round, and asked if he had done his duty well: It was answered, yes, with a general voice; and immediately James was delivered to the hangman, who dragged him to a hill near Paris, and hanged him there. The business thus concluded, the chevalier came and kneeled before the king, who made him rise, and ordered him a thousand livres that day, and two hundred more yearly for his life, and made him a gentleman of his bed-chamber. Then, descending to the scaffold, he went to his wife, whom he saluted, and they walked together to the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, to make their offerings. So the charge was well proved, and the historian durst make no reflection: for,

for, in thoſe days, nobody could queſtion but James was guilty, becauſe he was ſlain.

I muſt not neglect mentioning, that combat was no where more in faſhion, than here in England. Our hiſtory abounds with inſtances: our heroes performed in Tothilfields, where the judges of the common-pleas preſided, and pronounced ſentence. But, when a cauſe was tried before the king, the lord high conſtable, and the earl marſhal, ſat as judges.

Infinite were the miſchiefs proceeding from theſe falſe and abſurd notions of honour. The firſt inſtitution, though barbarous enough, was ſtill more perverted by miſapplication. Theſe cavaliers, from protecting widows and orphans from oppreſſion, proceeded to protect their ſervants and dependants from juſt proſecution and puniſhment. In ſhort, throughout all Europe this frenzy prevailed, until it became both the honour and the law of nations, and drew to its ſide not only divines, but the legiſlators themſelves.

We have ſeen all the ideas of heroiſm formed upon this ſyſtem. Kings themſelves and biſhops were employed in writing romances, of the Paladines of France, the Palmerins of England, and the knights of the round table. The ſingle ſubject of Amadis de Gaul was extended to above twenty volumes. The French, not ſo contented, extracted from thence ſpeeches and flowers enough to fill two more; and their tranſlator de Herberay was eſteemed ſo great a maſter of eloquence, as to be called the Cicero of France. There, and in Italy and Spain, it over-run all books, and debauched all taſte; and upon this wiſe model the fine gentlemen of each nation formed both their manners and their language.

In the midſt of all theſe prejudices, we ſee our author undertake to combat this giant of falſe honour, and all theſe monſters of falſe wit. No ſooner did his

his work appear, but both were cut down at once, and for ever. The illuſion of ages was diſſipated, the magic diſſolved, and all the enchantment vaniſhed like ſmoke. And ſo great and total was the change it wrought, that, if ſuch works are now ever read, it is only the better to comprehend the ſatire, and give light to the beauties of his incomparable Don Quixote.

A SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

TRANSLATOR's PREFACE*.

THE curious account here put together of the principles of the ancient chivalry, as it was in fact, seem defective: For the ridicule of Cervantes does not so much turn upon that, as upon the ideal chivalry, as it is to be found only in the old Romances. And of these the translator is silent. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature may not be unacceptable to the reader: especially as Monsieur Huet, the Bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of them in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and, instead of giving us an account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the Provinçial writers, called likewise Romances: and so, under the equivoque of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of this incomparable satire to bring them back to their sober senses.

* Communicated by a learned writer, well known in the literary world.

The French ſuffered an eaſier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough diſcredited the books of chivalry, by only uſing the extravagant ſtories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of ſatire againſt the refined Politics of his countrymen; of which they were as much poſſeſſed as the Spaniards of their Romantic Bravery. A bravery our Shakeſpear makes their characteriſtic, in this deſcription of a Spaniſh gentleman:

A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that armado hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate.
Love's Labour loſt, Act 1. Sc. 1.

Exceſſive complaiſance is here admirably expreſſed in the perſon of one, who was willing to make even right and wrong, friends; and to perſuade the one to recede from the uſual ſtubborneſs of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her oppoſite, merely that he might not incur the imputation of ruſticity and ill-breeding, for keeping up the quarrel. The ſenſe of what follows is to this effect: "This gentleman, ſays the ſpeaker, ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtile." Why he ſays, "from tawny Spain," is becauſe theſe romances, being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. He ſays, "loſt in the world's debate," becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the Cruſades of the European chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the chriſtians againſt the pagans were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their groundwork in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians: the one, who,

who, under the name of Turpin archbishop of Rheims, wrote the history and achievements of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, who drove the Saracens out of France and the south parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of those peers, whom the old romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. In the Spanish romance of Bernardo del Carpio, and in that of Roncesvalles, the feats of Rowland are recorded under the name of Roldan el encantador; and in that of Palmerin de Oliva, or simply Oliva, those of Oliver: for Oliva is the same in Spanish as Olivier is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the priest in Don Quixote, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular-arm of the house-keeper. "Exceptando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro llamado Roncesvalles; que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission alguna *." And of Oliver he says; "essa Oliva se haga luego raxas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas †." The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the Bernardo del Carpio, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be seen on the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad-sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of our plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagances than the Spaniards, of "giving one a Rowland for his Oliver," that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, faire le Roland means to swagger. This driving the Saracens out of France

* B. 1. c. 6. p. 29. † ibid.

and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder Romances. And the first that was printed in Spain, was the famous Amadis de Gaula, of which the inquisitor priest says; "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fuè el premiro de cavallerias que se imprimiò en España, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen deste *;" and for which he humorously condemns it to the fire, "como à Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala." When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as Amadis de Gaula was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, Amadis de Grecia was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in these romances as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, ARIOSTO and TASSO, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto choosing the first, "the Saracens in France and Spain;" and Tasso, the latter, the "Crusade against them in Asia:" Ariosto's hero being Orlando or the French Roland: for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it Roldan, so the Italians, by another, made it Orland.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous history of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern

* B. 1. c. 6. p. 27.

tales,

tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir J. Maundevile, whoſe exceſſive ſuperſtition and credulity, together with an impudent monkiſh addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worſe of than it deſerved. This voyager, ſpeaking of the iſle of Cos, in the Archipelago, tells the following ſtory of an enchanted dragon. "And alſo a zonge man that wiſte not of the dragoun, went out of a ſchipp, and went throghe the iſle, till that he came to the caſtelle, and cam into the cave; and went ſo longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he ſaughe a damyſelle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and ſche hadde meche treſoure abouten hire: and he trowed that ſche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to reſceyve men to folye. And he abode, till the damyſelle ſaughe the ſchadewe of him in the myrour. And ſche turned hire toward him, and aſked him what he wolde. And he ſeyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And ſche aſked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he ſayde, nay. And then ſche ſeyde, that he myghte not ben her limman. But ſche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and ſche ſcholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kyſſe hire on the mowthe and have no drede. For I ſchalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou ſee me in lykeneſs of a dragoun. For thoughe thou ſee me hideouſe and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou ſeeſt now, a woman; and therefore drede the noughte. And zif thou kyſſe me, thou ſchalt have alle this treſoure, and be my lord, and lord alſo of all that

isle. And he departed, &c." p. 29, 30. Ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance-adventure. This honest traveller believing it all, and so, it seems, did the people of the isle. "And some men seyn (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykenesse of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And thei of the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these "children of fancy" (as Shakespear in the place quoted above finely calls them, insinuating that Fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood) should stop in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the lists of the terra firma. From him therefore the Spanish romancers took the story of the British Arthur, and the "knights of his round table," his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of chivalry) the wars of Christians against Infidels. And whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens. I suspect by design: for chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the Italians and Spaniards, Saracino and Sarazino; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagances;

as

as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and king Arthur and his knights, is called the History of Saint Greaal. This Saint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleïson of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of their knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a saint or a devil, they never wanted for the marvellous. In the old romance of Lancelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself. "La confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; & si tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peus estre raccordé si non par trois choses: premierement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur, tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle est la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite. —Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son plein point de menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, qu'il's prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c.— Apres prinst discipline & d' eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity-lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his

courſe, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monaſtery; or turned hermit, and became a ſaint in good earneſt. And this again will let us into the ſpirit of thoſe dialogues between Sancho and his maſter, where it is gravely debated whether he ſhould not turn Saint or Archbiſhop.

There were ſeveral cauſes of this ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion. As firſt, the nature of the ſubject, which was a religious war or cruſade: 2dly, The quality of the firſt writers, who were religious men: And 3dly, The end in writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpoſe. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted Juſts and Tournaments, becauſe he underſtood they had much hindered the cruſade decreed in the Council of Vienna. "Torneamenta ipſa & Haſtiludia ſive Juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea conſuevere frequentiùs exerceri, ſpecialiter interdixit." Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I. Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the deſign of the cruſades by turning the fondneſs for Tilts and Tournaments into that channel. Hence we ſee the books of knight-errantry ſo full of ſolemn Juſts and Tournaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wiſe project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propoſe it as the beſt means of ſubduing the Turk, to aſſemble all the knights-errant together, by Proclamation *.

But the chief reaſon, doubtleſs, of this mixture was the ſuperſtitious humour of the times, that made religion enter into all their ſports and amuſements: But no where in ſo monſtrous a manner, as in thoſe ancient dramatic repreſentations of our anceſtors, called the MYSTERIES; things much more diſtant

* See Part 2. l. 5. c. 1.

from

from the true Drama, than these romances were from the Epic, as having another brutal state to pass through, called the MORALITIES, before they could acquire a reasonable form. A short account of these things will leave nothing wanting to give us an entire view of the literary amusements of our barbarous ancestors, and will shew us at the same time the use and importance of this incomparable satire, in which are interspersed so many artful precepts for the just composition both of the Epic and Dramatic poem.

The first form, in which the Drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned GREECE and ROME, and that a calm of dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the MYSTERIES. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the Second and Henry the Fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the matter, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the form, a corruption of the ancient Mimes and Atellanes: By which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to these Mysteries, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, "to the life:" as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intitled, "La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Euchaire;" which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprising absurdity of these monstrous representations. "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (says the honest chronicler) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appellée

pellée Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchaſtel, lequel etoit Curé de Saint Victour de Metz, lequel fut preſque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût eté ſecourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Perſonnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain ledit Curé de Saint Victour parfit la Reſurrection, et fit très hautement ſon perſonage; et dura le dit Jeu —Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui eſtoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas; lequel fut preſque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, & fut bin hâtivement dependu, & porté en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'Enfer treſb en faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloien entrer et iſſer; et avoit deux groſs Culs d'Acier, &c." Another paſſage from one of our own countrymen will ſupply what is wanting for a thorough knowledge of the manner of theſe repreſentations. "The Guary Miracle (ſays Carew in his Survey of Cornwall) in Engliſh a Miracle-Play, is a kind of interlude compiled in Corniſh out of ſome Scripture-hiſtory. For repreſenting it they raiſe an earthen amphitheatre in ſome open field, having the diameter of his incloſed playne, ſome 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all ſides many miles off, to hear and ſee it. For they have therein Devils and Devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The Players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand, &c. &c. *" There was always a droll or buffoon in theſe Myſteries, to make the people mirth with his ſufferings or abſurdities: and they could think of no better to ſuſtain this part than the DEVIL himſelf. Even in the Myſtery of the Paſſion mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumſtance is hinted at by Shakeſpear (who has frequent alluſions to theſe things) in the "Taming

* Page 71.

of the Shrew," where one of the players aſks for "a little vinegar (as a property) to make their Devil roar." For after the ſpunge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the repreſentation, they uſed to clap it to the noſe of the Devil; which making him roar, as if it had been holy-water, afforded infinite diverſion to the people. So that vinegar, in the old farces, was always afterwards in uſe to torment their devil. We have divers old Engliſh proverbs, in which the Devil is repreſented as acting or ſuffering ridiculouſly and abſurdly; which all aroſe from the part he bore in theſe Myſteries, as in that, for inſtance, of —— "Great cry and little wool, as the Devil ſaid when he ſheared his hogs." For the ſheep-ſhearing of Nabal being repreſented in the Myſtery of David and Abigail, and the Devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by ſhearing a hog. This kind of abſurdity, as it is the propereſt to create laughter, was the ſubject of the ridiculous, in the ancient Mimes, as we learn from theſe words of St. AUSTIN: Ne faciamus ut Mimi ſolent, et optemus à Libero Aquam, à Lymphis Vinum *.

Theſe Myſteries, we ſee, were given in France at firſt, as well as in England, ſub dio, and only in the Provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company eſtabliſhed in the Hôtel de Bourgogne to repreſent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of FRANCIS the Firſt, the ſtupidity and prophaneneſs of the Myſteries made the courtiers and clergy join their intereſt for their abolition. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the Procureur-General, in the name of the king, preſented a Requeſt againſt the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of this charge againſt them were, that the repreſentation of the Old-Teſtament-Stories inclined

* Civ. D. l. 4.

the people to Judaism; That the New-Testament-Stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor: It seems that this prosecution succeeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, but interdicted the representation of the Mysteries. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongst them: As appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he shews how the old extravagant Romances might be made the foundation of a regular Epic (which, he says, "tambien puede escrivirse en prosa como en verso*;") as the Mystery-Plays, of artful Comedy. His words are "Pues que si venimos à las Comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribueyendo a un Santo los milagros de otro†!" which made them so fond of miracles that they introduced them into "las Comedias humanas," as he calls them. To return;

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from Religious to Moral farces. And in this we soon followed them: The public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, though the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they called MORALITIES. Pierre Gringora, one of their old poets, printed one of these Moralities, intitled "La Moralité de l'Homme Obstiné." The persons of the dramma are l'Homme Obstiné—Pugnition Divine—Simonie—Hypocrisie—and Demerites-Communes. The Homme Obstiné is the atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his courses. Then Pugnition Divine appears, sitting on a throne

* B. 4. c. 20. p. 325. † Ib. 21. p. 327.

in

in the air, and menacing the atheiſt with puniſhment. After this ſcene, Simonie, Hypocriſie, and Demerites-Communes appear, and play their parts. In concluſion, Pugnition Divine returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in ſhort, draws them all to repentance, all but the Homme Obſtiné, who perſiſts in his impiety, and is deſtroyed for an example. To this ſad ſerious ſubject they added, though in a ſeparate repreſentation, a merry kind of farce called SOTTIE, in which there was un Payſan [the CLOWN] under the name of Sot commun [or FOOL.] But we, who borrowed all theſe delicacies from the French, blended the Moralité and Sottié together: So that the Payſan or Sot commun, the CLOWN or FOOL, got a place in our ſerious Moralities: Whoſe buſineſs we may underſtand in the frequent alluſions our Shakeſpear makes to them: As in that fine ſpeech in the beginning of the third Act of "Meaſure for Meaſure," where we have this obſcure paſſage.

—— merely thou art Death's Fool,
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill.

For, in theſe Moralities, the Fool of the Piece, in order to ſhew the inevitable approaches of Death, (another of the Dramatis Perſonæ) is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the Fool, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a repreſentation of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together: And from ſuch circumſtances, in the genius of theſe our anceſtors' public diverſions, might ariſe the old proverb of "being merry and wiſe." The very ſame thing is again alluded to in theſe lines of "Love's Labour Loſt;"

So

So Portent-like I would o'er-rule his State,
That he ſhould be my Fool, and I his Fate.
Act iv. Sc. 2.

But the French, as we ſay, keeping theſe two ſorts of farces diſtinct, they became, in time, the parents of TRAGEDY and COMEDY; while we, by jumbling them together, begot, in an evil hour, that mongrel ſpecies, unknown to nature and antiquity, called TRAGI-COMEDY.

THE

LIFE of the AUTHOR,

Extracted from Don Gregorio Mayans and Siſcar's LIFE of CERVANTES*.

MICHAEL de Cervantes Saavedra, the inimitable author of Don Quixote, was born in the year 1549, and moſt probably at Madrid; though other towns of Spain, as Eſquivias, Seville, and Lucena, have claimed the honour of his birth. At leaſt, it is certain, he lived at Madrid, as appears from the following ſuperſcription of a pleaſant letter of Apollo to him: "To Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, in Orchard-ſtreet, fronting the palace belonging to the prince of Morocco in Madrid: poſtage half a real, I mean ſeventeen maravedis †."

From his childhood, he was ſo fond of books, that he tells us ‡ he was apt to take up the leaſt ſcrap of written or printed paper that lay in his way, though it were in the middle of the ſtreet. But he addicted himſelf chiefly to the reading of poetry and novels, as is evident from his own writings, and eſpecially from the curious and pleaſant ſcrutiny of Don Quixote's library §.

Cervantes left Spain (but in what year is uncertain) and went into Italy; where he became chamberlain to cardinal Acquaviva at Rome; and afterwards followed the profeſſion of arms, under the fa-

* Prefixed to the firſt edition of this tranſlation in Quarto.

† See his journey to Parnaſſus, chap. 8.

‡ Don Quixote, part 1, book 2, chap. 1.

§ Book 1, chap. 6.

mous

mous commander Marco Antonio Colonna*. It is certain, from his own account of himself †, that he was present at the great sea fight of Lepanto against the Turks in 1571; in which action he lost his hand, or at least the use of it, by a shot from the enemy. It appears likewise, that he was taken by the Moors, and carried to Algiers, where he continued under captivity five years and a half ‡. As to other circumstances, collected from the Novel of the Captive §, which some have thought to be a relation of what befel Cervantes himself, they are too uncertain to be depended upon: besides, that, if Cervantes had been an ensign or captain of foot, as he must have been if the adventures of the Captive were his own, he would most likely have honoured himself with one or other of those titles, at least in the frontispiece of his works; whereas he frequently speaks of himself as having been no more than a common soldier.

After his release, or escape, from captivity, and return to Spain, he applied himself to dramatic poetry, and wrote several plays, both tragedies and comedies, particularly The Humours of Algiers, Numantia, and the Sea-fight; all of which were acted with great applause, both for the novelty of the pieces themselves, and the decorations of the stage, which were entirely owing to the genius and good taste of the author. It is certain, from the testimony of contemporary writers, that Cervantes, even before his captivity, was esteemed one of the most eminent poets of his time.

In 1584, he published his Galatea, in six books. This is a Pastoral Novel, interspersed with songs and verses. It is particularly admired for its beautiful descriptions, and entertaining incidents, but espe-

* See the Dedication of his Galatea.

† Preface to the Second Part of Don Quixote.

‡ Preface to his Novels.

§ Don Quixote, part 1. book 3. chap. 12, &c.

cially

cially for the delicacy with which it treats of love-matters. The critics, indeed, find fault with his interweaving in his novel so many episodes, that they divert the reader's attention too much from the principal story. They object likewise to the style, as too affected, and different from the usual forms of speaking; though herein Cervantes imitated the antient books of knight-errantry. The fable of the Galatea is imperfect, the author having intended a second part: but this continuation, though often promised, was never published *.

But the work, which did him the greatest honour, was his Don Quixote; the first part of which was printed at Madrid, in 1605, in Quarto. That it was partly, if not wholly written, during the author's imprisonment, he confesses in the Preface. This admirable performance was universally read and admired. It was soon translated into almost every language of Europe. The most eminent painters, tapestry-weavers, engravers, and sculptors, were employed in representing the history of Don Quixote. The author had the honour to receive a very extraordinary proof of the royal approbation. For, as king Philip III. was standing in a balcony of his palace at Madrid, and viewing the country, he observed a student on the banks of the river Manzanares, reading in a book, and from time to time breaking off, and knocking his forehead with the palm of his hand, with great tokens of pleasure and delight: upon which the king said to those about him, "That scholar is either mad, or reading Don Quixote." But, notwithstanding the general applause given to Cervantes's book, he had the fate of many other great geniuses, to be neglected himself, not having interest enough at court to procure the smallest pension, to keep him from extreme poverty, which must have been his lot,

* See the scrutiny of Don Quixote's library.

had

had it not been for the liberality of a few patrons of wit and learning, particularly the count de Lemos, whose favour and protection he acknowledges in the Preface to the second part.

The prodigious success of this first part engaged Cervantes in writing a continuation of the history. But, before he could publish it, there came out, in 1614, a spurious second part of Don Quixote, by an author, who called himself The Licentiate Alonzo Fernandes de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. This person appears to have been a writer of very low genius; and his performance was found to be so much inferior, both in contrivance and wit, to the true Don Quixote, that it presently fell into the utmost contempt. Cervantes is extremely severe upon this author, in the Preface to his own Second Part, and in several passages of the work.

In 1613, he published, at Madrid, his Exemplary Novels, so called, because in each of them he proposed some useful example, to be either imitated or avoided. They are twelve in number, and their titles are: The Little Gipsey; the Liberal Lover; Rinconete and Cortadillo; the Spanish-English Lady; the Glass Doctor; the Force of Blood; the Jealous Estremaduran; the illustrious Servant-maid; the two Maiden Ladies; the Lady Cornelia; the deceitful Marriage; the Dialogue of the Dogs. The author boasts in the Preface, that he was the first who composed Novels in the Spanish tongue, all before his time having been imitated or translated out of foreign languages.

The year following he published a small piece, intitled, A Journey to Parnassus. At first view, it seems to be an encomium on the Spanish poets, but in reality is a satire on them, as Cæsar Caporali's poem under the same title is on the Italian poets.

In 1615, came out the genuine Second Part of Don Quixote. This performance, contrary to the usual fate

fate of Second Parts, added freſh reputation to the author, and will ever be read by perſons of taſte with no leſs delight than the former.

The ſame year, Cervantes publiſhed Eight Plays, and as many Interludes. He was at this time ſo poor, that, not having money to print the book at his own expence, he ſold it to a bookſeller. The titles of the Plays are: The Spaniſh Gallant; the Houſe of Jealouſy; the Bagnios of Algiers; the Fortunate Bully; the Grand Sultana; the Labyrinth of Love; the Kept Miſtreſs; Peter the Miſchief-monger. The titles of the Interludes are: The Judge of the Divorces; the Ruffianly Widower; the Election of Mayor of Daganzo; the Careful Guardian; the Counterfeit Biſcainer; the Raree-Show of Wonders; the Cave of Salamanca; the Jealous Old Man. The firſt and third of theſe Interludes are in verſe; the reſt in proſe. Cervantes reduced the length of theatrical entertainments from five to three acts. His Plays, compared with thoſe more ancient, are eſteemed the beſt in the Spaniſh tongue, excepting only one or two celebrated ones, particularly Celeſtina the Bawd, the author of which is not known. Cervantes had laid aſide Play-writing for ſome time, when the famous Lopez de Vega appeared; who ſo far engroſſed the attention and approbation of the public, that, when our author fell to writing again for the ſtage, the actors would not receive his plays. He complains of this in the Preface, and promiſes his reader a new dramatic piece, he was then upon, intitled The Deceit of Dealing by the Eye, which he aſſures him could not fail of pleaſing. But, whether this play was ever publiſhed, we cannot ſay.

Our author's laſt performance was his Perſiles and Sigiſmunda. It is a romance of the grave ſort, written after the manner of Heliodorus's Ethiopics, with which Cervantes ſays it dared to vie. It is in ſuch eſteem with the Spaniards, that they generally prefer it

it to Don Quixote; which can only be owing to their not being ſufficiently cured of their fondneſs for romance.

Cervantes fell ill of a dropſy, which proved fatal to him, and put an end to his life in 1616, but in what month, and on what day, is uncertain. He waited the approach of death with great ſerenity and chearfulneſs, and to the very laſt could not forbear ſpeaking or writing ſome merry conceit or other, as they came into his head.

In the Preface to his Novels, he gives us this deſcription of his perſon, as proper to be put under his Effigies. "He whom thou ſeeſt here, with a ſharp aquiline viſage, brown cheſnut-coloured hair; his forehead ſmooth and free from wrinkles; his eyes briſk and chearful; his noſe ſomewhat hookiſh or rather hawkiſh, but withal well-proportioned; his beard ſilver-coloured, which twenty years ago was gold; his muſtachios large; his mouth little; his teeth neither ſmall nor big, and of theſe he has but ſix, and thoſe in bad condition, and worſe ranged, for they have no correſpondence one with another; his body between two extremes, neither large nor little; his complexion lively, rather fair than ſwarthy; ſomewhat thick in the ſhoulders, and not very light of foot: this, I ſay, is the effigies of the author of Galatea and Don Quixote de la Mancha, &c."

THE

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

YOU may believe me without an oath, gentle reader, that I wish this book, as the child of my brain, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly, and the most ingenious, that can be imagined. But I could not control the order of nature, whereby each thing engenders its like: and therefore what could my steril and uncultivated genius produce, but the history of a child, meagre, adust, and whimsical, full of various wild imaginations never thought of before; like one you may suppose born in a prison*, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation? whereas repose of body, a desirable situation, unclouded skies, and, above all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such offsprings to the world, as fill it with wonder and content. It often falls out, that a parent has an ugly child, without any good quality; and yet fatherly fondness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he cannot see its defects: on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be the father, being really but the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down with the stream of custom, nor beseech you, almost as it were with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman nor friend; you have your soul in your body, and your will as free as the bravest of them all, and are as much lord and master of your own house, as the king of his subsidies, and know the common saying, "Under my cloke a fig for the king." All

* It is said the author wrote this book in that unhappy situation.

which

which exempts and frees you from every regard and obligation: and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without fear of being calumniated for the evil, or rewarded for the good you shall say of it.

Only I would give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums, that are wont to be placed at the beginning of books. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write it, I reckoned none greater than the writing of this preface you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once upon a time, being in deep suspense, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my musing. Not willing to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to Don Quixote, and that I was so much at a stand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor publish the achievements of that noble knight. For would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient lawgiver, the vulgar, will say, when they see me, at the end of so many years, slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the style flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; seeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle, of Plato, and of all the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading, learning, and eloquence? for, when they cite the holy

holy ſcriptures, they paſs for ſo many St. Thomas's, and doctors of the church; obſerving herein a decorum ſo ingenious, that, in one line, they deſcribe a raving lover, and in another give you a little ſcrap of a chriſtian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat, to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters, A, B, C, beginning with Ariſtotle, and ending at Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis; though the one was a railer, and the other a painter. My book will alſo want ſonnets at the beginning, at leaſt ſuch ſonnets, whoſe authors are dukes, marquiſes, earls, biſhops, ladies, or celebrated poets: though, ſhould I deſire them of two or three obliging friends, I known they would furniſh me, and with ſuch, as thoſe of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal. In ſhort, my dear friend, continued I, it is reſolved, that Signior Don Quixote remain buried in the records of la Mancha, until heaven ſends ſomebody to ſupply him with ſuch ornaments as he wants; for I find myſelf incapable of helping him, through my own inſufficiency and want of learning; and becauſe I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to ſay what I can ſay as well without them. Hence proceeds the ſuſpenſe and thoughtfulneſs you found me in, ſufficiently occaſioned by what I have told you.

My friend, at hearing this, ſtriking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and ſetting up a loud laugh, ſaid: Before God, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a miſtake I have been in ever ſince I knew you, ſtill taking you for a diſcreet and prudent perſon in all your actions: but now I ſee you are as far from being ſo, as heaven is from earth. For how is it poſſible, that things of ſuch little moment, and ſo eaſy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle

and

and confound a genius so ripe as yours, and so made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? in faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive lazinefs, and penury of right reasoning. Will you see whether what I say be true? then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects that, you say, suspend and deter you from introducing into the world the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirrour of all knight-errantry.

Say on, replied I, hearing what he said to me: after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness? To which he answered: The first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams and elogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages, and people of quality, may be remedied by taking some pains yourself to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trapisonda; of whom I have certain intelligence, that they are both famous poets: and though they were not such, and though some pedants and bachelors should backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two farthings; for, though they should convict you of a lye, they cannot cut off the hand * that wrote it.

As to citing in the margin the books and authors, from whom you collected the sentences and sayings you have interspersed in your history, there is no more to do but to contrive it so, that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find. As for example; treating of liberty and slavery, "Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro." And then in

* He lost one hand in the sea-fight at Lepanto against the Turks.

the

the margin cite Horace, or whoever ſaid it. If you are treating of the power of death, preſently you have, "Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres *." If of friendſhip and loving our enemies, as God enjoins, go to the holy ſcripture, if you have never ſo little curioſity, and ſet down God's own words, "Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos veſtros." If you are ſpeaking of evil thoughts, bring in the goſpel again, "De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ." On the inſtability of friends, Cato will lend you his diſtich, "Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris." And ſo, with theſe ſcraps of Latin and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no ſmall honour and advantage in theſe days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the book, you may do it ſafely in this manner. If you name any giant in your book, ſee that it be the giant Goliah; and with this alone (which will coſt almoſt nothing) you have a grand annotation; for you may put: the giant Golias or Goliat, was a Philiſtine, whom the ſhepherd David ſlew with a great blow of a ſtone from a ſling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherein you ſhall find it.

Then, to ſhew yourſelf a great humaniſt, and ſkilful in coſmography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the hiſtory, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus: the river Tagus was ſo called from a certain king of Spain: it has its ſource in ſuch a place, and is ſwallowed up in the ocean, firſt kiſſing the walls of the famous city of Liſbon: and ſome are of opinion, its ſands are of gold, &c. If you have occaſion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the ſtory of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If

* This and the following period are omitted in Shelton's tranſlation.

you write of courtezans, there is the bishop of Mondonedo will lend you a Lamia, Lais, and Flora, and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches are your subject; Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders; Julius Cæsar gives you himself in his commentaries, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two drams of the Tuscan tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo, who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca, "Of the love of God," where he describes all that you, or the most ingenious persons, can imagine upon that fruitful subject. In fine, there is no more to be done but naming these names, or hinting these stories in your book, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other books, that is wanting in yours. The remedy whereof is very easy; for you have nothing to do, but to find a book that has them all, from A down to Z, as you say, and then transcribe that very alphabet into your work; and suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent from the little need you have to make use of them, it signifies nothing; and perhaps some will be so foolish as to believe you had occasion for them all in your simple and sincere history. But, though it served for nothing else, that long catalogue of authors will however, at the first blush, give some authority to the book. And who will go about to disprove, whether you followed them or no, seeing they can get nothing by it?

After

After all, if I take the thing right, this book of yours has no need of these ornaments, you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry, which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed of, Saint Basil never mentioned, nor Cicero once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagancies fall under the punctuality and preciseness of truth; nor do the observations of astronomy come within its sphere: nor have the dimensions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, any thing to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture, which no christian judgment should meddle with. All it has to do, is, to copy nature: imitation is the business, and how much the more perfect that is, so much the better what is written will be. And since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no business to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, with plainness, and insignificant, decent, and well ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and as much as possible making your conceptions clearly understood, without being intricate or obscure. Endeavour also, that by reading your history, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the gay humour be heightened, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wise forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steady to overthrow that ill compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more: and, if you carry this point, you gain a considerable one.

I liſtened with great ſilence to what my friend ſaid to me, and his words made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon me, that I approved them without diſputing, and out of them choſe to compoſe this preface, wherein, ſweet reader, you will diſcern the judgment of my friend, my own good hap in finding ſuch a counſellor at ſuch a pinch, and your own eaſe in receiving, in ſo ſincere and unoſtentatious a manner, the hiſtory of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the diſtrict of the field of Montiel, that he was the chaſteſt lover, and the moſt valiant knight, that has been ſeen in thoſe parts for many years. I will not enhance the ſervice I do you in bringing you acquainted with ſo notable and ſo worthy a knight; but I beg the favour of ſome ſmall acknowledgment for the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Pança, his ſquire, in whom I think I have decyphered all the ſquire-like graces, that are ſcattered up and down in the whole rabble of books of chivalry. And ſo, God give you health, not forgetting me. Farewel.

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THE

THE

LIFE AND EXPLOITS

OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Which treats of the quality and manner of life of the renowned gentleman DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

IN a village of La Mancha *, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived not long ago, one of those gentlemen, who usually keep a launce upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat consisting of somewhat more beef than mutton †, the fragments served up cold on most nights, an amlet ‡ on

* A small territory, partly in the kingdom of Arragon, and partly in Castile——

† Beef being cheaper in Spain than mutton.

‡ The original is "duelos y quebrantos," literally "griefs and groans." It is a cant-phrase for some fasting-day-dish in use in La Mancha. Some say, it signifies "brains fried with eggs," which the church allows in poor countries in defect of fish. Others have guessed it to mean some windy kind of diet, as peas, herbs, &c. which are apt to occasion cholicks; as if one should say, "greens and gripes on Saturdays." As it is not easy to settle its true meaning, the translator has substituted an equivalent dish better known to the English Reader.

Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a ſmall pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, conſumed three fourths of his income. The reſt was laid out in a ſurtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with ſlippers of the ſame; and on week-days he prided himſelf in the very beſt of his own home-ſpun cloth. His family conſiſted of an houſekeeper * ſomewhat above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad for the field and the market, who both ſaddled the horſe and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a robuſt conſtitution, ſpare-bodied, of a meagre viſage; a very early riſer, and a keen ſportſman. It is ſaid his ſirname was Quixada, or Queſada (for in this there is ſome difference among the authors who have written upon this ſubject) tho' by probable conjectures it may be gathered that he was called Quixana †. But this is of little importance to our ſtory: let it ſuffice, that in relating we do not ſwerve a jot from the truth.

You muſt know then, that this gentleman aforeſaid, at times when he was idle, which was moſt part of the year, gave himſelf up to the reading of books of chivalry, with ſo much attachment and reliſh, that he almoſt forgot all the ſports of the field, and even the management of his domeſtic affairs; and his curioſity and extravagant fondneſs herein arrived to that pitch, that he ſold many acres of arable land to purchaſe books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But, among them all, none pleaſed him ſo much as thoſe compoſed by the famous Feliciano de Silva; for the glaringneſs of his proſe, and the intricacy of his ſtyle,

* The old tranſlators will have the Don's houſe-keeper to be an old woman, tho' it is plain ſhe is but little more than forty; and the original word Ama ſignifies only an upper woman-ſervant, or one who is Miſtreſs over the reſt.

† A derivation from the Spaniſh word Quixas, which ſignifies "lanthorn-jaws."

ſeemed

seemed to him so many pearls; and especially when he came to peruse those love-speeches, and challenges, wherein in several places he found written: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such wise, that with reason I complain of your beauty:" and also when he read; "The high heavens that with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, making you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." With this kind of language the poor gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise again from the dead for that purpose alone. He had some doubts as to the dreadful wounds, which Don Belianis gave and received; for he imagined, that notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of that unfinishable adventure: and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and finish it himself, precisely as it is there promised: which he had certainly performed, and successfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him.

He had frequent disputes with the priest * of his village (who was a learned person, and had taken his degrees in Ciguenza) which of the two was the better knight, Palmerin of England †, or Amadis de Gaul. But master Nicholas, barber-surgeon of the same town, affirmed, that none ever came up to the knight of the sun; and that if any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor brother of

* "El cura." The rector or parish-priest.

† England seems to have been often made the scene of chivalry; for, besides this Palmerin, we find Don Florando of England, and some others, not to mention Amadis's mistress the princess Oriana of England.

Amadis de Gaul; for he was of a diſpoſition fit for every thing, no finical gentleman, nor ſuch a whimperer as his brother; and as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. In ſhort, he ſo bewildered himſelf in this kind of ſtudy, that he paſſed the nights in reading from ſun-ſet to ſun-riſe, and the days from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet: and thus, thro' little ſleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in ſuch a manner, that he came at laſt to loſe his wits. His imagination was full of all that he read in his books, to wit, enchantments, battles, ſingle combats, challenges, wounds, courtſhips, amours, tempeſts, and impoſſible abſurdities. And ſo firmly was he perſuaded, that the whole ſyſtem of chimeras he read of was true, that he thought no hiſtory in the world was more to be depended upon. The Cid Ruydiaz *, he was wont to ſay, was a very good knight, but not comparable to the knight of the burning-ſword, who with a ſingle back-ſtroke cleft aſunder two fierce and monſtrous giants. He was better pleaſed with Bernardo del Carpio for putting Orlando the enchanted to death in Roncevalles, by means of the ſame ſtratagem which Hercules uſed, when he ſuffocated Anteus, ſon of the earth, by ſqueezing him between his arms. He ſpoke mighty well of the giant Morgante; for, tho' he was of that monſtrous brood who are always proud and inſolent, he alone was affable and well-bred. But, above all, he was charmed with Reynaldo de Montalvan, eſpecially when he ſaw him ſallying out of his caſtle and plundering all he met †; and when abroad he ſeized that image of Mahomet, which was

* A famous Spaniſh commander, concerning whom many fables paſs among the vulgar.

† Here Don Quixote, in the hurry of his imaginations, confounds right and wrong, making his hero a common robber: whereas upon cooler thoughts he ſhould have longed to have been upon his bones, as he does upon Galalon in the ſame breath: but perhaps Reynaldo's catholic zeal againſt Mahomet atoned for ſuch unknightly practice.

all

all of maſſive gold, as his hiſtory records. He would have given his houſe-keeper, and niece to boot, for a fair opportunity of handſomely kicking the traitor Galalon *.

In fine, having quite loſt his wits, he fell into one of the ſtrangeſt conceits that ever entered into the head of any mad-man; which was, that he thought it expedient and neceſſary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the publick good, that he ſhould commence knight-errant, and wander thro' the world, with his horſe and arms, in queſt of adventures; and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practiſed by knights-errant; redreſſing all kind of grievances, and expoſing himſelf to danger on all occaſions; that by accompliſhing ſuch enterprizes he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The poor gentleman already imagined himſelf at leaſt crowned emperor of Trapiſonda by the valour of his arm: And thus wrapt up in theſe agreeable deluſions, and hurried on by the ſtrange pleaſure he took in them, he haſtened to put in execution what he ſo much deſired.

And the firſt thing he did, was, to ſcour up a ſuit of armour, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and ruſt-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. Theſe he cleaned and furbiſhed-up the beſt he could: but he perceived they had one grand defect, which was, that inſtead of a helmet, they had only a ſimple morrion or ſteel-cap! but he dexterouſly ſupplied this want by contriving a ſort of vizor of paſte-board, which being fixed to the head-piece gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true, indeed, that, to try its ſtrength, and whether it was proof againſt a cut, he drew his ſword, and, giving it two ſtrokes, undid in an inſtant what he had been a week in doing. But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with ſo much eaſe, to ſecure himſelf from the

* Who betrayed the French army at Roncevalles.

like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing he did, was, to visit his steed; and tho' his bones stuck out like the corners of a real *, and he had more faults than Gonela's horse, which "tantum pellis & ossa fuit," he fancied that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor Cyd's Babieca, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what name to give him: for (as he said within himself) it was not fit that a horse so good, and appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without some name of eminence; and therefore he studied to accommodate him with one, which should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and what he actually now was: for it seemed highly reasonable, if his master changed his state, he likewise should change his name, and acquire one famous and high sounding, as became the new order, and the new way of life he now professed. And so, after sundry names devised and rejected, liked and disliked again, he concluded at last to call him Rozinante †; a name, in his opinion, lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of what he had been when he was but a common steed, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration took him up eight days more, and at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote: from whence, as is said, the Authors of this most true History conclude, that his name was certainly

* A ludicrous image drawn from the irregular figure of the Spanish money, to express the jutting bones of a lean beast.

† From Rozin, a common drudge-horse, and ante, before; as Alexander's Bucephalus from his bull-head, and the knight of the sun's Cornerino from a horn in his forehead.

Quixada,

Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. But recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, and styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, did in like manner call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he set forth in a very lively manner his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his firname from thence.

And now, his armour being furbished up, the morrion converted into a perfect helmet, and both his steed and himself new-named, he perfuaded himself that he wanted nothing but to make choice of some lady to be in love with: for a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. If, said he, for the punishment of my sins, or thro' my good-fortune, I should chance to meet some giant, as is usual with knights-errant, and should overthrow him in fight, or cleave him asunder, or in fine vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to as a present; that, when he comes before her, he may kneel to her sweet ladyship, and with humble and submissive tone, accost her thus: "Madam, I am the Giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malindrania, whom the never enough to be praised Don Quixote de la Mancha has overcome in single combat, and has commanded to present myself before your ladyship, that your grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper." Oh! how did our good gentleman exult, when he had made this harangue, and especially when he had found out a person, on whom to confer the title of his mistress; which, it is believed, happened thus. Near the place where he lived, there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love; tho', as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor

troubled herself about it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo; and her he pitched upon to be the lady of his thoughts: then casting about for a name, which should have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he resolved to call her Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was born at that place :) a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon, and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself, and for all that belonged to him.

CHAP. II.

Which treats of the first sally the ingenious Don Quixote made from his village.

NOW these dispositions being made, he would no longer defer putting his design in execution; being the more strongly excited thereto by the mischief he thought his delay occasioned in the world; such and so many were the grievances he proposed to redress, the wrongs he intended to rectify, the exorbitances to correct, the abuses to reform, and the debts to discharge. And therefore, without making any one privy to his design, or being seen by any body, one morning before day (which was one of the hottest of the month of July) he armed himself cap-a-pee, mounted Rozinante, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target *, grasped his launce, and issued forth into the fields at a private door of his back-yard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy, to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprize. But scarce was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought assaulted him, and such as had well-nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance, that he was not dubbed a knight, and that, according

* The target or buckler was slung about the neck with a buckle and thong.

to

to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought, to enter the lists against any knight; and though he had been dubbed, still he must wear white armour, as a new knight, without any device on his shield, until he had acquired one by his prowess. These reflexions staggered his resolution; but his frenzy prevailing above any reason whatever, he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occasioned his madness. As to the white armour, he proposed to scour his own, the first opportunity, in such sort that it should be whiter than ermine: and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road than what his horse pleased to take; believing that therein consisted the life and spirit of adventures.

Thus our flaming adventurer jogged on, talking to himself, and saying: Who doubts, but that, in future times, when the faithful history of my famous exploits shall come to light, the sage, who writes them, when he gives a relation of this my first sally, so early in the morning, will do it in words like these: "Scarce had ruddy Phœbus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth; and scarce had the painted birds, with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues, saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, when, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, she disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon *; when the renowned Don Quixote

* A ridicule on the like affected descriptions, so common in romances; such as that in the History of Don Polindo son to the king of Numidia, ch. 1. "Quando in aquel tiempo," &c. In that season, when the beauteous Latona most swelleth her bending horns, and her gilded ball bestoweth brightness on the darkest night: And when Apollo, father of the unfortunate Phaeton, making the circle of the heavens, and resting in Gemini warm-

Quixote de la Mancha, abandoning the lazy down, mounted his famous courſer Rozinante, and began to travel through the ancient and noted field of Montiel*;" (and true it is, that was the very field;) and paſſing along it, he continued ſaying; Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits ſhall come to light, worthy to be engraved in braſs, carved in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all poſterity! O thou ſage enchanter! whoever thou art, to whoſe lot it ſhall fall to be the chronicler of this wonderful hiſtory, I beſeech thee not to forget my good Rozinante, the inſeparable companion of all my travels and excurſions. Then on a ſudden, as one really enamoured, he went on, ſaying; O princeſs Dulcinea! miſtreſs of this captive heart, great injury haſt thou done me in diſcarding and diſgracing me by thy rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the preſence of thy beauty. Vouchſafe, lady, to remember this thine inthralled heart, that endures ſo many afflictions for love of thee.

Thus he went on, ſtringing one extravagance upon another, in the ſtyle his books had taught him, and imitating as near as he could their very phraſe. He travelled on ſo leiſurely, and the ſun advanced ſo faſt, and with ſuch intenſe heat, that it was ſufficient to have melted his brains, if he had had any. He travelled almoſt that whole day without meeting with any thing worth relating, which diſheartened him much; for he wanted immediately to have encountered ſomebody to make trial of the force of his valiant arm.

eth human nature, and beautifieth the flowery meads, adorning the open fields and ſhady groves with odoriferous purple flowers, whoſe diverſity rendereth their ſight more charming to mankind, &c.

* A proper field to inſpire courage, being the ground upon which Henry the baſtard ſlew his legitimate brother Don Pedro, whom our brave Black Prince Edward had ſet upon the throne of Spain.

Some

Some authors say, his first adventure was that of the straits of Lapice; others pretend, it was that of the windmills. But what I have been able to discover of this matter, and what I have found written in the annals of La Mancha, is, that he travelled all that day, and, toward the fall of night, his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger; and looking round about to see if he could discover some castle, or shepherd's cottage, to which he might retire, and relieve his extreme necessity, he perceived not far from the road an inn; which was as if he had seen a star directing him to the porticos, or palaces, of his redemption *. He made all the haste he could, and came up to it just as the day shut in. There chanced to stand at the door two young women, ladies of pleasure as they are called, who were going to Sevil with certain carriers, who happened to take up their lodging at the inn that night. And as whatever our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined, seemed to him to be done and transacted in the manner he had read of, immediately, at sight of the inn, he fancied it to be a castle, with four turrets and battlements of refulgent silver, together with its draw-bridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances, with which such castles are usually described. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a castle, at some little distance from it, he checked Rozinante by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice, by sound of trumpet, of the arrival of a knight at the castle. But finding they delayed, and that Rozinante pressed to get to the stable, he drew near to

* This comparison of Don Quixote's joy, at the sight of the inn, to that of the wise men, conducted to the like place by a star, is in allusion to those pictures in popish churches, wherein the wise men, the star, and the child Jesus in the manger, are represented under some magnificent pieces of architecture, with grand porticos, pillars, &c. and the good company, together with the ox and the ass, for dignity's sake, most sumptuously lodged.

the inn door, and saw there the two strolling wenches, who seemed to him to be two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, who were taking their pleasure at the castle-gate.

It happened that a swineherd, getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are called*) from the stubble field, winding his horn, at which signal they are wont to assemble; and at that instant Don Quixote's imagination represented to him what he wished, namely, that some dwarf gave the signal of his arrival; and therefore, with wond'rous content, he came up to the inn, and to the ladies, who, perceiving a man armed in that manner with launce and buckler, were frighted, and began to run into the house. But Don Quixote, guessing at their fear by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard vizor, and discovering his withered and dusty visage, with courteous demeanor and grave voice thus accosted them: Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the order of knighthood, which I profess, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes. The wenches stared at him, and with all the eyes they had were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost covered. But when they heard themselves styled virgins, a thing so out of the way of their profession, they could not contain their laughter, and that in so violent a manner, that Don Quixote began to grow angry, and said to them: Modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter proceeding from a slight occasion: but I do not say this to disoblige you, or to cause you to discover any ill disposition towards me; for mine is no other than to do you service. This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth mien of our

* Our author here ridicules the affected delicacy of the Spaniards and Italians, who look upon it as ill manners to name the word hog or swine, as too gross an image.

knight,

knight, increaſed their laughter, and his wrath; and things would have gone much farther, had not the inn-keeper come out at that inſtant (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable) who, beholding ſuch an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were ſo ill ſorted, as were the bridle, launce, buckler, and corſelet, could ſcarce forbear keeping the damſels company in the demonſtrations of their mirth. But, being in ſome fear of a pageant equipped in ſo warlike a manner, he reſolved to ſpeak him fair, and therefore accoſted him thus: If your worſhip, Signor Cavalier, is in queſt of a lodging, bating a bed, (for in this inn there is none to be had) every thing elſe will be found here in great abundance. Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortreſs (for ſuch to him appeared the inn-keeper and the inn) anſwered; Any thing will ſerve me, Signor Caſtellano, for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repoſe. The hoſt thought he called him Caſtellano becauſe he took him for an honeſt Caſtilian*, whereas he was an Andaluſian, and of the coaſt of Saint Lucar, as arrant a thief as Cacus, and as ſharp and unlucky as a collegian or a court-page; and therefore he replied: If it be ſo, your worſhip's beds are hard rocks, and your ſleep the being always awake; and ſince it is ſo, you may venture to alight, being ſure of finding in this poor hut ſufficient cauſe for not ſleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one ſingle night. And ſo ſaying, he went and held Don Quixote's ſtirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains; for he had not broke his faſt all that day. He preſently requeſted of the hoſt to take eſpecial care of his ſteed, for he was the beſt piece of horſe-fleſh that ever eat bread in the world. The innkeeper viewed him, but did not think him ſo good as Don Quixote repreſented him to be, no, not

* Caſtellano in Spaniſh ſignifies both a governor of a caſtle, and a native of Caſtile.

by

by half; and having set him up in the stable, he returned to see what his guest would be pleased to order; whom the damsels were unarming (for they were already reconciled to him) and though they had taken off the back and breast-pieces, they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribbons, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut; which he would by no means consent to, and so he remained all that night with his helmet on, and was the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality, and ladies of that castle, he said to them with great gaiety: "Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies, as was Don Quixote, after his departure from his village: damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed *." O Rozinante! for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote de la Mancha is my own; for though I was not willing to discover myself, until the exploits done for your service and benefit should discover me, the necessity of accommodating the old romance of Sir Lancelot to our present purpose has been the occasion of your knowing my name before the proper season: but the time will come, when your ladyships may command, and I obey; and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to serve you. The lasses, who were not accustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked whether he would be pleased to eat any thing. With all my heart, answered Don Quixote; any thing eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably. That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had in the inn, excepting a parcel of dried fish, which in Castile they call Abadexo, in Andalusia Baccalao, in some parts Curadillo, and in others Truchuela †. They asked

* In imitation of an old ballad, mentioned in book 2. ch. 5.

† The same which we call Poor John, or little Trouts.

him, whether he would be pleaſed to eat ſome Truchuelas, for they had no other fiſh to offer him. So there be many troutlings, anſwered Don Quixote, they may ſerve me inſtead of one trout; for I would as willingly be paid eight ſingle reals, as one real of eight: and the rather, becauſe perhaps theſe troutlings are like veal, which is preferable to beef, or like kid, which is better than the goat. But, be that as it will, let it come quickly; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be ſupported without ſupplying the belly well. They laid the cloth at the door of the inn for the ſake of the freſh breeze; and the landlord brought him ſome of the ill-watered and worſe-boiled Bacallao, and a loaf of bread as black and mouldy as his armour: but it was matter of great laughter to ſee him eat; for, having his helmet on, and the beaver up, he could not put any thing into his mouth with his own hands, but ſomebody muſt do it for him; and ſo one of the aforeſaid ladies performed this office. But to give him to drink was utterly impoſſible, if the hoſt had not bored a reed, and, putting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leiſurely at the other: and all this he ſuffered patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the mean time there came to the inn a ſowgelder, who, as ſoon as he arrived, ſounded his whiſtle of reeds four or five times; which entirely confirmed Don Quixote in the thought, that he was in ſome famous caſtle, that they ſerved him with muſic, and that the poor jack was trouts, the coarſe loaf the fineſt white bread, the wenches ladies, and the hoſt governor of the caſtle; and ſo he concluded his reſolution to be well taken, and his ſally attended with ſucceſs. But what gave him the moſt diſturbance was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure, until he had firſt received the order of knighthood.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

In which is related the pleasant method Don Quixote took to be dubbed a knight.

AND now, being disturbed with this thought, he made an abrupt end of his short supper; which done, he called the landlord, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell upon his knees before him, and said: I will never rise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy vouchsafes me a boon I mean to beg of you; which will redound to your own honour, and to the benefit of human kind. The host, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such expressions, stood confounded, gazing at him, and not knowing what to do or say; he then strove to raise him from the ground, but in vain, until he had promised to grant him the boon he requested*. I expected no less, Sir, from your great magnificence, answered Don Quixote; and therefore know, that the boon I would request, and has been vouchsafed me by your liberality, is, that you shall to-morrow morning dub me a knight; and this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour†: and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished; that I may be duly qualified to wander through the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are strongly bent on such atchievements.

The host, who (as we have said) was an arch fellow, and had already entertained some suspicions

* In the old romances, it is usual for some cavalier or damsel upon her palfry to come to a knight, and beg some boon at his hands, which the knight is obliged by his rules to grant, unless it be dishoneſt or dishonourable.

† On the eve of a holiday the Romanists perform certain ceremonies of devotion, &c. and wake over the body of a deceased person. Hence our country wakes, &c.

of

of the madneſs of his gueſt, was now, at hearing ſuch expreſſions, thoroughly convinced of it: and, that he might have ſomething to make ſport with that night, he reſolved to keep up the humour; and ſaid to him, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he deſired and requeſted; and that ſuch atchievements were peculiar and natural to cavaliers of ſuch prime quality as he ſeemed to be of, and as his gallant deportment did demonſtrate: that he himſelf, in the days of his youth, had betaken himſelf to that honourable employ, wandering through divers parts of the world in ſearch of adventures, not omitting to viſit * the ſuburbs of Malaga, the iſles of Riaran, the compaſs of Sevil, the aqueduct-market of Segovia, the olive-yard of Valentia, the Rondilla of Granada, the Ceaſt of Saint Lucar, the fountain of Cordoua †, the hedge-taverns of Toledo, and ſundry other parts, where he had exerciſed the agility of his feet and dexterity of his hands; doing ſundry wrongs, ſoliciting ſundry widows, undoing ſome damſels, and bubbling ſeveral young heirs ‡; in fine, making himſelf

* Names of certain infamous places in Spain.

† Near which was the whipping-poſt.

‡ Theſe expreſſions ſeeming a little too ſtrong and open in the original, the tranſlator was inclined to have qualified them in the verſion: but upon reading Don Belianis of Greece (part 2. ch. 3.) he found Don Brianel, who was travelling to Antioch on the princeſs Aurora's errand, and lodged in a houſe of good repute; the landlord of which Palineé had been trained up to chivalry. This hoſt offers his ſervice to wait upon Don Brianel, and, wanting a cloke, frightens a page, who flies and leaves his cloke behind him. Don Brianel approves the thing, and tells him, he performed it ſo cleverly, he believed it was not his firſt exploit of the kind; and he frankly owns, he had often put in practice ſuch pieces of dexterity. In alluſion to this approved ſtroke of knight-errantry, Don Quixote's hoſt brags of divers wonders he had performed this way; and this was a ſtrong precedent, nor could our knight object to any example fetched from his favourite Don Belianis's approved hiſtory. So that this paſſage in Cervantes, which has been thought very

himſelf known to moſt of the tribunals and courts of judicature in Spain: and that at laſt he had retired to this caſtle, where he lived upon his own means and other peoples, entertaining all knights-errant, of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might ſhare their gettings with him in requital for his good-will. He further told him, there was no chapel in his caſtle, in which to watch his armour, (for it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt:) however, in caſes of neceſſity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleaſed, and that he might do it that night in a court of the caſtle; and the next day, if it pleaſed God, the requiſite ceremonies ſhould be performed, in ſuch manner that he ſhould be dubbed a knight, and ſo effectually knighted, that no one in the world could be more ſo. He aſked him alſo, whether he had any money about him? Don Quixote replied, he had not a farthing, having never read in the hiſtories of knights-errant, that they carried any. To this the hoſt replied, he was under a miſtake; for, ſuppoſing it was not mentioned in the ſtory, the authors thinking it ſuperfluous to ſpecify a thing ſo plain, and ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary to be carried, as money and clean ſhirts, it was not therefore to be inferred, that they had none: and therefore he might be aſſured, that all the knights-errant (of whoſe actions there are ſuch authentic hiſtories) did carry their purſes well lined for whatever might befal them, and that they carried alſo ſhirts, and a little box of ointment to heal the wounds they might receive, becauſe there was not always one at hand to cure them in the fields and deſarts where they fought, unleſs they had ſome ſage enchanter for their friend, to aſſiſt them immediately, bringing ſome damſel or

very faulty, appears from hence to be not only excuſable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpoſe of expoſing thoſe authors and their numberleſs abſurdittes.

dwarf

dwarf in a cloud through the air, with a viol of water of such virtue, that, in tasting a drop of it, they should instantly become as sound and whole of their bruises and wounds, as if they had never been hurt: but that, so long as they wanted this advantage, the knights-errant of times past never failed to have their squires provided with money, and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, to cure themselves with; and when it happened, that the said knights had no squires (which fell out very rarely) they carried all these things behind them upon their horses, in a very small wallet hardly visible, as if it were something of greater importance; for were it not upon such an account, this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among knights-errant: therefore he advised him, though he might command him as his godson (which he was to be very soon) that from thenceforward he should not travel without money, and without the aforesaid precautions; and he would find how useful they would be to him, when he least expected it. Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with all punctuality; and now order was presently given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining to the inn; and Don Quixote, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a cistern that stood close to a well: and bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, with a solemn pace he began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as the day shut in.

The host acquainted all that were in the inn with the phrenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They all wondered at so odd a kind of madness, and went out to observe him at a distance; and they perceived, that, with a composed air, he sometimes continued his walk; at other times, leaning upon his launce, he looked wistfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon

moon ſhone with ſuch a luſtre as might almoſt vie with his who lent it; ſo that whatever our new knight did was diſtinctly ſeen by all the ſpectators.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who inned there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was neceſſary firſt to remove Don Quixote's armour from off the ciſtern; who, ſeeing him approach, called to him with a loud voice: Ho, there, whoever thou art, raſh knight, that approacheſt to touch the arms of the moſt valorous adventurer that ever girded ſword, take heed what thou doeſt, and touch them not, unleſs thou wouldſt leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity. The carrier troubled not his head with theſe ſpeeches (but it had been better for him if he had, for he might have ſaved his carcaſe) but, inſtead of that, taking hold of the ſtraps, he toſſed the armour a good diſtance from him; which Don Quixote perceiving, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as it ſeemed) on his miſtreſs Dulcinea, he ſaid: Aſſiſt me, dear lady, in this firſt affront offered to this breaſt enthralled to thee; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this firſt moment of danger *. And uttering theſe and the like ejaculations, he let ſlip his target, and lifting up his launce with both hands, gave the carrier ſuch a blow on the head, that he laid him flat on the ground, in ſuch piteous plight, that, had he ſeconded his blow, there would have been no need of a ſurgeon. This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the ſame gravity as at firſt.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened (for ſtill the firſt lay ſtunned) came out with

* This abſurd practice of knights-errant invoking their miſtreſſes is cenſured in the old collection of Spaniſh laws. "In order to animate themſelves the more (ſays the law) they held it a noble thing to call upon the names of their miſtreſſes, that their hearts might ſwell with an increaſe of courage, and their ſhame be the greater, if they failed in their attempts." I. 22. tit. 1. part 2.

the

the ſame intention of watering his mules; and as he was going to clear the ciſtern by removing the armour, Don Quixote, without ſpeaking a word, or imploring any body's protection, again let ſlip his target, and, lifting up his launce, broke the ſecond carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran together at the noiſe, and the inn-keeper among the reſt: which Don Quixote perceiving, he braced on his target, and, laying his hand on his ſword, he ſaid: O queen of beauty, the ſtrength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatneſs toward this thy captived knight, whom ſo prodigious an adventure at this inſtant awaits. Hereby, in his opinion, he recovered ſo much courage, that, if all the carriers in the world had attacked him, he would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of thoſe that were wounded (for they perceived them in that condition) began to let fly a ſhower of ſtones at Don Quixote; who ſheltered himſelf the beſt he could under his ſhield, and durſt not ſtir from the ciſtern, leſt he ſhould ſeem to abandon his armour. The hoſt cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted as a madman though he ſhould kill them all. Don Quixote alſo cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the lord of the caſtle a poltroon and a baſe-born knight, for ſuffering knights-errant to be treated in that manner; and that, if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him ſmart for his treachery: but for you, raſcally and baſe ſcoundrels (ſaid he) I do not value you a ſtraw: draw near, come on, and do your worſt; you ſhall quickly ſee the reward you are like to receive of your folly and inſolence. This he uttered with ſo much vehemence and reſolution, that he ſtruck a terrible dread into the hearts of the aſſailants; and for this reaſon, together with the landlord's perſuaſions, they forebore throwing any more

more ſtones; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his armour with the ſame tranquillity and ſedateneſs as before.

The hoſt did not reliſh theſe pranks of his gueſt, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving him the Unlucky order of knighthood out of hand, before any farther miſchief ſhould enſue; and ſo coming up to him, he begged pardon for the rudeneſs thoſe vulgar people had been guilty of, without his knowing any thing of the matter; however, he ſaid, they had been ſufficiently chaſtiſed for their raſhneſs. He repeated to him, that there was no chapel in that caſtle, neither was it neceſſary for what remained to be done: for the whole ſtreſs of being dubbed a knight lay in the blows on the neck and ſhoulders, as he had learned from the ceremonial of the order; and that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field: that he had already diſcharged all that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was ſufficiently performed in two hours; and much more, ſince he had been above four about it. All which Don Quixote believed, and ſaid, he was there ready to obey him; and deſired him to finiſh the buſineſs with the utmoſt diſpatch, becauſe, if he ſhould be aſſaulted again, and found himſelf dubbed a knight, he was reſolved not to leave a ſoul alive in the caſtle, except thoſe he ſhould command him to ſpare for his ſake. The conſtable, thus warned, and apprehenſive of what might be the event of this reſolution, preſently brought the book, in which he entered the accounts of the ſtraw and barley he furniſhed to the carriers; and with the two aboveſaid damſels (a boy carrying an end of candle before them) he came where Don Quixote was, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual (as if he had been ſaying ſome devout prayer) in the midſt of the reading he lifted

up

up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that with his own ſword a handſome thwack on the ſhoulder, ſtill muttering between his teeth as if he was praying. This done, he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his ſword, which ſhe did with the moſt obliging freedom, and diſcretion too, of which not a little was needful to keep them from burſting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies; but indeed the exploits they had already ſeen our new knight perform kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the ſword, the good lady ſaid: God make you a fortunate knight, and give you ſucceſs in battle. Don Quixote aſked her name, that he might know from thenceforward to whom he was indebted for the favour received; for he intended her a ſhare of the honour he ſhould acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied, with much humility, that ſhe was called La Toloſa, and was a cobler's daughter of Toledo, who lived at the little ſhops of Sancho bien aya; and wherever ſhe was, ſhe would ſerve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote then deſired her, for his ſake thenceforward to add to her name the Don, and to call herſelf Donna Toloſa; which ſhe promiſed to do. The other buckled on his ſpurs; with whom he held almoſt the ſame kind of dialogue as he had done with her companion: he aſked her name alſo, and ſhe ſaid ſhe was called La Molinera, and was daughter of an honeſt miller of Antequera. Don Quixote intreated her alſo to add the Don, and call herſelf Donna Molinera, making her freſh offers of ſervice and thanks.

Thus the never-till-then-ſeen ceremonies being haſtily diſpatched, Don Quixote, who was impatient to ſee himſelf on horſeback, and ſallying out in queſt of adventures, immediately ſaddled Rozinante, and, embracing his hoſt, mounted; and at parting ſaid ſuch ſtrange things to him, acknowledging the favour

vour of dubbing him a knight, that it is impoſſible to expreſs them. The hoſt, to get him the ſooner out of the inn, returned his compliments with no leſs flouriſhes, though in fewer words, and without demanding any thing for his lodging, wiſhed him a good journey.

CHAP. IV.

Of what befel our knight after he had ſallied out from the inn.

IT was about break of day, when Don Quixote iſſued forth from the inn, ſo ſatisfied, ſo gay, ſo blithe, to ſee himſelf knighted, that the joy thereof almoſt burſt his horſe's girths. But recollecting the advice of his hoſt concerning the neceſſary proviſions for his undertaking, eſpecially the articles of money and clean ſhirts, he reſolved to return home, and furniſh himſelf accordingly, and alſo provide himſelf with a Squire: purpoſing to take into his ſervice a certain country-fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the ſquirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turned Rozinante towards his village; who, as it were knowing what his maſter would be at, began to put on with ſo much alacrity, that he hardly ſeemed to ſet his feet to the ground. He had not gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a perſon complaining. And ſcarcely had he heard it, when he ſaid; I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me ſo early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profeſſion, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable deſires. Theſe are, doubtleſs, the cries of ſome diſtreſſed perſon, who ſtands in need of my protection and aſſiſtance. And turning the reins, he put Rozinante forward toward the place, from whence he thought the voice pro-

proceeded. And he had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying him on very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice; for, said he, "The tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered, I will do so no more, dear Sir; by the passion of God, I will never do so again; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock.

Now Don Quixote, seeing what passed, said in an angry tone: Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one who is not able to defend himself; get upon thy horse, and take thy lance, (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak, to which the mare was fastened) for I'll make thee to know that it is cowardly to do what thou art doing. The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and with good words answered: Signor Cavalier, this lad, whom I am chastising, is a servant of mine; I employ him to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless, that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but, before God, and on my conscience, he lies *. Lies, in my presence! pitiful rascal, said Don Quixote; by the

* This adventure resembles that in Amadis de Gaul (b. 10. ch. 71.) where Daraide and Galtazire, passing near a wood, hear a loud and lamentable voice; whereat entering the wood, they see a knight tied naked to an oak, and two damsels, cousins, whipping him with rods of green twigs. They enquire the cause, and are answered, that he was a disloyal knight, having pretended love, and promised marriage, to both of them at the same time.

ſun that ſhines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee thro' and thro' with this lance: pay him immediately without farther reply; if not, by that God that rules us, I will diſpatch and annihilate thee in a moment! Untie him preſently. The countryman hung down his head, and, without replying a word, untied his boy. Don Quixote aſked the lad, how much his maſter owed him; who anſwered, nine months wages at ſeven * reals a month. Don Quixote computed it, and found that it amounted to ſixty-three reals; and he bade the countryman inſtantly diſburſe them, otherwiſe he muſt expect to die for it. The fellow in a fright anſwered, that on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken, (tho' by the way he had taken no oath) it was not ſo much; for he muſt deduct the price of three pair of ſhoes he had given him upon account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was not well. All this is very right, ſaid Don Quixote: but ſet the ſhoes and the blood-lettings againſt the ſtripes you have given him undeſervedly; for if he tore the leather of the ſhoes you paid for, you have torn his ſkin; and if the barber-ſurgeon drew blood from him when he was ſick, you have drawn blood from him when he is well; ſo that upon theſe accounts he owes you nothing. The miſchief is, Signor Cavalier, quoth the countryman, that I have no money about me; but let Andres go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real. I go with him! ſaid the lad; the devil a bit: no, Sir, I deſign no ſuch thing; for when he has me alone, he will flay me like any ſaint Bartholomew†. He will not do ſo, replied Don Quixote; it is ſufficient, to keep him in awe, that I lay my commands upon him; and upon condition

* A real is about ſix pence Engliſh.

† In the popiſh churches there is frequently an image or ſtatue of a man without his ſkin, which is called "A Saint Bartholomew."

he

he ſwears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has received, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment. Take heed, good Sir, what you ſay, quoth the boy; for my maſter is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood: he is John Aldudo the rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar. That is little to the purpoſe, anſwered Don Quixote; there may be knights of the family of the Aldudos *, and the rather ſince every man is the ſon of his own works. That's true, quoth Andres; but what works is my maſter the ſon of, who refuſes me the wages of my ſweat and labour? I do not refuſe thee, friend Andres, replied the countryman; and be ſo kind to go with me; for I ſwear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, to pay thee, as I have ſaid, every penny down, and † perfumed into the bargain. As to the perfuming, I thank you for that, ſaid Don Quixote; give it him in reals, and I ſhall be ſatisfied: and ſee that you perform what you have ſworn; elſe I ſwear to you by the ſame oath, to return, to find you out, and chaſtiſe you; for I ſhall find you out, tho' you ſhould hide yourſelf cloſer than a lizard. And if you would know who it is that commands you this, that you may be the more ſtrictly obliged to perform your promiſe, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redreſſer of wrongs and abuſes; and ſo farewel, and do not forget what you have promiſed and ſworn, on pain of the penalties aforeſaid. And ſo ſaying, he clapped ſpurs to Rozinante, and was ſoon got a good way off.

The countryman followed him with all the eyes he had; and, when he found he was quite paſt the

* This looks like a piece of ſatire upon ſome family of that name, who probably had given Cervantes ſome provocation.

† A Spaniſh phraſe for paying or returning any thing with advantage, and uſed here as a ſatire on the effeminate cuſtom of wearing every thing perfumed, inſomuch that the very money in their pockets was ſcented.

wood, and out of ſight, he turned to his man Andres, and ſaid: Come hither, child, I am reſolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redreſſer of wrongs commanded me. And I ſwear ſo you ſhall, quoth Andres; and you will do well to perform what that honeſt gentleman has commanded, whom God grant to live a thouſand years, and who is ſo brave a man, and ſo juſt a judge, that, adad, if you do not pay me, he will come back and execute what he has threatened. And I ſwear ſo too, quoth the country-man; but to ſhew thee how much I love thee, I am reſolved to augment the debt, to increaſe the payment: and, taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him ſo many ſtripes, that he left him for dead. Now, maſter Andres, call upon that redreſſer of wrongs; thou wilt find he will hardly redreſs this, tho' I believe I have not quite done with thee yet; for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou fearedſt but now. But at length he untied him, and gave him leave to go in queſt of his judge, to execute the ſentence he had pronounced. Andres went away in dudgeon, ſwearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had paſſed, and that he ſhould pay for it ſevenfold. Notwithſtanding all this, away he went weeping, and his maſter ſtaid behind laughing.

In this manner the valorous Don Quixote redreſſed this wrong; and overjoyed at his ſucceſs, as thinking he had given a moſt fortunate and glorious beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on toward his village, entirely ſatisfied with himſelf, and ſaying in a low voice: Well mayeſt thou deem thyſelf happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboſo, beauteous above the moſt beautiful, ſince it has been thy lot to have ſubject and obedient to thy whole will and pleaſure ſo valiant and renowned a knight, as is and ever ſhall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who (as all the world knows) received but

yeſterday

yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance, that injustice could invent and cruelty commit: to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, who so undeservedly lashed that tender stripling.

Just as he had done speaking, he came to the center of four roads, and presently it came into his imagination, that the knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, set themselves to consider which of the roads they should take: and, to imitate them, he stood still awhile, and, at last, after mature consideration, he let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who following his first motion, took the direct road toward his stable. And having gone about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were certain merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them, and they came with their umbrellas, and four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarce had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure: and, to imitate, as near as possibly he could, the passages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to atchieve. And so, with a graceful deportment and intrepidity, he settled himself firm in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, stood waiting the coming up of those knights-errant; for such he already judged them to be: and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and, with an arrogant air, cried out: Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess, that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the empress of la Mancha, the peer-

leſs Dulcinea del Toboſo *. The merchants ſtopped at the ſound of theſe words, and to behold the ſtrange figure of him who pronounced them; and by one and the other they ſoon perceived the madneſs of the ſpeaker: but they had a mind to ſtay and ſee what that confeſſion meant, which he required of them; and one of them, who was ſomewhat of a wag, but withal very diſcreet, ſaid to him: Signor Cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be: let us but ſee her, and, if ſhe is of ſo great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any conſtraint, confeſs that truth you demand from us. Should I ſhew her to you, replied Don Quixote, where would be the merit in confeſſing a truth ſo notorious? the buſineſs is, that, without ſeeing her, you believe, confeſs, affirm, ſwear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monſtrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one (as the laws of chivalry require) or all together, as is the cuſtom and wicked practice of thoſe of your ſtamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the juſtice of my cauſe. Signor Cavalier, replied the merchant, I beſeech your worſhip, in the name of all the princes here preſent, that we may not lay a burden upon our conſciences, by confeſſing a thing we never ſaw nor heard, and eſpecially what is ſo much to the prejudice of the empreſſes and queens of Alcarria and Eſtremadura, that your worſhip would be pleaſed to ſhew us ſome

* So, in Amadis de Gaul (b. 14. ch. 57.) the emperor of Tartary, Agrican, and his brother Lepante, require of the knights their antagoniſts, before they engage in the combat, to ſwear, that the ladies, the emperor and his brother ſerved and were in love with, ſurpaſſed in beauty all the ladies of the world, and that they only were worthy to be their humble ſervants. The anſwer one of the knights makes to this reaſonable demand, is not unlike the merchant's reply to Don Quixote.

picture

picture * of this lady, though no bigger than a barley-corn; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread: and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship remain contented and pleased: nay I verily believe we are already so far inclined to your side, that, tho' her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favour. There distils not, base scoundrels, answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, there distils not, from her what you say, but rather ambergrease and civet among cotton †; neither is she crooked, nor hump-backed, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama ‡: but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty as my mistress.

And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that, if good fortune had not ordered it that Rozinante stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rozinante

* In a multitude of romances, we meet with the custom of painting the lady's face upon the knight's shield, who maintains from country to country, and from court to court, that his mistress exceeds all others in beauty and all other perfections. Nay farther, they sometimes carried a lady or ladies with them, and, at their arrival in any country or city, published a cartel or challenge, defying all the knights of those parts to match those vagrant beauties, staking lady against lady, or three or four against one, according as they could settle it in respect to beauty or quality, and the conqueror to carry off the prize or prizes: sometimes they refused to shew the lady, and only produced her picture in her stead.

† In Spain and Italy, perfumes and essences are usual presents made to persons of the first distinction, and put up in small vials or ivory boxes, in nests of cotton decked with raw silk of various dyes, and ranged in beautiful order, in caskets of filagree, or other costly work.

‡ A small town, nine leagues from Madrid, situated at the foot of a mountain, the rocks of which are so straight and perpendicular, that they were called "The Spindles." Near it stands the Escurial.

fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, and endeavouring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. And while he was thus struggling to get up, and could not, he continued calling out; Fly not, ye dastardly rabble; stay, ye race of slaves; for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended. A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such arrogancies, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and, coming to him, he took the lance, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armour, he threshed him to chaff. His masters cried out, not to beat him so much, and to leave him: but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game, until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler: and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen knight; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth, and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured knight; who, when he found himself alone, tried again to raise himself; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how should he, when bruised and almost battered to pieces? yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault; nor was it possible for him to raise himself up, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Wherein is continued the narration of our knight's misfortune.

BUT finding that he was really not able to ſtir, he bethought himſelf of having recourſe to his uſual remedy, which was to recollect ſome paſſage of his books; and his frenzy inſtantly preſented to his remembrance that of Valdovinos and the marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a ſtory known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and for all that no truer than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this example ſeemed to him as if it had been caſt in a mold to fit the diſtreſs he was in: and ſo, with ſigns of great bodily pain, he began to roll himſelf on the ground, and ſaid with a faint tone, what was ſaid by the wounded knight of the wood:

Where art thou, miſtreſs of my heart,
Unconſcious of thy lover's ſmart?
Ah me! thou know'ſt not my diſtreſs;
Or thou art falſe and pitileſs.

And in this manner he went on with the romance, until he came to thoſe verſes where it is ſaid; "O noble marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood." And it ſo fortuned, that, juſt as he came to that verſe, there paſſed by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill: who ſeeing a man lying ſtretched on the earth, came up, and aſked him, who he was, and what ailed him, that he made ſuch a doleful lamentation? Don Quixote believed he muſt certainly be the marquis of Mantua his uncle, and ſo returned him no anſwer, but went on with his romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's ſon with his

ſpouſe, juſt in the ſame manner as it is there recounted. The peaſant ſtood confounded at hearing ſuch extravagancies; and, taking off his viſor, which was beaten all to-pieces, he wiped his face, which was covered with duſt; and the moment he had done wiping it, he knew him, and ſaid, Ah Signor Quixada (for ſo he was called before he had loſt his ſenſes, and was transformed from a ſober gentleman to a knight-errant) how came your worſhip in this condition? but he anſwered out of his romance to whatever queſtion he aſked him.

The good man, ſeeing this, made a ſhift to take off his back and breaſt piece, to ſee if he had received any wound: but he ſaw no blood, nor ſign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raiſe him from the ground, and with much ado ſet him upon his aſs, as being the beaſt of eaſier carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rozinante; and ſo taking him by the bridle, and his aſs by the halter, he went on toward his village, full of reflection at hearing the extravagancies which Don Quixote uttered; and no leſs thoughtful was the knight, who, through the mere force of bruiſes and bangs, could ſcarce keep himſelf upon the aſs, and ever and anon ſent forth ſuch groans as ſeemed to pierce the ſkies; inſomuch that the peaſant was again forced to aſk him what ailed him. And ſure nothing but the devil himſelf could furniſh his memory with ſtories ſo ſuited to what had befallen him; for at that inſtant, forgetting Valdovinos, he bethought himſelf of the Moor Abindarraez, at the time when the governor of Antequera, Roderigo of Narvaez, had taken him priſoner, and conveyed him to his caſtle. So that, when the peaſant aſked him again how he did, he anſwered him in the very ſame words and expreſſions, in which the priſoner Abindarraez anſwered Roderigo of Narvaez, according as he had read the ſtory in the

the Diana of George of Montemayor, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil, to hear such a monstrous heap of nonsense: from whence he collected that his neighbour was run mad, and therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, to free himself from the vexation of Don Quixote's tiresome and impertinent speeches; who in conclusion said: Be it known to your worship, Signor Don Roderigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world. To this the peasant answered: Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Roderigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso your neighbour: neither is your worship Valdovinos, nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Signor Quixada. I know who I am, answered Don Quixote; and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of France, yea, and the nine worthies, since my exploits will far exceed all that they have, jointly or separately, atchieved.

With these and the like discourses, they reached the village about sun-set: but the peasant staid until the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When the hour he thought convenient was come, he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in an uproar. The priest and the barber * of the place, who were Don Quixote's great friends, happened to be there; and the housekeeper was saying to them aloud: What is your opi-

* The barber is always a surgeon, and consequently a country doctor; and a person of no small importance, since he has the ordering and adjusting of the Mustachios, those ensigns of the Spanish dignity and gravity.

nion, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez, (for that was the prieſt's name) of my maſter's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horſe, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been ſeen theſe ſix days paſt. Woe is me! I am verily perſuaded, and it is as certainly true as I was born to die, that theſe curſed books of knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is ſo often reading, have turned his brain; and now I think of it, I have often heard him ſay, talking to himſelf, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in queſt of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all ſuch books, that have thus ſpoiled the fineſt underſtanding in all la Mancha. The niece joined with her, and ſaid moreover: Know, maſter Nicholas (for that was the barber's name) that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring on theſe confounded books of diſventures two whole days and nights; and then throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his ſword and fence, backſtroke and fore-ſtroke, with the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would ſay, he had killed four giants as tall as ſo many ſteeples, and that the ſweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight: and then he would preſently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us, that water was a moſt precious liquor, brought him by the ſage Eſquife*, a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myſelf, that I did not advertiſe you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them, by burning all thoſe curſed books, of which he has ſo great ſtore, and which as juſtly deſerve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical. I ſay the ſame, quoth the prieſt; and in faith to-morrow ſhall

* Miſtaken by the girl for Alquife, a famous enchanter in Amadis de Gaul and Don Belianis of Greece.

not

not pass, without holding a publick inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those, who read them, to do what I fear my good friend has done.

All this the peasant and Don Quixote over-heard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and so he began to cry aloud: Open the doors, gentlemen, to Signor Valdovinos and the marquis of Mantua, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor Abindarraez the Moor, whom the valorous Roderigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, brings as his prisoner. At hearing this they all came out; and, as some knew their friend, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass, for indeed he could not. Forbear all of you, he cried, for I am sorely wounded through my horse's fault: carry me to my bed; and, if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda *, to search and heal my wounds. Look ye, in the devil's name, said the housekeeper immediately, if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up stairs, in God's name; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Curse, say I again, and a hundred times curse, be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass. They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all: and he told them he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rozinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. Ho, ho, says the priest, what! there are giants too in the dance †: by my

* A most notable enchantress in Amadis de Gaul, even beyond the sage Alquife.

† Alluding to a passage in Amadis de Gaul, (b. 12. ch. 82.) where, while several emperors and kings are solacing themselves and

my faith, I ſhall ſet fire to them all before to-morrow night. They aſked Don Quixote a thouſand queſtions, and he would anſwer nothing, but only deſired ſomething to eat, and that they would let him ſleep, which was what he ſtood moſt in need of. They did ſo, and the prieſt enquired particularly of the countryman in what condition he had found Don Quixote; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies he had uttered, both at the time of finding him and all the way home; which increaſed the Licentiate's deſire to do what he did the next day; which was, to call on his friend maſter Nicholas the barber, with whom he came to Don Quixote's houſe.

CHAP. VI.

Of the pleaſant and grand ſcrutiny made by the prieſt and the barber in our ingenious gentleman's library.

WHILST Don Quixote ſtill ſlept on, the prieſt aſked the niece for the keys of the chamber, where the books were, thoſe authors of the miſchief; and ſhe delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the houſekeeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio very well bound, bedſies a great many ſmall ones. And no ſooner did the houſekeeper ſee them, than ſhe ran out of the room in great haſte, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water, and a bunch of hyſſop, and ſaid: Signor Licentiate, take this, and ſprinkle the room, leſt ſome enchanter, of the many theſe books abound with, ſhould enchant us, in revenge for what we intend to do, in baniſhing them

and their conſorts in the ſaloon of a palace, behold, four horrible giants enter, with twelve beautiful damſels of the ſame ſize, arrayed in cloth of gold, with each a lighted torch in their left hand, and a drawn ſword in their right; the four giants ſnatch up the four chief beauties of the company, a pair of queens and a pair of princeſſes; and carrying them down into a lower court, the twelve damſels make a circle round the giants and their prize, and dance round them with ſuch ſwiftneſs, that it ſeemed a wheel of fire.

out

out of the world. The prieſt ſmiled at the houſe-keeper's ſimplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might ſee what they treated of; for, perhaps, they might find ſome that might not deſerve to be chaſtiſed by fire. No, ſaid the niece, there is no reaſon why any of them ſhould be ſpared; for they have all been miſchief-makers: it will be beſt to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of them, and ſet fire to it, or elſe carry them into the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the ſmoke will offend nobody. The houſekeeper ſaid the ſame; ſo eagerly did they both thirſt for the death of thoſe innocents. But the prieſt would not agree to that without firſt reading the titles at leaſt.

The firſt that maſter Nicholas put into his hands, was Amadis de Gaul in four parts *; and the prieſt ſaid, There ſeems to be ſome myſtery in this; for, as I have heard ſay, this was the firſt book of chivalry printed in Spain, and all the reſt have had their foundation and riſe from it; and therefore I think, as head of ſo pernicious a ſect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy. Not ſo, Sir, ſaid the barber; for I have heard alſo, that it is the beſt of all the books of this kind; and therefore, as being ſingular in his art, he ought to be ſpared. It is true, ſaid the prieſt, and for that reaſon his life is granted him for the preſent. Let us ſee that other that ſtands next him. It is, ſaid the barber, the Adventures of Eſplandian, the legitimate ſon of Amadis de Gaul. Verily, ſaid the prieſt, the goodneſs of the father ſhall avail the ſon nothing; take him, miſtreſs houſe-keeper; open yon caſement, and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire. The houſekeeper did ſo with much ſatisfaction, and honeſt Eſplandian was ſent flying in-

* Hence it appears, that only the firſt four books of Amadis were thought genuine by Cervantes. The ſubſequent volumes, to the number of twenty-one, are condemned hereby as ſpurious.

to

to the yard, there to wait with patience for the fire with which he was threatened. Proceed, ſaid the prieſt. The next, ſaid the barber, is Amadis of Greece: yea, and all theſe on this ſide, I believe, are of the lineage of Amadis. Then into the yard with them all, quoth the prieſt; for rather than not burn queen Pintiquinieſtra *, and the ſhepherd Darinel † with his eclogues, and the deviliſh intricate diſcourſes of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a knight-errant. Of the ſame opinion am I, ſaid the barber; and I too, added the niece. Since it is ſo, ſaid the houſekeeper, away with them all into the yard. They handed them to her; and, there being great numbers of them, to ſave herſelf the trouble of the ſtairs, ſhe threw them all, the ſhorteſt way, out of the window.

What tun of an author is that? ſaid the prieſt. This is, anſwered the barber, Don Olivante de Laura. The author of that book, ſaid the prieſt, was the ſame who compoſed the Garden of Flowers; and in good truth I know not which of the two books is the trueſt, or rather the leaſt lying; I can only ſay, that this goes to the yard for its arrogance and abſurdity. This that follows is Floriſmarte of Hyrcania, ſaid the barber. What! is Signor Floriſmarte there, replied the prieſt; now, in good faith, he ſhall ſoon make his appearance in the yard, notwithſtanding his ſtrange birth and chimerical adventures; for the harſhneſs and dryneſs of his ſtile will admit of no excuſe. To the yard with him, and this other, miſtreſs houſekeeper. With all my heart, dear Sir, anſwered ſhe; and with much joy executed what ſhe was commanded. This is the knight Platir, ſaid the barber. That, ſaid the prieſt, is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deſerving pardon: let him keep the reſt com-

* A terrible fighting gianteſs, in Amadis de Gaul, and one of the moſt ridiculous characters imaginable.

† A ridiculous buffoon, in love with an empreſs, ibid.

pany

pany without more words; which was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it intitled the Knight of the Croſs. So religious a title, quoth the prieſt, might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but it is a common ſaying, "the devil lurks behind the croſs:" ſo to the fire with him. The barber, taking down another book, ſaid, This is the Mirrour of Chivalry. Oh! I know his worſhip very well, quoth the prieſt. Here comes Signor Reynaldos de Montalvan, with his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus; and the twelve peers, with the faithful hiſtoriographer Turpin. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual baniſhment, becauſe they contain ſome things of the famous Mateo Boyardo's * invention; from whom alſo the chriſtian poet Ludovico Arioſto ſpun his web: but if I find even him here, and ſpeaking any other language than his own, I will ſhew him no reſpect; but, if he ſpeaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head †. I have him in Italian, ſaid the barber, but I do not underſtand him. Neither is it any great matter, whether you underſtand him or not ‡, anſwered the prieſt; and we would willingly have excuſed the good captain from bringing him into Spain, and making him a Caſtilian; for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all thoſe who undertake to tranſlate books of verſe into other languages; for, with all their care and ſkill, they can never raiſe them to the pitch they were at in their firſt production. I pronounce, in ſhort, that this, and all other books that ſhall be found treating of French matters ‖, be

* A famous Italian poet, author of ſeveral cantos of Orlando Inamorato; from whom Arioſto borrowed a great part of his Orlando Furioſo.

† A mark of honour and reſpect.

‡ It is plain from hence, that Cervantes did not reliſh Arioſto's extravagancies.

‖ Meaning the common ſubject of romances, the ſcene of which lay in France, under Charlemagne, and the Paladins.

thrown

thrown aſide, and depoſited in ſome dry vault, until we can determine with more deliberation what is to be done with them; excepting Bernardo del Carpio, and another called Ronceſvalles, who, if they fall into my hands, ſhall paſs into the houſekeeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remiſſion. The barber confirmed the ſentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing that the prieſt was ſo good a chriſtian, and ſo much a friend to truth, that he would not utter a falſhood for all the world.

And ſo opening another book, he ſaw it was Palmerin de Oliva, and next it another called Palmerin of England; which the Licentiate eſpying, ſaid: Let this Oliva be torn to pieces and burnt, that not ſo much as the aſhes may remain; but let Palmerin of England be preſerved, and kept, as a ſingular piece; and let ſuch another caſe be made for it, as that which Alexander found among the ſpoils of Darius, and appropriated to preſerve the works of the poet Homer. This book, goſſip, is conſiderable upon two accounts; the one that it is very good in itſelf; and the other, becauſe there is a tradition that it was written by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the Caſtle of Miraguarda are moſt excellent, and artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the decorum preſerved in all the characters, with great judgment and propriety. Therefore, maſter Nicholas, ſaving your better judgment, let this, and Amadis de Gaul, be exempted from the fire, and let all the reſt periſh without any farther enquiry. Not ſo, goſſip, replied the barber; for this that I have here is the renowned Don Belianis. The prieſt replied, This, with the ſecond, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to purge away its exceſſive choler: beſides, we muſt remove all that relates to the caſtle of Fame, and other impertinences of greater conſequence; wherefore let them have the benefit of tranſportation, and as they ſhew ſigns of amend-

amendment, they ſhall be treated with mercy or juſtice: in the mean time, neighbour, give them room in your houſe; but let nobody read them. With all my heart, quoth the barber; and, without tiring himſelf any farther in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the houſekeeper take all the great ones, and throw them into the yard. This was not ſpoken to one ſtupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the fineſt and largeſt * web. And therefore laying hold of ſeven or eight at once, ſhe toſt them out at the window.

By her taking ſo many together, there fell one at the barber's feet; who had a mind to ſee what it was, and found it to be, The hiſtory of the renowned knight Tirant the White. God ſave me! quoth the prieſt, with a loud voice, is Tirant the White there? Give me him here, neighbour; for I make account I have found in him a treaſure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have Don Kyric-eleiſon of Montalvan, a valorous knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the knight Fonſeca, and the combat which the valiant Detriante fought with Alano, and the ſmart conceits of the damſel Plazerdemivida †, with the amours and artifices of the widow Repoſada †; and madam the empreſs in love with her ſquire Hypolito. Verily, goſſip, in its way, it is the beſt book in the world: here the knights eat, and ſleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with ſeveral things, which are wanting in all other books of this kind. Notwithſtanding all this, I tell you, the author deſerved, for writing ſo many fooliſh things ſeriouſly, to be ſent to the gallies for all the days of his life: carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I ſay of him to be true. I

* A concealed piece of ſatire on the lazineſs and want of good houſewifry of the Spaniſh women.

† Qualities perſonified, or made into ſubſtantive names. Plazerdemivida ſignifies, Pleaſure of my life: Repoſada, Quiet or ſedate.

will

will do so, answered the barber: but what shall we do with these little books that remain? These, said the priest, are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry: and opening one, he found it was the Diana of George of Montemayer, and said, (believing all the rest to be of the same kind) these do not deserve to be burnt like the rest; for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt. O Sir, said the niece, pray order these to be burnt with the rest; for should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may possibly, by reading these books, take it into his head to turn shepherd *, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe; and, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease. The damsel says true, quoth the priest, and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion out of our friend's way. And since we begin with the Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion not to burn it, but to take away all that treats of the sage Felicia, and of the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems; and leave him the prose in God's name, and the honour of being the first in that kind of writing. This that follows, said the barber, is the Diana called the second, by Salmantino; and another of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo. The Salmantinian, answered the priest, may accompany and increase the number of the condemned; to the yard with him: but let that of Gil Polo be preserved, as if it were written by Apollo himself. Proceed, gossip, and let us dispatch; for it grows late.

This, said the barber, opening another, is the Ten Books of the Fortune of Love, composed by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet. By the holy orders I have received, said the priest, since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous

* He did so, at the end of the second part.

and

and ſo whimſical a book as this was never written; it is the beſt, and moſt ſingular of the kind, that ever appeared in the world; and he, who has not read it, may reckon that he never read any thing of taſte: give it me here, goſſip; for I value the finding it more than if I had been preſented with a caſſock of Florence ſattin. He laid it aſide with exceeding pleaſure, and the barber proceeded, ſaying: Theſe that follow are, the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Enares, and the Cures of Jealouſy. There is no more to be done, ſaid the prieſt, but to deliver them up to the ſecular arm * of the houſekeeper; and aſk me not why, for then we ſhould never have done. This that comes next is the Shepherd of Filida. He is no ſhepherd, ſaid the prieſt, but an ingenious courtier; let him be preſerved, and laid up as a precious jewel. This bulky volume here, ſaid the barber, is intitled The Treaſure of divers Poems. Had they been fewer, replied the prieſt, they would have been more eſteemed: it is neceſſary this book ſhould be weeded and cleared of all the low things interſperſed amongſt its ſublimities: let it be preſerved, both as the author is my friend, and out of regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing. This, purſued the barber, is a book of Songs by Lopez Maldonado. The author of this book alſo, replied the prieſt, is a great friend of mine: his verſes, ſung by himſelf, raiſe admiration in the hearers; and ſuch is the ſweetneſs of his voice in ſinging them, that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good: let it be kept with the ſelect.

But what book is that next to it? The Galatea of

* The clergy of the Inquiſition pretend to be ſo compaſſionate and averſe to bloodſhed, that when they have condemned an heretic to the flames, they only deliver him up to the ſecular arm, that is, into the hands of the civil magiſtrate, who is obliged to put their chriſtian ſentence in execution.

Michael

Michael de Cervantes *, ſaid the barber. That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine theſe many years, and I know that he is better acquainted with misfortunes than with poetry. His book has ſomewhat of good invention in it; he propoſes ſomething, but concludes nothing: we muſt wait for the ſecond part, which he promiſes †; perhaps on his amendment, he may obtain that entire pardon, which is now denied him; in the mean time, goſſip, keep him a recluſe in your chamber. With all my heart, anſwered the barber: and here come three together; The Araucana of Don Alonſo de Ercilla, the Auſtriada of John Rufo, a magiſtrate of Cordova, and the Monſerrato of Chriſtoval de Virves, a poet of Valencia. Theſe three books, ſaid the prieſt, are the beſt that are written in heroic verſe in the Caſtilian tongue, and may ſtand in competition with the moſt famous of Italy: let them be preſerved as the beſt performances in poetry Spain can boaſt of. The prieſt grew tired of looking over ſo many books, and ſo, inſide and contents unknown ‡, he would have all the reſt burnt. But the barber had already opened one called the Tears of Angelica. I ſhould have ſhed tears myſelf, (ſaid the prieſt, hearing the name) had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the moſt famous poets, not of Spain only, but of the whole world, and tranſlated ſome fables of Ovid with great ſucceſs.

* An ingenious advertiſement to help the ſale of his book. This, and ſome other paſſages, ſhewed that our author lived by his writings.

† Cervantes never performed this promiſe. See the account of the Life and Writings of the Author.

‡ A carga cerrada. A mercantile phraſe uſed in bills of lading.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Of the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

WHILE they were thus employed, Don Quixote began to call out aloud, saying: Here, here, valorous knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms; for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament. This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to all farther scrutiny of the books that remained; and therefore it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went the Carolea, and Leon of Spain, with the Acts of the Emperor composed by Don Louis de Avila, which without doubt must have been among those that were left: and perhaps had the priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence. When they came to Don Quixote, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force; and, after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the priest, he said: Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers * carry off the victory without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days. Say no more, good gossip, said the priest; it may be God's will to change our fortune,

* The knights-courtiers were those who maintained the superiority of their mistresses beauty against all opposers: the knights-adventurers were those who entered the lists with them, without its being known who they were, or from whence they came. Don Quixote in his dream fancies himself one of the latter, and wakes under the concern of his party being in danger of being worsted.

and

and what is loſt to-day may be won to-morrow: mind your health for the preſent; for I think you muſt needs be extremely fatigued, if not ſorely wounded. Wounded! no, ſaid Don Quixote; but bruiſed and battered I am for certain: for that baſtard, Don Roldan has pounded me to maſh with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, becauſe he ſees that I am the ſole rival of his proweſs. But let me never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if as ſoon as I am able to riſe from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in ſpite of all his enchantments: but at preſent bring me ſome breakfaſt, for I know nothing will do me ſo much good, and let me alone to revenge myſelf. They did ſo; they gave him ſome victuals, and he fell faſt aſleep again, and left them in freſh admiration at his madneſs.

That night the houſekeeper ſet fire to, and burnt, all the books that were in the yard, and in the houſe too: and ſome muſt have periſhed that deſerved to be treaſured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the lazineſs of the ſcrutineer, would not permit it; and in them was fulfilled the ſaying, "that the juſt ſometimes ſuffer for the unjuſt." One of the remedies, which the prieſt and barber preſcribed at that time for their friend's malady, was, to alter his apartment, and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up he might not find them; in hopes that, the cauſe being removed, the effect might ceaſe; and that they ſhould pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all; which was preſently done accordingly. Within two days after, Don Quixote got up, and the firſt thing he did was to viſit his books; and, not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it: he came to the place where the door uſed to be; and he felt with his hands, and ſtared about every way without ſpeaking a word: but after ſome time he aſked the houſekeeper whereabouts the room ſtood,

hood, where his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him: What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room, nor books, in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away. It was not the devil, said the niece, but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after the day of your departure hence, and alighting from a serpent on which he rode *, entered into the room; and I know not what he did there, but after some little time out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress house-keeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house, which should soon be manifest: he told us also, that he was called the sage Munniaton †. Freston ‡ he meant to say, quoth Don Quixote. I know not, answered the house-keeper, whether his name be Freston, or Friton; all I know is, that it ended in ton. It doth so, replied Don

* The enchantress Urganda, in Amadis de Gaul, carries her knights, or her prisoners, through the air, or over the sea, in a machine figured like a serpent, and wrapt in fire and smoke. And in the same romance, Friston the enchanter, vice-roy of Sicily, introduces a vapour mixed with a stinking smoke, and accompanied with a dreadful clap of thunder, and carries off the emperor and his daughters. So that the niece tells her uncle nothing but what was common in books of knight-errantry, and easily to be believed by him.

† The niece, by this fiction, thinks to frighten Don Quixote from his knight-errantry; for what mischief might not such an enchanter do him in time, when he begins by carrying away part of his house, and his choicest furniture? But, contrary to her intention, it rather confirms him in his phrenzy, by convincing him there are enchanters.

‡ An enchanter in Don Belianis of Greece.

Quixote: he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because by his skill and learning he knows, that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him without his being able to prevent it; and for this cause he endeavours to do me all the diskindness he can: but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by heaven. Who doubts of that? said the niece; but, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, and not considering that many go for wool and return shorn themselves. O dear niece, answered Don Quixote, how little do you know of the matter? before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine. Neither of them would make any farther reply; for they saw his choler begin to take fire. He staid after this fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolicks; in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two gossips, the priest and the barber; he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for had he not made use of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the mean time Don Quixote tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man (if such an epithet may be given to one that is poor) but very shallow-brained. In short he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him, and serve him as his squire. Among other things,

things, Don Quixote told him, he ſhould diſpoſe himſelf to go with him willingly; for ſome time or other ſuch an adventure might preſent, that an iſland might be won, in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof. With theſe and the like promiſes, Sancho Pança (for that was the labourer's name) left his wife and children, and hired himſelf for a ſquire to his neighbour. Don Quixote preſently caſt about how to raiſe money, and, by ſelling one thing, and pawning another, and loſing by all, he ſcraped together a tolerable ſum. He fitted himſelf likewiſe with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up his broken helmet the beſt he could, he acquainted his ſquire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to ſet out, that he might provide himſelf with what he ſhould find to be moſt needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; and Sancho ſaid, he would be ſure to carry one, and that he intended alſo to take with him an aſs he had, being a very good one, becauſe he was not uſed to travel much on foot. As to the aſs, Don Quixote pauſed a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a ſquire mounted aſswiſe: but no inſtance of the kind occurred to his memory. However he conſented that he ſhould take his aſs with him, purpoſing to accommodate him more honourably, the firſt opportunity, by diſmounting the firſt diſcourteous knight he ſhould meet. He provided himſelf alſo with ſhirts, and what other things he could, conformably to the advice given him by the inn-keeper.

All which being done and accompliſhed, Don Quixote and Sancho Pança, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, and the other of his houſe-keeper and niece, one night ſallied out of the village, unperceived by any one; and they travelled ſo hard, that by break of day they believed themſelves ſecure of not being found, tho' ſearch were made

after them. Sancho Pança went riding upon his aſs like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement deſire to find himſelf governor of the iſland, which his maſter had promiſed him. Don Quixote happened to take the ſame rout he had done in his firſt expedition, through the plain of Montiel, which he paſſed over with leſs uneaſineſs than the time before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the ſun darting on them aſlant gave them no diſturbance. Now Sancho Pança ſaid to his maſter: I beſeech your worſhip, good ſir knight-errant, that you forget not your promiſe concerning that ſame iſland; for I ſhall know how to govern it be it never ſo big. To which Don Quixote anſwered: You muſt know, friend Sancho Pança, that it was a cuſtom much in uſe among the knights-errant of old, to make their ſquires governors of the iſlands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that ſo laudable a cuſtom ſhall not be loſt for me: on the contrary, I reſolve to outdo them in it: for they ſometimes, and perhaps moſt times, ſtaid till their ſquires were grown old; and when they were worn out in their ſervice, and had undergone many bad days and worſe nights, they gave them ſome title, as that of Count, or at leaſt Marquis, of ſome valley or province, be it greater or leſs: but if you live and I live, before ſix days are ended, I may probably win ſuch a kingdom, as may have others depending on it, as fit as if they were caſt in a mould, for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter; for things fall out to ſuch knights, by ſuch unforeſeen and unexpected ways, that I may eaſily give thee more than I promiſe. So then, anſwered Sancho Pança, if I were a king by ſome of thoſe miracles you are pleaſed to mention, Mary Gutierrez, my crooked rib, would at leaſt come to be a queen, and my children infantas. Who doubts it? anſwered Don Quixote. I

doubt

doubt it, replied Sancho Pança; for I am verily perſuaded, that if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would ſit well upon the head of Maria Gutierrez; for you muſt know, ſir, ſhe is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of counteſs would ſit better upon her, and that too with the help of God, and good friends. Recommend her to God, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, and he will do what is beſt for her: but do thou have a care not to debaſe thy mind ſo low, as to content thyſelf with being leſs than a lord-lieutenant. Sir, I will not, anſwered Sancho, eſpecially having ſo great a man for my maſter as your worſhip, who will know how to give me whatever is moſt fitting for me, and what you find me beſt able to bear.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the good ſucceſs, which the valorous Don Quixote had, in the dreadful and never-before-imagined adventure of the wind-mills, with other events worthy to be recorded.

AS they were thus diſcourſing, they perceived ſome thirty or forty wind-mills that are in that plain; and as ſoon as Don Quixote eſpied them, he ſaid to his ſquire: Fortune diſpoſes our affairs better than we ourſelves could have deſired: look yonder, friend Sancho Pança, where you may diſcover ſomewhat more than thirty monſtrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and take away all their lives; with whoſe ſpoils we will begin to enrich ourſelves: for it is lawful war, and doing God good ſervice to take away ſo wicked a generation from off the face of the earth. What giants? ſaid Sancho Pança. Thoſe you ſee yonder, anſwered his maſter, with thoſe long arms; for ſome of them are wont to have them almoſt of the length of two leagues. Conſider, ſir, anſwered Sancho, that thoſe, which appear yonder,

are not giants, but wind-mills; and what ſeem to be arms, are the ſails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the mill-ſtone go. One may eaſily ſee, anſwered Don Quixote, that you are not verſed in the buſineſs of adventures: they are giants; and, if you are afraid, get aſide, and pray, whilſt I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat. And ſo ſaying, he clapped ſpurs to Rozinante, without minding the cries his ſquire ſent after him, aſſuring him that thoſe he went to aſſault were, without all doubt, wind-mills, and not giants. But he was ſo fully poſſeſſed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his ſquire Sancho, nor yet diſcerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud: Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitifs; for it is a ſingle knight who aſſaults you. Now the wind roſe a little, and the great ſails began to move: which Don Quixote perceiving, he ſaid: Well, tho' you ſhould move more arms than the giant Briareus, you ſhall pay for it.

And ſo ſaying, and recommending himſelf devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beſeeching her to ſuccour him in the preſent danger, being well covered with his buckler, and ſetting his lance in the reſt, he ruſhed on as faſt as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the firſt mill before him; and running his lance into the ſail, the wind whirled it about with ſo much violence, that it broke the lance to ſhivers, dragging horſe and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight, Sancho Pança haſtened to his aſſiſtance as faſt as his aſs could carry him: and when he came up to him, he found him not able to ſtir; ſo violent was the blow he and Rozinante had received in falling. God ſave me, quoth Sancho, did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but wind-mills? and nobody could miſtake them, but one that had the like in his head. Peace, friend Sancho,

Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote; for matters of war are, of all others, moſt ſubject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is moſt certainly ſo, that the ſage Freſton, who ſtole away my chamber and books, has metamorphoſed theſe giants into windmills, on purpoſe to deprive me of the glory of vanquiſhing them, ſo great is the enmity he bears me: but when he has done his worſt, his wicked arts will avail but little againſt the goodneſs of my ſword. God grant it, as he can, anſwered Sancho Pança; and, helping him to riſe, he mounted him again upon Rozinante, who was half ſhoulder-ſlipped.

And diſcourſing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the paſs of Lapice *; for there, Don Quixote ſaid, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare: and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance; and, ſpeaking of it to his ſquire, he ſaid: I remember to have read, that a certain Spaniſh knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his ſword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed ſuch wonders with it that day, and daſhed out the brains of ſo many Moors, that he was ſirnamed Machuca †; and, from that day forward, he and his deſcendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I tell you this, becauſe from the firſt oak or crab-tree we meet I mean to tear ſuch another limb, at leaſt as good as that; and I purpoſe and reſolve to do ſuch feats with it, that you ſhall deem yourſelf moſt fortunate, in meriting to behold them; and to be an eye-witneſs of things, which can ſcarcely be believed. God's will be done, quoth Sancho; I believe all juſt as you ſay, Sir: but, pray, ſet yourſelf upright in your ſaddle; for you ſeem to me to ride ſideling, occa-

* A paſs in the mountains, ſuch as they call "puerto ſeco, a dry port," where the king's officers levy the tolls and cuſtoms upon paſſengers and goods.

† From machar, to pound or bruiſe in a mortar.

ſioned, doubtleſs, by your being ſo ſorely bruiſed by the fall. It is certainly ſo, anſwered Don Quixote; and, if I do not complain of pain, it is becauſe knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, though their entrails came out at it. If it be ſo, I have nothing to reply, anſwered Sancho; but God knows I ſhould be glad to hear your worſhip complain, when any thing ails you. As for myſelf, I muſt complain of the leaſt pain I feel, unleſs this buſineſs of not complaining be underſtood to extend to the ſquires of knights-errant. Don Quixote could not forbear ſmiling at the ſimplicity of his ſquire, and told him he might complain whenever, and as much as he pleaſed, with or without cauſe, having never yet read any thing to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind, that it was time to dine. His maſter anſwered, that at preſent he had no need; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this licence, Sancho adjuſted himſelf the beſt he could upon his beaſt; and, taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating, behind his maſter, very leiſurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth, with ſo much reliſh, that the beſt-fed victualler of * Malaga might have envied him. And whilſt he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promiſes his maſter had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in queſt of adventures, tho' never ſo perilous. In fine, they paſſed that night among ſome trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch, that might ſerve him in ſome ſort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head or ſpear of that which was broken. All that night Don Quixote ſlept not a wink, ruminating on his

* The wines of Malaga were formerly moſt eſteemed in Spain, as were afterwards thoſe of the Canaries, and at preſent the Cape wines.

lady

lady Dulcinea, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to pass many nights together, without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho pass the night; whose stomach being full (and not of dandelion-water) he made but one sleep of it: and, if his master had not rouzed him, neither the beams of the sun, that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awaked him. At his uprising he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before; which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savoury remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before, toward the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. Here (said Don Quixote, espying it) brother Sancho Pança, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that, tho' you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels; in that case you may assist me: but if they should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle, until you are dubbed a knight. I assure you, sir, answered Sancho, your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great

account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against whoever would annoy him. I say no less, answered Don Quixote; but in the business of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity. I say, I will do so, answered Sancho; and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's-day.

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it was afterwards known, a certain Biscaine lady going to Sevil to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the Indies in a very honourable post. The monks came not in her company, tho' they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire: Either I am deceived, or this is like to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; for those black bulks that appear yonder must be, and without doubt are, enchanters, who are carrying away some princess, whom they have stolen, in that coach; and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power. This may prove a worse job than the wind-mills, said Sancho: pray, sir, take notice, that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray, hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you. I have already told you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, that you know little of the business of adventures: what I say is true, and you will see it presently. And so saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the high-

high-way, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near, that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice: Diabolical and monstrous race, either instantly release the high-born princesses, whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds *. The monks stopped their mules, and stood admiring, as well at the figure of Don Quixote, as at his expressions; to which they answered: Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the Benedictine order, who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach, or not. Soft words do nothing with me; for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels, said Don Quixote: and, without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk, with such fury and resolution, that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have brought him to the ground, in spite of his teeth, and wounded to boot, if not killed outrght.

The second religious, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Pança, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him began to take off his habit. In the mean while the monk's two lacqueys coming up asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes? Sancho an-

* The usual style of defiance in the old romances. So Paciano overtakes the knights, who are carrying off prince Manireso, on a bier, sorely wounded, and in a loud tone cries out; Hold, false and traiterous knights, for, by the order of knighthood, which I profess, you shall pay dearly for the villainy you have committed, &c. History of D. Polindo, ch. 1.

ſwered, that they were his lawful perquiſites, as being the ſpoils of the battle, which his lord Don Quixote had juſt won. The lacqueys, who did not underſtand raillery, nor what was meant by ſpoils or battles, ſeeing Don Quixote at a diſtance, talking with thoſe in the coach, fell upon Sancho, and threw him down, and, leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him ſtretched on the ground, breathleſs, and ſenſeleſs. And, without loſing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling, and terribly frighted, and as pale as death; and no ſooner was he mounted, but he ſpurred after his companion, who ſtood waiting at a good diſtance, to ſee what would be the iſſue of that ſtrange encounter: but being unwilling to wait the event, they went on their way, croſſing themſelves oftener than if the devil had been cloſe at their heels. Don Quixote, as was ſaid, ſtood talking to the lady in the coach, ſaying: Your beauty, dear lady, may diſpoſe of your perſon as pleaſeth you beſt; for your haughty raviſhers lie proſtrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerleſs and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboſo; and, in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I deſire is, that you would return to Toboſo, and, in my name, preſent yourſelves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty.

All that Don Quixote ſaid was over-heard by a certain ſquire, who accompanied the coach, a Biſcainer; who finding he would not let the coach go forward, but inſiſted upon its immediately returning to Toboſo, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addreſſed him, in bad Caſtilian and worſe Biſcaine, after this manner: Be gone, cavalier, and

and the devil go with thee: I ſwear by that God that made me, if thou doſt not quite the coach, thou forfeiteſt thy life, as I am a Biſcainer. Don Quixote underſtood him very well, and with great calmneſs anſwered: Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chaſtiſed thy folly and preſumption, thou pitiful ſlave. To which the Biſcainer replied: I no gentleman! I ſwear by the great God thou lyeſt, as I am a chriſtian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy ſword, thou ſhalt ſee I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouſe: Biſcainer by land, gentleman by ſea, gentleman for the devil, and thou lyeſt: look then if thou haſt any thing elſe to ſay. Thou ſhalt ſee that preſently, as ſaid Agrages, anſwered Don Quixote; and throwing down his lance, he drew his ſword, and graſping his buckler ſet upon the Biſcainer, with a reſolution to kill him. The Biſcainer, ſeeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being of the worſt kind of hackneys, was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his ſword: but it happened well for him that he was cloſe to the coach-ſide, out of which he ſnatched a cuſhion, which ſerved him for a ſhield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The reſt of the company would have made peace between them: but they could not; for the Biſcainer ſwore in his gibberiſh, that, if they would not let him finiſh the combat, he would kill his miſtreſs, and every body that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what ſhe ſaw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and ſo ſat at a diſtance, beholding the rigorous conflict: In the progreſs of which, the Biſcainer gave Don Quixote ſuch an huge ſtroke on one of his ſhoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his coat of mail,

he

he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying: O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of all beauty, succour this thy knight, who to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity. The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the Biscainer, was all done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of one single blow. The Biscainer, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that Don Quixote had done; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right, or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Now Don Quixote, as has been said, advanced against the wary Biscainer, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him sunder; and the Biscainer expected him, with his sword also lifted up, and guarded by his cushion. All the by-standers were trembling, and in suspence what might be the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach, and her waiting-women, were making a thousand vows, and promises of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that the author of this history, in this very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished *, excusing himself, that he could find no more written of these exploits of Don Quixote than what he has already related. It is true indeed, that the second

* The breaking off the combat in this place is very beautiful and artificial, as it keeps the reader in a most agreeable suspence.

under-

undertaker of this work could not believe, that so curious an history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets, some papers that treated of this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; which, heaven favouring him, he has at last done, in the manner as shall be recounted in the second part.

THE

THE

LIFE AND EXPLOITS

OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. IX.

Wherein is concluded, and an end put to, the ſtupendous battle between the vigorous Biſcainer and the valiant Manchegan.

IN the firſt part of this hiſtory, we left the valiant Biſcainer and the renowned Don Quixote, with their ſwords lifted up and naked, ready to diſcharge two ſuch furious and cleaving ſtrokes, as muſt, if they had lighted full, at leaſt have divided the combatants from head to heel, and ſplit them aſunder like a pomegranate: but in that critical inſtant this reliſhing hiſtory ſtopped ſhort, and was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where what remained of it might be found. This grieved me extremely; and the pleaſure of having read ſo little was turned into diſguſt, to think what ſmall probability there was of finding the much that, in my opinion, was wanting of ſo ſavoury a ſtory. It ſeemed to me impoſſible, and quite beſide all laudable cuſtom, that ſo accompliſhed a knight ſhould want a ſage,

a ſage, to undertake the penning his unparalleled exploits: a circumſtance that never before failed any of thoſe knights-errant who travelled in queſt of adventures; every one of whom had one or two ſages, made as it were on purpoſe, who not only recorded their actions, but deſcribed likewiſe their moſt minute and trifling thoughts, though never ſo ſecret. Surely then ſo worthy a knight could not be ſo unfortunate, as to want what Platir *, and others like him, abounded with. For this reaſon I could not be induced to believe, that ſo gallant a hiſtory could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and conſumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had deſtroyed it. On the other ſide, I conſidered, that, ſince among his books there was found ſome ſo modern as the "Cure of Jealouſy," and the "Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares †," his Hiſtory alſo muſt be modern; and if it was not as yet written, might, at leaſt, ſtill remain in the memories of the people of his village, and thoſe of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in ſuſpence, and made me deſirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirrour of Manchegan chivalry, and the firſt, who, in our age, and in theſe calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exerciſe of arms-errant; to redreſs wrongs, ſuccour widows, and relieve that ſort of damſels, who, with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley: unleſs ſome miſcreant, or ſome lewd clown, with hatchet and ſteel cap, or ſome prodigious giant, raviſhed them, damſels there were, in days of yore, who, at the expiration of fourſcore years, and never ſleeping

* A ſecond-rate knight in Palmerin of England.

† The river that runs by the univerſity of Alcala in Old Caſtile.

in all that time under a roof, went as ſpotleſs virgins to the grave, as the mothers that bore them. Now, I ſay, upon theſe, and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praiſe; nor ought ſome ſhare to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to diſcover the end of this delectable hiſtory; though, I am very ſenſible, that, if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have ſtill been without that paſtime and pleaſure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. Now the manner of finding it was this.

As I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy came to ſell ſome bundles of old papers to a mercer; and, as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers thrown about the ſtreets, carried by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of thoſe the boy was ſelling, and perceived therein characters which I knew to be Arabic. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for ſome Mooriſh rabbi, to read them for me: and it was not very difficult to find ſuch an interpreter; for, had I ſought one for ſome better and more ancient language*, I ſhould have found him there. In fine, my good fortune preſented one to me; and acquainting him with my deſire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and, reading a little in it, began to laugh, I aſked him, what he ſmiled at? and he anſwered me, at ſomething which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I deſired him to tell me what it was; and he, laughing on, ſaid; there is written on the margin as follows: "This Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſo often mentioned in this hiſtory, had, they ſay, the beſt hand at ſalting pork, of any woman in all La Mancha." When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboſo, I ſtood amazed

* Meaning ſome Jew, to interpret the Hebrew or Chaldee.

and

and confounded; for I presently fancied to myself, that those bundles of paper contained the history of Don Quixote.

With this thought I pressed him to read the beginning; which he did, and rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus: "The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cide Hamete Benengeli, Arabian historiographer." Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and snatching it out of the mercer's hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real; who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had, more than six for the bargain. I went off immediately with the Morisco, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him to translate for me those papers (all those that treated of Don Quixote) into the Castilian tongue, without taking away or adding any thing to them, offering to pay him whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not to let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where, in little more than six weeks time, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related*.

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscainer, in the same attitude in which the history sets it forth; the swords lifted up; the one covered with his

* The author's pretending to have found the sequel of Don Quixote's history of Toledo, may allude to a current belief among the vulgar at that time, that a person in that city had an "universal History," in which every one found whatever they sought for or desired. D. Greg.

buckler,

buckler, the other with his cushion; and the Biscainer's mule so to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The Biscainer had a label at his feet, on which was written, Don Sancho de Azpetia; which, without doubt, must have been his name: and at the feet of Rozinante was another, on which was written, Don Quixote. Rozinante was wonderfully well delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a back-bone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what exactness and propriety the name of Rozinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Pança, holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written, Sancho Zancas: and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked: which, doubtless, gave him the names of Pança and Zancas; for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these surnames. There were some other minuter particulars observable; but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history; though none are to be despised, if true. But, if any objection lies against the truth of this history, it can only be, that the author was an Arab, those of that nation being not a little addicted to lying: though, they being so much our enemies, one should rather think he fell short of, than exceeded, the bounds of truth. And so, in truth, he seems to have done: for when he might, and ought to have launched out, in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing ill done and worse designed; for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great

great actions, the witneſs of what is paſt, the example and inſtruction to the preſent, and monitor to the future. In this you will certainly find whatever you can deſire in the moſt agreeable; and, if any perfection is wanting to it, it muſt, without all queſtion, be the fault of the infidel * its author, and not owing to any defect in the ſubject. In ſhort, its ſecond part, according to the tranſlation, began in this manner.

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandiſhed aloft, ſeemed to ſtand threatening heaven, and earth, and the deep abyſs; ſuch was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. And the firſt, who diſcharged his blow, was the choleric Biſcainer; which fell with ſuch force and fury, that, if the edge of the ſword had not turned aſlant by the way, that ſingle blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight: but good fortune, that preſerved him for greater things, ſo twiſted his adverſary's ſword, that, though it alighted on the left ſhoulder, it did him no other hurt, than to diſarm that ſide, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good God! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breaſt of our Manchegan, at ſeeing himſelf ſo roughly handled? Let it ſuffice that it was ſuch, that he raiſed himſelf afreſh in his ſtirrups, and, graſping his ſword faſter in both hands, diſcharged it with ſuch fury upon the Biſcainer, taking him full upon the cuſhion, and upon the head (which he could not defend) that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to guſh out at his noſtrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he ſeemed as if he was juſt falling down from his mule,

* In the original Galgo, a grey-hound, or dog. In Spain they call the Moors dogs.

which

which doubtleſs he muſt have done, if he had not laid faſt hold of her neck: but, notwithſtanding that, he loſt his ſtirrups, and let go his hold; and the mule, frighted by the terrible ſtroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her maſter flat upon the ground. Don Quixote ſtood looking on with great calmneſs, and, when he ſaw him fall, leaped from his horſe, and with much agility ran up to him, and, clapping the point of his ſword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biſcainer was ſo ſtunned, that he could not anſwer a word; and it had gone hard with him (ſo blinded with rage was Don Quixote) if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great diſmay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earneſtly beſought him, that he would do them the great kindneſs and favour to ſpare the life of their ſquire. Don Quixote anſwered with much ſolemnity and gravity: Aſſuredly, fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your requeſt, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight ſhall promiſe me to repair to the town of Toboſo, and preſent himſelf, as from me, before the peerleſs Dulcinea, that ſhe may diſpoſe of him as ſhe ſhall think fit. The terrified and diſconſolate lady, without conſidering what Don Quixote required, and without enquiring who Dulcinea was, promiſed him her ſquire ſhould perform whatever he enjoined him. In reliance upon this promiſe, ſaid Don Quixote, I will do him no farther hurt, though he has well deſerved it at my hands.

CHAP. X.

Of the diſcourſe Don Quixote had with his good ſquire Sancho Pança.

BY this time Sancho Pança had got upon his legs, ſomewhat roughly handled by the monks lacqueys, and ſtood beholding very attentively the combat of his maſter

master Don Quixote, and besought God in his heart, that he would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island, of which to make him governor, as he had promised him. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came and held his stirrup; and, before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and, taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him: Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for, be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed island in the world. To which Don Quixote answered; Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better, Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and, kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rozinante, and himself mounting his ass began to follow his master; who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave, or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rozinante made such way, that, seeing himself like to be left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rozinante by the bridle, until his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said to him: Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood *,

* An institution in Spain for the apprehending of robbers, and making the roads safe for travellers.

and

and they may apprehend us: and in faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may chance to ſweat for it. Peace, quoth Don Quixote; for where have you ever ſeen or read of a knight-errant's being brought before a court of juſtice, let him have committed never ſo many homicides. I know nothing of your Omecils, anſwered Sancho, nor in my life have I ever concerned myſelf about them: only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have ſomething to ſay to thoſe who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it. Set your heart at reſt, friend, anſwered Don Quixote; for I ſhould deliver you out of the hands of the Chaldeans; how much more out of thoſe of the holy brotherhood? But tell me, on your life, have you ever ſeen a more valorous knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth? Have you read in ſtory of any other, who has, or ever had, more bravery in aſſailing, more breath in holding out *, more dexterity in wounding, or more addreſs in giving a fall? The truth is, anſwered Sancho, that I never read any hiſtory at all; for I can neither read, nor write: but what I dare affirm is, that I never ſerved a bolder maſter than your worſhip, in all the days of my life; and pray God we be not called to an account for theſe darings, where I juſt now ſaid. What I beg of your worſhip, is, that you would let your wound be dreſſed, for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have here ſome lint, and a little white ointment, in my wallet. All this would have been needleſs, anſwered Don Quixote, if I had bethought myſelf of making a vial of the balſam of Fierabras; for, with one ſingle drop

* When ſingle combat was in uſe, nothing was more frequent, than for the parties engaged to retreat by conſent, in order to take breath. If either of the combatants perceived the other to breathe ſhorter or thicker than himſelf, he was at liberty to take this advantage, and to preſs him cloſe; though even in this caſe it was uſual, out of a high point of generoſity, to agree to the adverſary's propoſal of taking breath.

of

of that, we might have ſaved both time and medicines. What vial, and what balſam is that? ſaid Sancho Pança. It is a balſam, anſwered Don Quixote, of which I have the receipt by heart; and he that has it need not fear death, nor ſo much as think of dying by any wound. And therefore, when I ſhall have made it, and given it you, all you will have to do is, when you ſee me in ſome battle cleft aſunder (as it frequently happens) to take up fair and ſoftly that part of my body which ſhall fall to the ground, and, with the greateſt nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that ſhall remain in the ſaddle, taking eſpecial care to make them tally exactly. Then muſt you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balſam aforeſaid, and then will you ſee me become ſounder than any apple. If this be ſo, ſaid Sancho, I renounce from henceforward the government of the promiſed iſland, and deſire no other thing, in payment of my many and good ſervices, but only that your worſhip will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare ſay it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to paſs this life creditably and comfortably. But I ſhould be glad to know whether it will coſt much the making? For leſs than three reals one may make nine pints, anſwered Don Quixote. Sinner that I am, replied Sancho, why then does your worſhip delay to make it, and to teach it me? Peace, friend, anſwered Don Quixote; for I intend to teach thee greater ſecrets, and to do thee greater kindneſſes: and, for the preſent, let us ſet about the cure; for my ear pains me more than I could wiſh.

Sancho took ſome lint and ointment out of his wallet: but, when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run ſtark mad; and, laying his hand on his ſword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he ſaid: I ſwear, by the Creator of

all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos; (which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace himself with his wife, and other things, which, though I do not now remember, I allow here for expressed) until I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage. Sancho hearing this, said to him: Pray consider, Signor Don Quixote, that, if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commit a new crime. You have spoken and remarked very justly, answered Don Quixote, and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw: I know what example I follow therein; for the same thing happened exactly with regard to Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear *. Good Sir, replied Sancho, give such oaths to the devil; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudical to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then? must the oath be kept, in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniencies, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the marquis of Mantua, which you, sir, would now revive? Consider well, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, and that here are only

* The story is in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso.

carriers

carriers and carters, who are so far from wearing helmets, that, perhaps, they never heard them so much as named in all the days of their lives. You are mistaken in this, said Don Quixote; for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways, before we shall see more armed men then came to the siege of Albraca *, to carry off Angelica the fair. Well then, be it so, quoth Sancho; and God grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die. I have already told you, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account; for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa †, which will fit you like a ring to your finger; and moreover, being upon Terra Firma ‡, you should rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have any thing for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam that I told you of; for I vow to God, my ear pains me very much. I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread, said Sancho; but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship. How ill you understand this matter! answered Don Quixote: you must know, Sancho, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat in a month; and, if they do eat, it must be of what comes next to hand: and, if you had read as many histories as I have done, you would have known this: for though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in them, that ever knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them; and the rest of their days

* Meaning king Marsilio, and the thirty-two kings his tributaries, with all their forces. Ariosto.

† A fictitious kingdom in Amadis de Gaul.

‡ In allusion to the famous Firm Island, in Amadis de Gaul, the land of promise to the faithful squires of knights-errant.

they lived, as it were, upon their ſmelling. And though it is to be preſumed, they could not ſubſiſt without eating, and without ſatisfying all other natural wants, it muſt likewiſe be ſuppoſed, that, as they paſſed moſt part of their lives in wandering through foreſts and deſarts, and without a cook, their moſt uſual diet muſt conſiſt of ruſtic viands, ſuch as thoſe you now offer me. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleaſure; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges. Pardon me, ſir, ſaid Sancho; for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profeſſion; and from henceforward I will furniſh my wallet with all ſorts of dried fruits for your worſhip, who are a knight; and for myſelf, who am none, I will ſupply it with poultry, and other things of more ſubſtance. I do not ſay, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit, as you ſay; but that their moſt uſual ſuſtenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs, they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew; and ſo do I. It is a happineſs to know theſe ſame herbs, anſwered Sancho; for I am inclined to think, we ſhall one day have occaſion to make uſe of that knowledge.

And ſo ſaying, he took out what he had provided, and they eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being deſirous to ſeek out ſome place to lodge in that night, they ſoon finiſhed their poor and dry commons. They preſently mounted, and made what haſte they could to get to ſome inhabited place before night: but both the ſun, and their hopes, failed them near the huts of certain goatherds; and ſo they determined to take up their lodging there: but, if Sancho was grieved, that they could not reach ſome habitation, his maſter was as much rejoiced to lie in the

the open air, making account that, every time this befel him, he was doing an act poſſeſſive, or ſuch an act as gave a freſh evidence of his title to chivalry.

CHAP. III.

Of what befel Don Quixote with certain goatherds.

HE was kindly received by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rozinante and his aſs the beſt he could, followed the ſcent of certain pieces of goat's-fleſh, that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly, at that inſtant, have tried whether they were fit to be tranſlated from the kettle to the ſtomach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themſelves took them off the fire, and, ſpreading ſome ſheep-ſkins on the ground, very ſpeedily ſerved up their rural meſs, and invited them both, with ſhew of much good-will, to take ſhare of what they had *. Six of them, that belonged to the fold, ſat down round about the ſkins, having firſt, with ruſtic compliments, deſired Don Quixote that he would ſeat himſelf upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpoſe for him. Don Quixote ſat down, and Sancho remained ſtanding to ſerve the cup, which was made of horn. His maſter, ſeeing him ſtanding, ſaid to him: That you may ſee, Sancho, the intrinſic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a proſpect its meaneſt retainers have of ſpeedily gaining the reſpect and eſteem of the world, I will, that you ſit here by my ſide, and in company with theſe good folks, and that you be one and the ſame thing with me, who am your maſter and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of

* So the knight of the burning-ſword comes to the ſhepherds at night, who bind up his wounds; and one gives him a cruſt of dry bread and a draught of water: and never was banquet at king Magadan's court ſo ſavoury. Amadis de Gaul, b. 7. ch. 11.

the ſame cup in which I drink: for the ſame may be ſaid of knight-errantry, which is ſaid of love, that it makes all things equal. I give you a great many thanks, ſir, ſaid Sancho; but let me tell your worſhip, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better, ſtanding, and alone by myſelf, than if I were ſeated cloſe by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, reliſhes better than turkeys at other folks tables, where I am forced to chew leiſurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither ſneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things, which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good ſir, as to theſe honours your worſhip is pleaſed to confer upon me, as a menial ſervant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry (being ſquire to your worſhip) be pleaſed to convert them into ſomething of more uſe and profit to me: for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world. All this notwithſtanding, ſaid Don Quixote, you ſhall ſit down; for whoſoever humbleth himſelf, God doth exalt; and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to ſit down next him. The goatherds did not underſtand this jargon of ſquires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and liſten, and ſtare at their gueſts, who, with much chearfulneſs and appetite, ſwallowed down pieces as big as one's fiſt. The ſervice of fleſh being finiſhed, they ſpread upon the ſkins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheeſe, harder than if it had been made of plaiſter of Paris. The horn ſtood not idle all this while; for it went round ſo often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they preſently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After Don Quixote had ſatisfied his hunger, he took up an handful of acorns,

acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expreſſions like theſe.

* Happy times, and happy ages! thoſe, to which the antients gave the name of golden, not becauſe gold (which, in this our iron age, is ſo much eſteemed) was to be had, in that fortunate period, without toil and labour; but becauſe they, who then lived, were ignorant of theſe two words, Meum and Tuum. In that age of innocence, all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary ſuſtenance, than to lift up his hand and take it from the ſturdy oaks, which ſtood inviting him liberally to taſte of their ſweet and reliſhing fruit. The limpid fountains, and running ſtreams, offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and tranſparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the induſtrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without uſury, the fertile produce of their moſt delicious toil. The ſtout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courteſy, diveſted themſelves of their light and expanded bark; with which men began to cover their houſes, ſupported by rough poles, only for a defence againſt the inclemency of the ſeaſons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plow had not dared to force open, and ſearch into,

* Cervantes here ſeems to have had in view a long diſcourſe, made by Mardocheo, the princeſs Helena's dwarf, in praiſe of a paſtoral life. See Amadis de Gaul, book 11. ch. 8. This harangue, together with another of the Don's on the preeminence of arms above letters (ſee b. 4. ch. 10 & 11.) are a ridicule on the ſtiffneſs and pedantry then ſo much in vogue, particularly in ſpeeches and harangues, of which the French were ſo fond, that when they had tranſlated twenty-four books of Amadis, they publiſhed two more of ſpeeches and ſentences taken out of that immenſe work, for the improvement of perſons of quality. M. de Herberay, the firſt tranſlator into French, is, by the writers of that age, ſtyled the French Cicero.

the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered, from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children, who then had her in possession. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed: nor were their ornaments like those now-a-days in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked, as our court-ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice, intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate, confound, and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice; for then there was neither cause nor person, to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about, alone and mistress of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and lewd designs of others; and, if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth like that of Crete; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and

and they miſcarry in ſpite of their cloſeſt retreat. For the ſecurity of whom, as times grew worſe, and wickedneſs increaſed, the order of knight-errantry was inſtituted, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to relieve orphans and perſons diſtreſſed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my ſquire: for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights-errant, yet knowing that, without your being acquainted with this obligation, you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reaſon that, with all poſſible goodwill towards you, I ſhould acknowledge yours to me.

Our knight made this tedious diſcourſe (which might very well have been ſpared) becauſe the acorns they had given him put him mind of the golden age, and inſpired him with an eager deſire to make that impertinent harangue to the goatherds; who ſtood in amaze, gaping and liſtening, without anſwering him a word. Sancho himſelf was ſilent, ſtuffing himſelf with the acorns, and often viſiting the ſecond wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote ſpent more time in talking than in eating; and, ſupper being over, one of the goatherds ſaid: That your worſhip, Signor knight-errant, may the more truly ſay, that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you ſome diverſion and amuſement, by making one of our comrades ſing, who will ſoon be here: he is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured; and, above all, can read and write, and plays upon the rebeck * to heart's content. The goatherd had ſcarce ſaid this, when the ſound of the rebeck reached their ears, and, preſently after, came he that played on it, who was a youth of about two-and-twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades

* A kind of inſtrument with three ſtrings, uſed by ſhepherds.

aſked him if he had ſupped; and he anſwering, Yes; Then, Antonio, ſaid he who had made the offer, you may afford us the pleaſure of hearing you ſing a little, that this gentleman, our gueſt, may ſee we have here, among the mountains and woods, ſome that underſtand muſic. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you ſhew them, and make good what we have ſaid; and therefore I intreat you to ſit down, and ſing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle the prebendary compoſed for you, and which was ſo well liked in our village. With all my heart, replied the youth; and, without farther intreaty, he ſat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and, tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a ſingular good grace, he began to ſing as follows.

ANTONIO.

Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize;
I boaſt the conqueſt of thy heart,
Though nor thy tongue, nor ſpeaking eyes,
Have yet revealed the latent ſmart.

Thy wit and ſenſe aſſure my fate,
In them my love's ſucceſs I ſee;
Nor can he be unfortunate,
Who dares avow his flame for thee.

Yet ſometimes haſt thou frowned, alas!
And given my hopes a cruel ſhock;
Then did thy ſoul ſeem formed of braſs,
Thy ſnowy boſom of the rock.

But in the midſt of thy diſdain,
Thy ſharp reproaches, cold delays,
Hope from behind, to eaſe my pain,
The border of her robe diſplays.

Ah!

Ah! lovely maid! in equal ſcale
Weigh well thy ſhepherd's truth and love,
Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
Which neither frowns nor ſmiles can move.

If love, as ſhepherds wont to ſay,
Be gentleneſs and courteſy,
So courteous is Olalia,
My paſſion will rewarded be.

And if obſequious duty paid
The grateful heart can never move,
Mine ſure, my fair, may well perſuade
A due return, and claim thy love.

For, to ſeem pleaſing in thy ſight,
I dreſs myſelf with ſtudious care,
And, in my beſt apparel dight,
My Sunday clothes on Monday wear.

And ſhepherds ſay, I'm not to blame;
For cleanly dreſs and ſpruce attire
Preſerve alive love's wanton flame,
And gently fan the dying fire.

To pleaſe my fair, in mazy ring
I join the dance, and ſportive play,
And oft beneath thy window ſing,
When firſt the cock proclaims the day.

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily ſpread thy beauty's fame;
And ſtill my tongue thy praiſe ſhall tell,
Though envy ſwell, or malice blame.

Tereſa of the Berrocal,
When once I praiſed you, ſaid in ſpite,
Your miſtreſs you an angel call,
But a mere ape is your delight.

Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
And all the graces counterfeit;
Thanks to the falſe and curled hair,
Which wary love himſelf might cheat.

I ſwore 'twas falſe; and ſaid ſhe ly'd;
At that her anger fiercely roſe:
I box'd the clown that took her ſide,
And how I box'd my faireſt knows.

I court thee not, Olalia,
To gratify a looſe deſire;
My love is chaſte, without allay
Of wanton wiſh, or luſtful fire.

The church hath ſilken cords, that tie
Conſenting hearts in mutual bands:
If thou, my fair, its yoke will try,
Thy ſwain its ready captive ſtands.

If not, by all the ſaints I ſwear,
On theſe bleak mountains ſtill to dwell,
Nor ever quit my toilſome care,
But for the cloiſter and the cell.

Here ended the goatherd's ſong, and, though Don Quixote deſired him to ſing ſomething elſe, Sancho Pança was of another mind, being more diſpoſed to ſleep, than to hear ballads; and therefore he ſaid to his maſter: Sir, you had better conſider where you are to lay to-night; for the pains theſe honeſt men take all day will not ſuffer them to paſs the nights in ſinging. I underſtand you, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote; for I ſee plainly, that the viſits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with ſleep than muſic. It reliſhed well with us all, bleſſed be God, anſwered Sancho. I do not deny it, replied Don Quixote; but lay yourſelf down where you will, for it better becomes thoſe of my profeſſion to watch than to ſleep. However,

However, it would not be amiſs, Sancho, if you would dreſs this ear again; for it pains me more than it ſhould. Sancho did what he was commanded; and one of the goatherds, ſeeing the hurt, bid him not be uneaſy, for he would apply ſuch a remedy as ſhould quickly heal it. And taking ſome roſemary-leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little ſalt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very faſt, aſſuring him, he would want no other ſalve, as it proved in effect.

CHAP. IV.

What a certain goatherd related to thoſe that were with Don Quixote.

WHILE this paſſed, there came another of thoſe young lads, who brought them their proviſions from the village, and ſaid; Comrades, do you know what paſſes in the village? How ſhould we know? anſwered one of them. Know then, continued the youth, that this morning died that famous ſhepherd, and ſcholar, Chryſoſtom; and it is whiſpered, that he died for love of that deviliſh untoward laſs Marcela, daughter of William the rich; ſhe, who rambles about theſe woods and fields, in the dreſs of a ſhepherdreſs. For Marcela! ſay you? quoth one. For her, I ſay, anſwered the goatherd: and the beſt of it is, he has ordered by his will, that they ſhould bury him in the fields as if he had been a Moor, and that it ſhould be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain; for, according to report, and what, they ſay, he himſelf declared, that was the very place where he firſt ſaw her. He ordered alſo other things ſo extravagant, that the clergy ſay, they muſt not be performed; nor is it fit they ſhould, for they ſeem to be heatheniſh. To all which that great friend of his, Ambroſio the ſtudent, who accompanied him likewiſe,

likewiſe, in the dreſs of a ſhepherd, anſwers, that the whole muſt be fulfilled, without omitting any thing, as Chryſoſtom enjoined; and upon this the village is all in an uproar: but, by what I can learn, they will at laſt do what Ambroſio, and all the ſhepherd's friends, require; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great ſolemnity, in the place I have already told you of. And I am of opinion, it will be very well worth ſeeing; at leaſt, I will not fail to go, though I knew I ſhould not return to-morrow to the village. We will do ſo too, anſwered the goatherds, and let us caſt lots who ſhall ſtay behind, to look after all our goats. You ſay well, Pedro, quoth another: but it will be needleſs to make uſe of this expedient, for I will ſtay for you all; and do not attribute this to virtue, or want of curioſity in me, but to the thorn which ſtruck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking. We are obliged to you however, anſwered Pedro.

Don Quixote deſired Pedro to tell him, who the deceaſed was, and who that ſhepherdeſs. To which Pedro anſwered, that all he knew was, that the deceaſed was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village, among the hills thereabout, who had ſtudied many years in Salamanca; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very knowing and well-read perſon: particularly, it was ſaid, he underſtood the ſcience of the ſtars, and what the ſun and moon are doing in the ſky: for he told us punctually the clipſe of the ſun and moon. Friend, quoth Don Quixote, the obſcuration of thoſe two greater luminaries is called an Eclipſe, and not a Clipſe. But Pedro, not regarding niceties, went on with his ſtory, ſaying: He alſo foretold when the year would be plentiful, or eſtril. Steril, you would ſay, friend, quoth Don Quixote. Steril or eſtril, anſwered Pedro, comes all to the ſame thing. And as I was ſaying, his father and friends, who gave credit

credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in every thing. This year, he would say, sow barley, and not wheat: in this you may sow vetches, and not barley: the next year there will be plenty of oil: the three following there will not be a drop. This science they call Astrology, said Don Quixote. I know not how it is called, replied Pedro; but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook, and sheep-skin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar's gown; and with him another, a great friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his fellow-student, and now put himself into the same dress of a shepherd. I forgot to tell you, how the deceased Chrysostom was a great man at making verses; insomuch that he made the carols for Christmas-eve, and the religious plays for Corpus Christi, which the boys of our village represented; and every body said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of Chrysostom died, and he inherited a large estate, in lands and goods, flocks, herds, and money; of all which the youth remained dissolute master; and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those that were good, and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his habit, for no other purpose, but that he might wander about these desert places after that shepherdess Marcela, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell you (for it is fit you should know) who this young slut is; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of

your life, though you were "as old as the Itch." Say, "as old as Sarah," replied Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd's miſtaking words. The Itch is old enough, anſwered Pedro; and, ſir, if you muſt at every turn be correcting my words, we ſhall not have done this twelvemonth. Pardon me, friend, ſaid Don Quixote, I told you of it, becauſe there is a wide difference between the Itch and Sarah *: and ſo go on with your ſtory; for I will interrupt you no more.

I ſay then, dear ſir of my ſoul, quoth the goatherd, that, in our village, there was a farmer richer than the father of Chryſoſtom, called William; on whom God beſtowed, beſides much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother died in childbed, and ſhe was the moſt reſpected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I ſee her now, with that preſence, looking as if ſhe had the ſun on one ſide of her, and the moon on the other †: and above all, ſhe was a notable houſewife, and a friend to the poor; for which I believe her ſoul is at this very moment enjoying God in the other world. Her huſband William died for grief at the death of ſo good a woman, leaving his daughter Marcela, young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a prieſt, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with ſo much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother's, who had a great ſhare; and for all that it was judged

* This wants explanation, it being impoſſible to give the force of it in an Engliſh tranſlation. "Viejo como le Sarna" is a Spaniſh proverb, ſignifying "as old as the itch," which is of great antiquity; though it is agreed that this is only a corruption of ignorant people, ſaying Sarna for Sarra: which laſt is uſually taken to ſignify Sarah, Abraham's wife, either in regard ſhe lived 110 years, or becauſe of the long time it is ſince ſhe lived; though ſome ſay that Sarra, in the Biſcaine language, ſignifies old age, and ſo the proverb will be, "As old as old age itſelf.

† This ſeems to be a ridicule on the extravagant metaphors uſed by the Spaniſh poets, in praiſe of the beauty of their miſtreſſes.

that

that her daughter's would surpass her's. And so it fell out; for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, nobody beheld her without blessing God for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with, and undone for her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close: notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself so, that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he (who, to do him justice, is a good christian) though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her marriage. And, in good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest, in more companies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, sir-errant, that, in these little places, every thing is talked of, and every thing censured. And, my life for yours, that clergyman must be over and above good, who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country towns.

It is true, said Don Quixote, and proceed: for the story is excellent, and, honest Pedro, you tell it with a good grace. May the grace of the Lord never fail me, which is most to the purpose. And farther know, quoth Pedro, that, though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular, of the many who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that, being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly just excuses, ceased to importune her, and

and waited till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well, parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, behold! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy Marcela appears a shepherdess, and, without the consent of her uncle, and against the persuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other country-lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in publick, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you how many wealthy youths, gentlemen, and farmers, have taken Chrysostom's dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her; one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is said, that he rather adored than loved her. But think not, that, because Marcela has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given any the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion: no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those, who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining his desire. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy, and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. And by this sort of behaviour she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those who converse with her, to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair: and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful,

ungrateful, with such other titles, as plainly denote her character. And were you to abide here, sir, a while, you would hear these mountains and valleys resound with the complaints of those undeceived wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of Marcela written and engraved on its smooth bark; and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express, that Marcela bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd; there complains another: here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night, seated at the foot of some oak or rock; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noon-day heat of the summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying heaven. In the mean time, the beautiful Marcela, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man that shall subdue so intractable a disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All that I have recounted being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our companion told us concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death. And therefore I advise you, sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing: for Chrysostom has a great many friends; and it is not half a league from this place to that where he ordered himself to be buried.

I will certainly be there, said Don Quixote, and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story. O, replied the goatherd,

goatherd, I do not yet know half the adventures that have happened to Marcela's lovers; but to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd, who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss, that you get you to sleep under some roof; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such, that you need not fear any cross accident. Sancho Pança, who, for his part, gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, pressed his master to lay himself down to sleep in Pedro's hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcela's lovers. Sancho Pança took up his lodging between Rozinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person well rib-roasted.

CHAP. V.

The conclusion of the story of the shepherdess Marcela, with other accidents.

BUT scarce had the day began to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up, and went to awake Don Quixote, and asked him, whether he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom, for they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing more, got up, and bid Sancho saddle and pannel immediately; which he did with great expedition: and with the same dispatch they all presently set out on their way.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path-way, they saw six shepherds making towards them, clad in black sheep-skin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rosemary. Each of them had a thick holly-club in his hand. There came also with them two cavaliers on horseback, in very handsome riding-habits,

habits, attended by three lacqueys on foot. When they had joined companies, they ſaluted each other courteouſly; and aſking one another whither they were going, they found they were all going to the place of burial; and ſo they began to travel in company.

One of thoſe on horſeback, ſpeaking to his companion, ſaid: I fancy, Signor Vivaldo, we ſhall not think the time miſpent in ſtaying to ſee this famous funeral: for it cannot chooſe but be extraordinary, conſidering the ſtrange things theſe ſhepherds have recounted, as well of the deceaſed ſhepherd, as of the murdering ſhepherdeſs. I think ſo too, anſwered Vivaldo; and I do not only not think much of ſpending one day, but I would even ſtay four to ſee it. Don Quixote aſked them, what it was they had heard of Marcela and Chryſoſtom? The traveller ſaid, they had met thoſe ſhepherds early that morning, and that, ſeeing them in that mournful dreſs, they had aſked the occaſion of their going clad in that manner; and that one of them had related the ſtory, telling them of the beauty, and unaccountable humour, of a certain ſhepherdeſs called Marcela, and the loves of many that wooed her; with the death of Chryſoſtom, to whoſe burial they were going. In fine, he related all that Pedro had told to Don Quixote.

This diſcourſe ceaſed, and another began; he, who was called Vivaldo, aſking Don Quixote, what might be the reaſon that induced him to go armed in that manner, through a country ſo peaceable? To which Don Quixote anſwered: The profeſſion I follow will not allow, or ſuffer me to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were invented for ſoft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, diſquietude, and arms, were deſigned for thoſe whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I, though unworthy, am the leaſt. Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded he was a mad-

a madman. And for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madneſs his was, Vivaldo aſked him, what he meant by knights-errant? Have you not read, Sir, anſwered Don Quixote, the annals and hiſtories of England, wherein are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom in our Caſtilian tongue we perpetually call king Artus; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but that, by magic art, he was turned into a raven; and that, in proceſs of time, he ſhall reign again, and recover his kingdom and ſceptre: for which reaſon it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any Engliſhman hath killed a raven. Now, in this good king's time, was inſtituted that famous order of the knights of the round-table; and the amours therein related, of Sir Lancelot of the Lake with the queen Ginebra, paſſed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable Duenna Quintaniona being their go-between and confidante: which gave birth to that well-known ballad, ſo cried up here in Spain, of "Never was knight by ladies ſo well ſerved, as was Sir Lancelot when he came from Britain:" with the reſt of that ſweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. Now, from that time, the order of chivalry has been extending and ſpreading itſelf through many and divers parts of the world: and in this profeſſion many have been diſtinguiſhed and renowned for their heroic deeds; as, the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his ſons and nephews, to the fifth generation; the valorous Felixmarte of Hircania; and the-never-enough to be praiſed Tirant the white: and we, in our days, have, in a manner, ſeen, heard, and converſed with, the invincible and valorous knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have told you of is the order of chivalry: of which, as I ſaid before, I, though a ſinner, have made

profeſſion;

profeſſion; and the very ſame thing that the aforeſaid knights profeſſed, I profeſs: and ſo I travel through theſe ſolitudes and deſerts, ſeeking adventures, with a determined reſolution to oppoſe my arm, and my perſon, to the moſt perilous that fortune ſhall preſent, in aid of the week and the needy.

By theſe diſcourſes the travellers were fully convinced that Don Quixote was out of his wits, and what kind of madneſs it was that influenced him; which ſtruck them with the ſame admiration, that it did all others at the firſt hearing. And Vivaldo, who was a very diſcerning perſon, and withal of a mirthful diſpoſition, that they might paſs without irkſomeneſs the little of the way that remained, before they came to the funeral mountain, reſolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagancies. And therefore he ſaid to him: Methinks, Sir knight-errant, you have taken upon you one of the ſtricteſt profeſſions upon earth: and I verily believe, that of the Carthuſian monks themſelves is not ſo rigid. It may be as ſtrict, for aught I know, anſwered our Don Quixote; but that it is ſo neceſſary to the world, I am within two fingers breadth of doubting: for, to ſpeak the truth, the ſoldier, who executes his captain's orders, does no leſs than the captain himſelf, who gives him the orders. I would ſay, that the religious, with all peace and quietneſs, implore heaven for the good of the world; but we ſoldiers, and knights, really execute what they pray for, defending it with the ſtrength of our arms, and the edge of our ſwords: and that, not under covert, but in open field; expoſed to the unſufferable beams of ſummer's ſun, and winter's horrid ice. So that we are God's miniſters upon earth, and the arms by which he executes his juſtice in it. And conſidering that matters of war, and thoſe relating thereto, cannot be put in execution without ſweat, toil, and labour, it follows, that they who profeſs it do unqueſtionably take more pains than they

they who, in perfect peace and repose, are employed in praying to heaven to assist those, who can do but little for themselves *. I mean not to say, nor do I so much as imagine, that the state of the knight-errant is as good as that of the recluse religious: I would only infer from what I suffer, that it is doubtless more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more lousy. For there is no doubt, but that the knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the course of their lives; and, if some of them rose to be emperors, by the valour of their arm, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat: and if those, who arrived to such honour, had wanted enchanters and sages to assist them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and much disappointed in their expectations.

I am of the same opinion, replied the traveller: but there is one thing, in particular, among many others, which I dislike in knights-errant, and it is this: when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifest danger of losing their lives, in the very instant of the encounter, they never once remember to commend themselves to God, as every christian is bound to do in the like perils; but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and that with as much fervour and devotion, as if they were their God; a thing which, to me, savours strongly of paganism †. Signor, answered Don Quixote, this can by no means be otherwise; and the knight-errant, who should act in any other manner, would digress much from his duty: for

* A sly satire on the uselessness of recluse religious societies.

† Here it is remarkable, that Cervantes speaks only of recommending ourselves to God, without taking notice of the doing it to any saint, though that be the known practice in the Romish church, and is what the protestants charge, in the very words of this author, with savouring strongly of paganism.

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it is a received maxim and cuſtom in chivalry, that the knight-errant, who, being about to attempt ſome great feat of arms, has his lady before him, muſt turn his eyes fondly and amorouſly toward her, as if by them he implored her favour and protection, in the doubtful moment of diſtreſs he is juſt entering upon. And, though no body hears him, he is obliged to mutter ſome words between his teeth, by which he commends himſelf to her with his whole heart: and of this we have innumerable examples in the hiſtories. And you muſt not ſuppoſe by this, that they are to neglect commending themſelves to God; for there is time and leiſure enough to do it in the progreſs of the work. But, for all that, replied the traveller, I have one ſcruple ſtill remaining; which is, that I have often read, that, words ariſing between two knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horſes round, and, fetching a large compaſs about the field, immediately, without more ado, encounter at full ſpeed; and, in the midſt of their career, they commend themſelves to their miſtreſſes: and what commonly happens in the encounter, is, that one of them tumbles back over his horſe's crupper, pierced through and through by his adverſary's lance; and, if the other had not laid hold of his horſe's mane, he could not have avoided coming to the ground. Now I cannot imagine what leiſure the deceaſed had to commend himſelf to God, in the courſe of this ſo haſty a work. Better it had been, if the words he ſpent in commending himſelf to his lady, in the midſt of the career, had been employed about that, to which, as a chriſtian, he was obliged. And beſides, it is certain all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themſelves to; becauſe they are not all in love That cannot be, anſwered Don Quixote: I ſay, there cannot be a knight-errant without a miſtreſs; for it is as proper and as natural to them to be in love, as to the ſky to

be full of ſtars. And I affirm, you cannot ſhew me an hiſtory, in which a knight-errant is to be found without an amour: and for the very reaſon of his being without one, he would not be reckoned a legitimate knight, but a baſtard, and one that got into the fortreſs of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber *. Yet, for all that, ſaid the traveller, I think (if I am not much miſtaken) I have read, that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaul, never had a particular miſtreſs, to whom he might commend himſelf: notwithſtanding which, he was not the leſs eſteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight. To which our Don Quixote anſwered: Signor, one ſwallow makes no ſummer. Beſides, I very well know, that this knight was in ſecret very deeply enamoured: He was a general lover, and could not reſiſt his natural inclination towards all ladies, whom he thought handſome. But, in ſhort, it is very well atteſted, that he had one whom he had made miſtreſs of his will, and to whom he often commended himſelf, but very ſecretly; for it was upon this quality of ſecrecy that he eſpecially valued himſelf.

If it be eſſential, that every knight-errant muſt be a lover, ſaid the traveller, it is to be preſumed that your worſhip is one, as you are of the profeſſion: and, if you do not pique yourſelf upon the ſame ſecrecy as Don Galaor, I earneſtly intreat you, in the name of all this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your miſtreſs, who cannot but account herſelf happy if all the world knew, that ſhe is loved and ſerved by ſo worthy a knight as your worſhip appears to be. Here Don Quixote fetched a deep ſigh, and ſaid: I cannot poſitively affirm, whether this ſweet enemy of mine is

* This is one inſtance of Cervantes's frequent uſe of ſcriptural expreſſions.

pleaſed,

pleaſed, or not, that the world ſhould know I am her ſervant: I can only ſay, in anſwer to what you ſo very courteouſly enquire of me, that her name is Dulcinea; her country Toboſo, a town of La Mancha; her quality at leaſt that of a princeſs, ſince ſhe is my queen and ſovereign lady; her beauty more than human, ſince in her all the impoſſible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets aſcribe to their miſtreſſes, are realized: for her hairs are of gold, her forehead the Elyſian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes ſuns, her cheeks roſes, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaſter, her boſom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteneſs ſnow; and the parts, which modeſty veils from human ſight, ſuch as (to my thinking) the moſt exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a compariſon for. We would know, replied Vivaldo, her lineage, race, and family. To which Don Quixote anſwered: She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, and Scipios, nor of the modern Colonnas and Urſinis; nor of the Moncadas and Requeſenes of Catalonia; neither is ſhe of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valentia; the Palafoxes, Nuças, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foçes, and Gurreas of Arragon; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendoças, and Guſmans of Caſtile; the Alencaſtros, Pallas and Meneſes of Portugal: but ſhe is of thoſe of Toboſo de la Mancha; a lineage, though modern, yet ſuch as may give a noble beginning to the moſt illuſtrious families of the ages to come: and in this let no one contradict me, unleſs it be on the conditions that Cerbino fixed under Orlando's arms, where it was ſaid: "Let no one remove theſe, who cannot ſtand a trial with Orlando." Although mine be of the Cachopines of Laredo, replied the traveller, I dare not compare it with that of Toboſo de la Mancha; though, to ſay the truth, no ſuch appellation hath ever reached my ears until now. Is it poſſible

you ſhould never have heard of it? replied Don Quixote*.

All the reſt went on liſtening with great attention to the dialogue between theſe two: and even the goatherds and ſhepherds perceived the notorious diſtraction of our Don Quixote. Sancho Pança alone believed all that his maſter ſaid to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth. But what he ſomewhat doubted of, was, what concerned the fair Dulcinea del Toboſo; for no ſuch a name, or princeſs, had ever come to his hearing, though he lived ſo near Toboſo.

In theſe diſcourſes they went on, when they diſcovered, through an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty ſhepherds coming down, all in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, which (as appeared afterwards) were ſome of yew, and ſome of cypreſs. Six of them carried a bier, covered with great variety of flowers and boughs. Which one of the goatherds eſpying, he ſaid: They, who come yonder, are thoſe who bring the corpſe of Chryſoſtom; and the foot of yonder mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him. They made haſte therefore to arrive; which they did juſt as the bier was ſet down on the ground: and four of them, with ſharp pickaxes, were making the grave by the ſide of a hard rock. They ſaluted one another courteouſly: and preſently Don Quixote and his company went to take a view of the bier; upon which they ſaw a dead body, ſtrewed with flowers †, in the dreſs of a ſhepherd, ſeemingly about thirty years of age: and, though dead, you might perceive that he had been, when alive, of a beautiful countenance,

* All the time they are going to the burial, how artfully does the author entertain the reader, by way of digreſſion, with this dialogue between Don Quixote and Vivaldo!

† It is the cuſtom in Spain and Italy to ſtrew flowers on the dead bodies when laid upon their biers.

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and hale conſtitution. Several books, and a great number of papers, ſome open and others folded up, lay round about him on the bier. All that were preſent, as well thoſe who looked on, as thoſe who were opening the grave, kept a marvellous ſilence; until one of thoſe who brought the deceaſed ſaid to another: Obſerve carefully, Ambroſio, whether this be the place which Chryſoſtom mentioned, ſince you are ſo punctual in performing what he commanded in his will. This is it, anſwered Ambroſio; for in this very place he often recounted to me the ſtory of his misfortune. Here it was, he told me, that he firſt ſaw that mortal enemy of human race: here it was that he declared to her his no leſs honourable than ardent paſſion: here it was that Marcela finally undeceived, and treated him with ſuch diſdain, that ſhe put an end to the tragedy of his miſerable life: and here, in memory of ſo many misfortunes, he deſired to be depoſited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.

Then, turning himſelf to Don Quixote and the travellers, he went on, ſaying: This body, ſirs, which you are beholding with compaſſionate eyes, was the receptacle of a ſoul, in which Heaven had placed a great part of its treaſure: this is the body of Chryſoſtom, who was ſingular for wit, matchleſs in courteſy, perfect in politeneſs, a phœnix in friendſhip, magnificent without oſtentation, grave without arrogance, chearful without meanneſs; in fine, the firſt in every thing that was good, and ſecond to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred: he adored, he was ſcorned: he courted a ſavage; he ſolicited marble; he purſued the wind; he called aloud to ſolitude; he ſerved ingratitude; and the recompence he obtained was, to become a prey to death, in the midſt of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain ſhepherdeſs, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men; as theſe papers you are looking at would

ſufficiently demonſtrate, had he not ordered me to commit them to the flames, at the ſame time that his body was depoſited in the earth. You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them, ſaid Vivaldo, than their maſter himſelf; for it is neither juſt nor right to fulfil the will of him who commands ſomething utterly unreaſonable. Auguſtus Cæſar would not conſent to the execution of what the divine Mantuan had commanded in his will. So that, Signor Ambroſio, though you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not therefore commit his writings to oblivion; and if he ordered it as a perſon injured, do not you fulfil it as one indiſcreet: rather act ſo, that, by giving life to theſe papers, the cruelty of Marcela may never be forgotten, but may ſerve for an example to thoſe who ſhall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices: for I, and all here preſent, already know the ſtory of this your enamoured and deſpairing friend: we know alſo your friendſhip, and the occaſion of his death, and what he ordered on his death-bed: from which lamentable hiſtory may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Chryſoſtom, and the ſincerity of your friendſhip; as alſo the end of thoſe, who run headlong in the path that inconſiderate and ungoverned love ſets before them. Laſt night, we heard of Chryſoſtom's death, and that he was to be interred in this place: and ſo, out of curioſity and compaſſion, we turned out of our way, and agreed to come, and behold with our eyes what had moved us ſo much in the recital: and, in return for our pity, and our deſire to remedy it, if we could, we beſeech you, O diſcreet Ambroſio, at leaſt I requeſt it on my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but let me carry away ſome of them. And, without ſtaying for the ſhepherd's reply, he ſtretched out his hand, and took ſome of thoſe that were neareſt, Which Ambroſio perceiving, he ſaid: Out of civility, Signor, I will conſent to your keeping thoſe you have taken;

taken; but to imagine that I ſhall forbear burning thoſe that remain, is a vain thought. Vivaldo, who deſired to ſee what the papers contained, preſently opened one of them, which had for its title, The Song of Deſpair. Ambroſio hearing it, ſaid: This is the laſt paper this unhappy man wrote; and that you may ſee, Signor, to what ſtate he was reduced by his misfortunes, read it ſo as to be heard; for you will have leiſure enough, while they are digging the grave. That I will with all my heart, ſaid Vivaldo: and, as all the by-ſtanders had the ſame deſire, they drew round about him, and he read, in an audible voice, as follows.

CHAP. VI.

Wherein are rehearſed the deſpairing verſes of the deceaſed ſhepherd, with other unexpected events.

CHRYSOSTOM's SONG.

I.

SINCE, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
From clime to clime the triumphs of your ſcorn,
Let hell itſelf inſpire my tortur'd breaſt
With mournful numbers, and untune my voice;
Whilſt the ſad pieces of my broken heart
Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.
Hear then, and liſten with attentive ear,
Not to harmonious ſounds, but echoing groans,
Fetch'd from the bottom of my lab'ring breaſt,
To eaſe, in ſpite of thee, my raging ſmart.

II.

The lion's roar, the howl of midnight wolves,
The ſcaly ſerpent's hiſs, the raven's croak,
The burſt of fighting winds that vex the main,
The widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
With all the din of hell's infernal crew,

From my griev'd ſoul forth iſſue in one ſound,
Leaving my ſenſes all confus'd and loſt.
For ah! no common language can expreſs
The cruel pains that torture my ſad heart.

III.

Yet let not echo bear the mournful ſounds
To where old Tagus rolls his yellow ſands,
Or Betis, crown'd with olives, pours his flood.
But here, midſt rocks and precipices deep,
Or to obſcure and ſilent vales remov'd,
On ſhores by human footſteps never trod,
Where the gay ſun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
Or with th' invenom'd race of ſavage beaſts
That range the howling wilderneſs for food,
Will I proclaim the ſtory of my woes;
Poor privilege of grief! whilſt echoes hoarſe
Catch the ſad tale, and ſpread it round the world.

IV.

Diſdain gives death; ſuſpicions, true or falſe,
O'erturn th' impatient mind; with ſurer ſtroke
Fell jealouſy deſtroys; the pangs of abſence
No lover can ſupport; nor firmeſt hope
Can diſſipate the dread of cold neglect:
Yet I, ſtrange fate! though jealous, though diſdain'd,
Abſent, and ſure of cold neglect, ſtill live.
And midſt the various torments I endure,
No ray of hope e'er darted on my ſoul:
Nor would I hope; rather in deep deſpair
Will I ſit down, and brooding o'er my griefs
Vow everlaſting abſence from her ſight.

V.

Can hope and fear at once the ſoul poſſeſs,
Or hope ſubſiſt with ſurer cauſe of fear?
Shall I, to ſhut out frightful jealouſy,
Cloſe my ſad eyes, when ev'ry pang I feel
Preſents the hideous phantom to my view?
What wretch ſo credulous, but muſt embrace

Diſtruſt

Diſtruſt with open arms, when he beholds
Diſdain avow'd, ſuſpicions realiz'd,
And truth itſelf converted to a lye?
O cruel tyrant of the realm of love,
Fierce jealouſy, arm with a ſword this hand,
Or thou, diſdain, a twiſted cord beſtow.

VI.

Let me not blame my fate, but dying think
The man moſt bleſt who loves, the ſoul moſt free
That love has moſt enthrall'd: ſtill to my thoughts
Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
Beauteous in mind as face, and in myſelf
Still let me find the ſource of her diſdain;
Content to ſuffer, ſince imperial love
By lover's woes maintains his ſovereign ſtate.
With this perſuaſion, and the fatal nooſe,
I haſten to the doom her ſcorn demands,
And dying offer up my breathleſs corſe,
Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whiſtling winds.

VII.

O thou, whoſe unrelenting rigor's force
Firſt drove me to deſpair, and now to death,
When the ſad tale of my untimely fall
Shall reach thy ear, tho' it deſerve a ſigh,
Veil not the heav'n of thoſe bright eyes in grief,
Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world,
At length my death has triumph'd o'er thy ſcorn;
But dreſs thy face in ſmiles, and celebrate,
With laughter and each circumſtance of joy,
The feſtival of my diſaſtrous end.
Ah! need I bid thee ſmile? too well I know
My death's thy utmoſt glory and thy pride.

VIII.

Come, all ye phantoms of the dark abyſs;
Bring, Tantalus, thy unextinguiſh'd thirſt,
And, Siſyphus, thy ſtill-returning ſtone;
Come, Tityus, with the vulture at thy heart,

And thou, Ixion, bring thy giddy wheel;
Nor let the toiling ſiſters ſtay behind.
Pour your united griefs into this breaſt,
And in low murmurs ſing ſad obſequies
(If a deſpairing wretch ſuch rites may claim)
O'er my cold limbs, deny'd a winding-ſheet.
And let the triple porter of the ſhades,
The ſiſter furies, and chimæras dire,
With notes of woe the mournful chorus join.
Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch
By beauty ſent untimely to the grave.

IX.

And thou, my ſong, ſad child of my deſpair,
Complain no more; but ſince my wretched fate
Improves her happier lot, who gave thee birth,
Be all thy ſorrows buried in my tomb.

Chryſoſtom's ſong was very much approved by thoſe who heard it: but he who read it ſaid it did not ſeem to agree with the account he had heard of the reſerve and goodneſs of Marcela; for Chryſoſtom complains in it of jealouſies, ſuſpicions, and abſence, all in prejudice of the credit and good name of Marcela. To which Ambroſio anſwered, as one well acquainted with the moſt hidden thoughts of his friend: To ſatisfy you, Signor, as to this doubt, you muſt know, that, when this unhappy perſon wrote this ſong, he was abſent from Marcela, from whom he had voluntarily baniſhed himſelf, to try whether abſence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as an abſent lover is diſturbed by every thing, and ſeized by every fear, ſo was Chryſoſtom perplexed with imaginary jealouſies and ſuſpicious apprehenſions, as much as if they had been real. And thus the truth, which fame proclaims of Marcela's goodneſs, remains unimpeached; and, excepting that ſhe is cruel, ſomewhat arrogant, and very diſdainful, envy itſelf neither ought, nor can, lay any defect to her

her charge. It is true, anſwered Vivaldo; and, going to read another paper of thoſe he had ſaved from the fire, he was interrupted by a wonderful viſion (for ſuch it ſeemed to be) which on a ſudden preſented itſelf to their ſight: for on the top of the rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the ſhepherdeſs Marcela, ſo beautiful, that her beauty ſurpaſſed the very fame of it. Thoſe who had never ſeen her until that time, beheld her with ſilence and admiration; and thoſe who had been uſed to the ſight of her, were no leſs ſurpriſed than thoſe who had never ſeen her before. But Ambroſio had ſcarcely eſpied her, when, with ſigns of indignation, he ſaid to her: Comeſt thou, O fierce baſiliſk of theſe mountains *, to ſee whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afreſh at thy appearance? or comeſt thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman diſpoſition? or to behold from that eminence, like another pitileſs Nero, the flames of burning Rome? or inſolently to trample on this unhappy corſe, as did the impious daughter on that of her father Tarquin? tell us quickly, what you come for, or what it is you would have: for, ſince I know that Chryſoſtom while living never diſobeyed you, ſo much as in thought, I will take care that all thoſe, who called themſelves his friends, ſhall obey you, though he be dead.

I come not, O Ambroſio, for any of thoſe purpoſes you have mentioned, anſwered Marcela; but to vindicate myſelf, and to let the world know, how unreaſonable thoſe are who blame me for their own ſufferings, or for the death of Chryſoſtom: and therefore I beg of all here preſent, that they would hear me with attention; for I need not ſpend much time, nor uſe many words, to convince perſons of ſenſe of

* The little Fortunia's beauty was ſo ſurpaſſing, that ſhe was called "The baſiliſk of human kind." Amad. de Gaul, b. 13. ch. 43.

the truth. Heaven, as you ſay, made me handſome, and to ſuch a degree, that my beauty influences you to love me, whether you will or no. And, in return for the love you bear me, you pretend and inſiſt that I am bound to love you. I know, by the natural ſenſe God has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable: but I do not comprehend, that, merely for being loved, the perſon that is loved for being handſome is obliged to return love for love. Beſides, it may chance that the lover of the beautiful perſon may be ugly; and, what is ugly deſerving to be loathed, it would ſound oddly to ſay, I love you for being handſome; you muſt love me, though I am ugly. But, ſuppoſing the beauty on both ſides to be equal, it does not therefore follow that the inclinations ſhould be ſo too: for all beauty does not inſpire love; and there is a kind of it which only pleaſes the ſight, but does not captivate the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the wills of men would be eterna ly confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix: for, the beautiful objects being infinite, the deſires muſt be infinite too. And, as I have heard ſay, true love cannot be divided, and muſt be voluntary and unforced. This being ſo, as I believe it is, why would you have me ſubject my will by force, being no otherwiſe obliged thereto, than only becauſe you ſay you love me? For, pray tell me, if, as Heaven has made me handſome, it had made me ugly, would it have been juſt that I ſhould have complained of you, becauſe you did not love me? Beſides, you muſt conſider, that my beauty is not my own choice; but, ſuch as it is, Heaven beſtowed it on me freely, without my aſking or deſiring it. And, as the viper does not deſerve blame for her ſting, though ſhe kills with it, becauſe it is given her by nature, as little do I deſerve reprehenſion for being handſome. Beauty in a modeſt woman is like fire at a diſtance, or like a ſharp ſword: neither

neither doth the one burn, nor the other wound, thoſe that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the ſoul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought ſo. Now, if modeſty be one of the virtues which moſt adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why ſhould ſhe, who is loved for being beautiful, part with it, to gratify the deſires of him who, merely for his own pleaſure, uſes his utmoſt endeavours to deſtroy it? I was born free, and, that I might live free, I choſe the ſolitude of theſe fields: the trees on theſe mountains are my companions; the tranſparent waters of theſe brooks my looking-glaſs: to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and my beauty. I am fire at a diſtance, and a ſword afar off. Thoſe, whom the ſight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. And, if deſires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to Chryſoſtom, nor to any one elſe, all hope being at an end, ſure it may well be ſaid, that his own obſtinacy, rather than my cruelty, killed him. If it be objected to me, that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them: I anſwer, that, when in this very place, where they are now digging his grave, he diſcovered to me the goodneſs of his intention, I told him, that mine was to live in perpetual ſolitude, and that the earth alone ſhould enjoy the fruit of my reſervedneſs, and the ſpoils of my beauty: and if he, notwithſtanding all this plain-dealing, would obſtinately perſevere againſt hope, and ſail againſt the wind, what wonder if he drowned himſelf in the midſt of the gulph of his own indiſcretion? If I had held him in ſuſpence, I had been falſe: if I had complied with him, I had acted contrary to my better intention and reſolution. He perſiſted, tho' undeceived; he deſpaired, without being hated. Conſider now whether it be reaſonable to lay the blame of his ſufferings upon me. Let him, who is deceived,

deceived, complain; let him, to whom I have broken my promiſe, deſpair; let him, whom I ſhall encourage, preſume; and let him pride himſelf, whom I ſhall admit: but let not him call me cruel, or murtheress, whom I neither promiſe, deceive, encourage, nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained that I ſhould love by deſtiny; and from loving by choice I deſire to be excuſed. Let every one of thoſe, who ſolicit me, make their own particular uſe of this declaration; and be it underſtood from henceforward, that, if any one dies for me, he does not die through jealouſy or diſdain; for ſhe, who loves nobody, ſhould make nobody jealous; and plain-dealing ought not to paſs for diſdain. Let him, who calls me a ſavage and a baſiliſk, ſhun me as a miſchievous and evil thing: let him, who calls me ungrateful, not ſerve me; him, who thinks me ſhy, not know me; who cruel, not follow me: for this ſavage, this baſiliſk, this ungrateful, this cruel, this ſhy thing, will in no wiſe either ſeek, ſerve, know, or follow them. If Chryſoſtom's impatience and precipitate deſires killed him, why ſhould he blame my modeſt procedure and reſerve? If I preſerve my purity unſpotted among theſe trees, why ſhould he deſire me to loſe it among men? You all know that I have riches enough of my own, and do not covet other people's. My condition is free, and I have no mind to ſubject myſelf: I neither love nor hate any body; I neither deceive this man, nor lay ſnares for that; I neither toy with one, nor divert myſelf with another. The modeſt converſation of the ſhepherdeſſes of theſe villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My deſires are bounded within theſe mountains, and, if they venture out hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, thoſe ſteps, by which the ſoul advances to its original dwelling.——And, in ſaying this, without ſtaying for an anſwer, ſhe turned her back, and entered into the moſt inacceſſible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving

leaving all thoſe preſent in admiration as well of her ſenſe as of her beauty.

Some of thoſe, who had been wounded by the powerful darts of her bright eyes, diſcovered an inclination to follow her, without profiting by ſo expreſs a declaration as they had heard her make. Which Don Quixote perceiving, and thinking this a proper occaſion to employ his chivalry in the relief of diſtreſſed damſels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his ſword, and with a loud and intelligible voice, ſaid: Let no perſon, of what ſtate or condition ſoever he be, preſume to follow the beautiful Marcela, on pain of incurring my furious indignation. She has demonſtrated, by clear and ſufficient reaſons, the little or no fault ſhe ought to be charged with on account of Chryſoſtom's death, and how far ſhe is from countenancing the deſires of any of her lovers; for which reaſon, inſtead of being followed and perſecuted, ſhe ought to be honoured and eſteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whoſe intentions are ſo virtuous. Now, whether it were through Don Quixote's menaces, or becauſe Ambroſio deſired them to finiſh that laſt office to his friend, none of the ſhepherds ſtirred from thence, until, the grave being made and Chryſoſtom's papers burnt, they laid his body in it, not without many tears of the by-ſtanders. They cloſed the ſepulchre with a large fragment of a rock, until a tomb-ſtone could be finiſhed, which, Ambroſio ſaid, he intended to have made, with an epitaph after this manner.

Here lies a gentle ſhepherd ſwain,
Through cold neglect untimely ſlain.
By rigor's cruel hand he died,
A victim to the ſcorn and pride
Of a coy, beautiful, ingrate,
Whoſe eyes enlarge love's tyrant ſtate.

Then

Then they ſtrewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and, condoling with his friend Ambroſio, took leave and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the ſame; and Don Quixote bid adieu to his hoſts and the travellers, who intreated him to accompany them to Sevil, that being a place the moſt likely to furniſh him with adventures, ſince, in every ſtreet, and at every turning, more were to be met with there, than in any other place whatever. Don Quixote thanked them for the notice they gave him, and the diſpoſition they ſhewed to do him a courteſy, and ſaid, that for the preſent he could not, and ought not, to go to Sevil, until he had cleared all thoſe mountains of robbers and aſſaſſins, of which, it was reported, they were full. The travellers, ſeeing his good intention, would not importune him farther; but, taking leave again, left him, and purſued their journey: in which they wanted not a ſubject for diſcourſe, as well of the ſtory of Marcela and Chryſoſtom, as of the madneſs of Don Quixote, who reſolved to go in queſt of the ſhepherdeſs Marcela, and offer her all that was in his power for her ſervice. But it fell not out as he intended, as is related in the progreſs of this true hiſtory, the ſecond part ending here.

THE

THE

LIFE AND EXPLOITS

OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

*Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure which befel Don Quixote, in meeting with certain bloody-minded Yangueſes *.*

THE ſage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that, when Don Quixote had taken leave of his hoſts, and of all thoſe who were preſent at Chryſoſtom's funeral, he and his ſquire entered the ſame wood, into which they had ſeen the ſhepherdeſs Marcela enter before. And having ranged through it for above two hours, looking for her every where, without being able to find her, they ſtopped in a meadow full of freſh graſs, near which ran a pleaſant and refreſhing brook; inſomuch that it invited and compelled them to paſs there the ſultry hours of the noonday heat, which already began to come on with great violence. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and, leaving the aſs and Rozinante at large, to feed upon

* Carriers of Galicia, commonly ſo called.

the

the abundance of grafs that fprung in the place, they ranfacked the wallet; and, without any ceremony, in friendly and focial wife, maſter and man eat what they found in it. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rozinante, being well aſſured he was ſo tame and ſo little gameſome, that all the mares of the paſtures of Cordova would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune, or the devil, who is not always aſleep, ſo ordered it, that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of Galician mares, belonging to certain Yangueſian carriers, whoſe cuſtom it is to paſs the mid-day, with their drove, in places where there is graſs and water: and that where Don Quixote chanced to be was very fit for the purpoſe of the Yangueſes. Now it fell out, that Rozinante had a mind to ſolace himſelf with the fillies, and, having them in the wind, broke out of his natural and accuſtomed pace, and, without aſking his maſter's leave, betook himſelf to a ſmart trot, and went to communicate his need to them. But they, as it ſeemed, having more inclination to feed than any thing elſe, received him with their heels and their teeth, in ſuch a manner, that in a little time his girts broke, and he loſt his ſaddle. But what muſt have more ſenſibly affected him, was, that the carriers, ſeeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-ſtaves, and ſo belaboured him, that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had ſeen the drubbing of Rozinante, came up out of breath; and Don Quixote ſaid to Sancho: By what I ſee, friend Sancho, theſe are no knights, but raſcally people, of a ſcoundrel race. I tell you this, becauſe you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rozinante before our eyes. What the devil of revenge can we take, anſwered Sancho, they being above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?

I am

I am as good as a hundred, replied Don Quixote: and, without saying more, he laid his hand on his sword, and flew at the Yangueses; and Sancho did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound, through a leathern doublet which he wore, on the shoulder. The Yangueses, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their clubs, and hemming them in, began to belabour them with great vehemence and animosity. It is true, that at the second pale they brought Sancho to the ground; and the same befel Don Quixote, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead: And, as fate would have it, he fell just at Rozinante's feet, who had not yet got up: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. The Yangueses, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to himself was Sancho Pança; who finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice, cried: Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Don Quixote! What would you have, brother Sancho? answered Don Quixote, in the same feeble and lamentable tone. I could wish if it were possible, answered Sancho Pança, your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Feo Blass, if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may do as well for broken bones as it does for wounds. Unhappy I, that we have it not! answered Don Quixote. But I swear to you, Sancho Pança, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass (if fortune does not order it otherwise) I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out. But in how many days, do you think, Sir, we shall recover the use of our feet, replied Sancho Pança? For my part, said

ſaid the battered knight Don Quixote, I cannot limit the number: but it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my ſword againſt men who were not dubbed knights like myſelf *. And therefore, I believe, the god of battles has permitted this chaſtiſement to fall upon me, as a puniſhment for having tranſgreſſed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother Sancho, it is requiſite you be forewarned of what I ſhall now tell you; for it highly concerns the good of us both: and it is this; that, when you ſee we are inſulted by ſuch raſcally rabble, do not ſtay till I lay hand on my ſword againſt them, for I will in no wiſe do it; but do you draw your ſword, and chaſtiſe them to your own heart's content: but, if any knights ſhall come up to their aſſiſtance, I ſhall then know how to defend you, and offend them with all my might: for you have already ſeen, by a thouſand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this ſtrong arm of mine extends: ſo arrogant was the poor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant Biſcainer.

But Sancho Pança did not ſo thoroughly like his maſter's inſtructions, as to forbear anſwering, and ſaying: Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can diſſemble any injury whatſoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: ſo that give me leave, Sir, to tell you, by way of hint, ſince it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my ſword, neither againſt peaſant nor againſt knight; and that, from this time forward, in the preſence of God, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or ſhall do me, or that any perſon is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or ſimple, without excepting any ſtate or condition whatever. Which his maſter hearing, he anſwered: I wiſh I had breath to

* This was an inviolable law of chivalry, as appears from numberleſs inſtances in the books of knight-errantry.

talk

talk a little at my eaſe, and that the pain I feel in this rib would ceaſe ever ſo ſhort a while, that I might convince you, Pança, of the error you are in. Harkye, ſinner, ſhould the gale of fortune, hitherto ſo contrary, come about in our favour, filling the ſails of our deſires, ſo that we may ſafely, and without any hindrance, make the port of ſome one of thoſe iſlands I have promiſed you, what would become of you, if, when I had gained it, and made you lord thereof, you ſhould render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor deſiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done you, or to defend your dominions? For you muſt know, that, in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never ſo quiet, nor ſo much in the intereſt of their new maſter, but there is ſtill ground to fear, that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: and therefore the new poſſeſſor ought to have underſtanding to know how to conduct himſelf, and courage to act offenſively and defenſively, whatever ſhall happen. In this that hath now befallen us, anſwered Sancho, I wiſh I had been furniſhed with that underſtanding and valour your worſhip ſpeaks of; but I ſwear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plaiſters than diſcourſes. Try, Sir, whether you are able to riſe, and we will help up Rozinante, though he does not deſerve it, for he was the principal cauſe of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rozinante, whom I took to be chaſte, and as peaceable as myſelf. But it is a true ſaying, that "much time is neceſſary to come to a thorough knowledge of perſons;" and that "we are ſure of nothing in this life." Who could have thought, that, after ſuch ſwinging ſlaſhes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer, there ſhould come poſt, as it were, in purſuit you, this vaſt tempeſt of packſtaves, which has diſcharged itſelf upon our ſhoulders?

Thine,

Thine, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, ſhould, one would think, be uſed to ſuch ſtorms; but mine, that were brought up between muſlins and cambricks, muſt needs be more ſenſible of the grief of this miſhap. And were it not that I imagine (do I ſay imagine?) did I not know for certain, that all theſe inconveniencies are inſeparably annexed to the profeſſion of arms, I would ſuffer myſelf to die here out of pure vexation. To this replied the ſquire: Sir, ſince theſe miſhaps are the genuine fruits and harveſts of chivalry, pray tell me whether they fall out often, or whether they have their ſet times in which they happen; for, to my thinking, two more ſuch harveſts will diſable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not ſuccour us.

Learn, friend Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, that the life of knights-errant is ſubject to a thouſand perils and miſhaps: but then they are every whit as near becoming kings and emperors; and this experience hath ſhewn us in many and divers knights, whoſe hiſtories I am perfectly acquainted with. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of ſome, who, by the ſtrength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned; and theſe very men were, before and after, involved in ſundry calamities and misfortunes. For the valorous Amadis de Gaul ſaw himſelf in the power of his mortal enemy, Archelaus the enchanter, of whom it is poſitively affirmed, that, when he had him priſoner, he gave him above two hundred laſhes with his horſe's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard. And moreover there is a private author, of no ſmall credit, who tells us, that the "knight of the ſun, being caught by a trap-door, which ſunk under his feet, in a certain caſtle, found himſelf at the bottom in a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot; where they adminiſtered to him one of thoſe things they call a clyſter, of ſnow-water and ſand, that almoſt did his

buſineſs; and if he had not been ſuccoured in that great diſtreſs by a certain ſage, his ſpecial friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight." So that I may very well ſuffer among ſo many worthy perſons who underwent much greater affronts than thoſe we now undergo: for I would have you know, Sancho, that wounds, which are given with inſtruments that are accidentally in one's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expreſly written in the law of combat, that if a ſhoe-maker ſtrikes a perſon with the Laſt he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be ſaid, that the perſon thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I ſay this, that you may not think, though we are mauled in this ſcuffle, we are diſgraced: for the arms thoſe men carried, wherewith they pounded us, were no other than their pack-ſtaves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, ſword, or dagger. They gave me no leiſure, anſwered Sancho, to obſerve ſo narrowly; for ſcarcely had I laid hand on my whyniard *, when they croſſed my ſhoulders with their ſaplins, in ſuch a manner, that they deprived my eyes of ſight, and my feet of ſtrength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not ſo much concerned to think whether the buſineſs of the threſhing be an affront or no, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impreſſion in my memory, as on my ſhoulders. All this, notwithſtanding, I tell you, brother Pança, replied Don Quixote, there is no remembrance, which time does not obliterate, nor pain, which death does not put an end to. What greater misfortune can there be, replied Pança, than that, which remains till time effaces it, and till death puts an end to it? If this miſchance of ours were of that ſort, which people cure with a couple of plaiſters, it would not be altogether ſo bad:

* Tizona: a romantic name given to the ſword of Roderick Diaz de Bivar, the famous Spaniſh General againſt the Moors.

but,

but, for aught I ſee, all the plaiſters of an hoſpital will not be ſufficient to ſet us to rights again.

Have done with this, and gather ſtrength out of weakneſs, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote; for ſo I purpoſe to do: and let us ſee how Rozinante does; for, by what I perceive, not the leaſt part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beaſt's ſhare. That is not at all ſtrange, anſwered Sancho, ſince he alſo appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at, is, that my aſs ſhould come off ſcot-free, where we have paid ſo dear. Fortune always leaves ſome door open in diſaſters, whereby to come at a remedy, ſaid Don Quixote. I ſay this, becauſe this poor beaſt may now ſupply the want of Rozinante, by carrying me hence to ſome caſtle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this faſhion to be diſhonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, went riding, much to his ſatisfaction, on a moſt beautiful aſs. It is like he rode as your worſhip ſays, anſwered Sancho: but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart, like a ſack of rubbiſh. To which Don Quixote anſwered: The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; ſo that, friend Pança, anſwer me no more, but, as I have already ſaid to you, raiſe me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you pleaſe upon your aſs, that we may get hence before night comes on, and overtakes us in this uninhabited place. Yet I have heard your worſhip ſay, quoth Pança, that it is uſual for knights-errant to ſleep on heaths and deſarts moſt part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate. That is, ſaid Don Quixote, when they cannot help it, or are in love: and this is ſo true, that there have been knights, who, unknown to their miſtreſſes, have expoſed themſelves, for two

years

years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, when, calling himself Beltenebros *, he took up his lodging on the poor rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shewn him by the lady Oriana. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and dispatch before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen Rozinante.

That would be the devil indeed, quoth Sancho; and sending forth thirty alas's, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on whosoever had brought him thither, he raised himself up, but staid bent by the way like a Turkish bow, entirely unable to stand upright: and with all this fatigue he made a shift to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rozinante, who, had he had a tongue to complain with, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. In fine, Sancho settled Don Quixote upon the ass, and tying Rozinante by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faster now slower toward the place where he thought the road might lie. And he had scarce gone a short league, when fortune (which was conducting his affairs from good to better) discovered to him the road, in which he espied an inn; which, to his sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the obstinate dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado, Sancho entered into it with his string of cattle.

* The lovely obscure.

CHAP. II.

Of what happened to the ingenious gentleman in the inn, which he imagined to be a caſtle.

THE inn-keeper, ſeeing Don Quixote laid acroſs the aſs, enquired of Sancho, what ailed him? Sancho anſwered him, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were ſomewhat bruiſed. The inn-keeper had a wife of a different diſpoſition from thoſe of the like occupation; for ſhe was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortunes of her neighbours: ſo that ſhe preſently ſet herſelf to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, aſſiſt her in the cure of her gueſt *. There was alſo a ſervant in the inn, an Aſturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and ſaddle-noſed, with one eye ſquinting, and the other not much better †. It is true, the activity of her body made amends for her other defects. She was not ſeven hands high from her feet to her head; and her ſhoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than ſhe cared to do. Now this agreeable laſs helped the damſel; and they two made Don Quixote a very ſorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly ſerved many years as a horſe-loft. In which room lodged alſo a carrier, whoſe bed lay a little beyond that of our Don Quixote. And though it was compoſed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of Don Quixote's, which

* So, in Amadis de Gaul (b. 13. ch. 13.) the conſtable of the caſtle's daughter knows ſo much of ſurgery, and applies ſuch ointments and balſams to the wounds of Don Rogel of Greece, and Brianges of Bœotia, that ſhe heals the former in twelve days, and the latter in thirty.

† The very deſcription of the damſel who conducts prince Lindamart to the cavern, where the ſavages had conveyed the princeſs Roſalva. Amadis de Gaul, vol. 19. ch. 28.

con-

consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal treſſels, and a flock-bed no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which, if one had not seen through the breaches that they were wool, by the hardneſs might have been taken for pebble-ſtones; with two ſheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without loſing a ſingle one of the account.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; and immediately the hoſteſs and her daughter plaiſtered him from head to foot, Maritornes (for ſo the Aſturian was called) holding the light. And as the hoſteſs laid on the plaiſters, perceiving Don Quixote to be ſo full of bruiſes in all parts, ſhe ſaid, that they ſeemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. They were not blows, ſaid Sancho; but the rock had many ſharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark: he ſaid alſo, Pray, forſooth, order it ſo, that ſome towe may be left; ſomebody elſe may have occaſion for it, for my ſides alſo ake a little. So then, ſaid the hoſteſs, you have had a fall too. No fall, ſaid Sancho Pança; but the fright I took at ſeeing my maſter fall has made my body ſo ſore, that methinks I have received a thouſand drubs. That may very well be, ſaid the girl; for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from ſome high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awaked, I have found myſelf as bruiſed and battered, as if I had really fallen. But here is the point, miſtreſs, anſwered Sancho Pança, that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myſelf with almoſt as many bruiſes as my maſter Don Quixote. How is this cavalier called, quoth the Aſturian Maritornes? Don Quixote de la Mancha, anſwered Sancho Pança: he is a knight-errant, and one of the beſt and moſt valiant that has been ſeen this long time in the world. What is a knight-errant,

replied the wench? Are you such a novice, that you do not know, answered Sancho Pança? Then learn, sister of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is seen cudgelled and an emperor; to-day is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous; and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire. How comes it then to pass, that you, being squire to this so worthy a gentleman, said the hostess, have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom? It is early days yet, answered Sancho: for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And sometimes one looks for one thing, and finds another. True it is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain.

All this discourse Don Quixote listened to very attentively; and, setting himself up in his bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her: Believe me, beauteous lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person, that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates: but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say, that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraved in my memory, and be grateful to you whilst my life shall remain. And had it pleased the high heavens, that love had not held me so enthralled, and subjected to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been mistresses of my liberty.

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at hearing our knight-errant's discourse, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek: though they guessed that it

it all tended to compliments and offers of ſervice. And, not being accuſtomed to ſuch kind of language, they ſtared at him with admiration, and thought him another ſort of man than thoſe now in faſhion; and ſo, thanking him, with inn-like phraſe, for his offers, they left him. The Aſturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who ſtood in no leſs need of it than his maſter. The carrier and ſhe had agreed to ſolace themſelves together that night; and ſhe had given him her word, that, when the gueſts were a-bed, and her maſter and miſtreſs aſleep, ſhe would repair to him, and ſatisfy his deſire as much as he pleaſed. And it is ſaid of this honeſt wench, that ſhe never made the like promiſe, but ſhe performed it, though ſhe had made it on a mountain, without any witneſs: for ſhe ſtood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no diſgrace to be employed in that calling of ſerving in an inn; often ſaying, that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that ſtate.

Don Quixote's hard, ſcanty, beggarly, feeble bed, ſtood firſt in the middle of that illuſtrious cock-loft; and cloſe by it ſtood Sancho's, which conſiſted only of a flag-mat, and a rug that ſeemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next theſe two ſtood the carrier's, made up, as has been ſaid, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the beſt mules he had; which were twelve in number, ſleek, fat and ſtately: for he was one of the richeſt carriers of Arevalo, as the author of this hiſtory relates, who makes particular mention of this carrier, whom he knew very well; nay, ſome go ſo far as to ſay, he was ſomewhat of kin to him. Beſides, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a very curious and very punctual hiſtorian in all things: and this appears plainly from the circumſtances already related; which, however ſeemingly minute and trivial, he would not paſs over in ſilence. Which may ſerve as an example to the grave hiſtorians, who relate facts ſo very briefly and ſuccinctly, that we have ſcarcely a taſte of them,

leaving behind *, either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, the most substantial part of the work. The blessing of God a thousand times on the author of Tablante, of Ricamonte, and on him who wrote the exploits of the Count de Tomillas! with what punctuality do they describe every thing!

I say then, that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual Maritornes. Sancho was already plastered, and laid down; and, though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent; and Don Quixote, through the anguish of his, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts which our knight always carried about him, from the accidents recounted in every page of the books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived: which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous castle, (for, as has been said, all the inns where he lodged were, in his opinion, castles) and that the inn-keeper's daughter was daughter to the lord of the castle; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promised him, that night, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to him, and pass a good part of it with him. And taking all this chimera (which he had formed to himself) for reality and truth, he began to be uneasy, and to reflect on the dangerous crisis to which his fidelity was going to be exposed; and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though queen Ginebra herself, with the lady Quintaniona, should present themselves before him.

* Literally, leaving at the bottom of the inkhorn.

Whilst

Whilſt his thoughts were taken up with theſe extravagancies, the time and the hour (which to him proved an unlucky one) of the Aſturian's coming drew near; who in her ſmock, and bare-footed, her hair tucked up under a fuſtian coif, came with ſilent and cautious ſteps into the room, where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But ſcarce was ſhe come to the door, when Don Quixote perceived her, and, ſitting up in his bed, in ſpite of his plaiſters and the pain of his ribs, ſtretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damſel the Aſturian, who, crouching, and holding her breath, went with hands extended feeling for her lover. Thus ſhe encountered Don Quixote's arms, who caught faſt hold of her by the wriſt, and pulling her toward him, ſhe not daring to ſpeak a word, made her ſit down on the bed by him *. Preſently he fell to feeling her ſmock, which, though it was of canvas, ſeemed to him to be of the fineſt and ſofteſt lawn. She had on her wriſt a ſtring of glaſs-beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hairs, not unlike thoſe of a horſe's mane, he took for threads of the brighteſt gold of Arabia, whoſe ſplendor obſcures that of the ſun itſelf. And though her breath, doubtleſs, ſmelled of ſtale laſt-night's ſalt-fiſh, he fancied himſelf ſucking from her lips a delicious and aromatic odour. In ſhort, he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner, he had read deſcribed in his books, of ſome princeſs, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to viſit the dangerouſly wounded knight, with whom ſhe is in love. And ſo great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make

* So Don Polindo, being inchanted by the old magician, his hoſt, miſtakes his daughter Leoniſa for the princeſs Beliſia, embraces her, and is very ſweet upon her. D. Polind. ch. 25.

any one but a carrier vomit. Yet he imagined he held the goddeſs of beauty between his arms; and claſping her faſt, with an amorous and low voice, he began to ſay to her: O! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high lady, to be able to return ſo vaſt a favour, as this you have done me by the preſence of your great beauty: but fortune, who is never weary of perſecuting the good, is pleaſed to lay me on this bed, where I lie ſo bruiſed and diſabled, that, though I were ever ſo much inclined to gratify your deſires, it would be impoſſible. And to this is added another ſtill greater impoſſibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, the ſole miſtreſs of my moſt hidden thoughts. Had it not been for theſe obſtacles, I ſhould not have been ſo dull a knight, as to let ſlip the happy opportunity your great goodneſs has put into my hands.

Maritornes was in the utmoſt pain, and in a violent ſweat, to find herſelf held ſo faſt by Don Quixote; and not hearing or minding what he ſaid to her, ſhe ſtruggled, without ſpeaking a word, to get looſe from him. The honeſt carrier, whoſe looſe deſires kept him awake, heard his ſweetheart from the firſt moment ſhe entered the door, and liſtened attentively to all that Don Quixote ſaid; and, jealous that the Aſturian had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to Don Quixote's bed, and ſtood ſtill, to ſee what would come of thoſe ſpeeches which he did not underſtand. But, ſeeing that the wench ſtrove to get from him, and that Don Quixote laboured to hold her, not liking the jeſt, he lifted up his arm, and diſcharged ſo terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood: and, not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, ſomewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundations none of the ſtrongeſt, being unable to bear

bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground: at which great noiſe the hoſt awaked, and preſently imagined it muſt be ſome prank of Maritornes's; for having called to her aloud, ſhe made no anſwer. With this ſuſpicion he got up; and, lighting a candle, went toward the place where he had heard the buſtle. The wench, perceiving her maſter coming, and knowing him to be terribly paſſionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herſelf to Sancho Pança's bed, who was now aſleep; and creeping in, ſhe lay cloſe to him, and as round as an egg. The inn-keeper entering, ſaid: Where are you, ſtrumpet? theſe are moſt certainly ſome of your doings. Now Sancho awaked, and perceiving that bulk lying as it were a-top of him, fancied he had got the night-mare, and began to lay about him on every ſide: and not a few of his fiſty-cuffs reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the ſmart, and laying all modeſty aſide, made Sancho ſuch a return in kind, that ſhe quite rouzed him from ſleep, in ſpite of his drowſineſs: who finding himſelf handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, raiſed himſelf up as well as he could, and grappled with Maritornes; and there began between theſe two the tougheſt and pleaſanteſt ſkirmiſh in the world. The carrier perceiving, by the light of the hoſt's candle, how it fared with his miſtreſs, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to give her the neceſſary aſſiſtance. The landlord did the ſame, but with a different intention; for his was to chaſtiſe the wench, concluding, without doubt, that ſhe was the ſole occaſion of all this harmony. And ſo, as the proverb goes, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the ſtick: the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, the inn-keeper the wench; and all laid about them ſo thick, that they gave themſelves not a minute's reſt: and the beſt of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, threſhed one another ſo unmercifully,

that, let the hand light where it would, it left nothing found *.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer, of thoſe they call the holy brotherhood of Toledo †; who, likewiſe hearing the ſtrange noiſe of the ſcuffle, catched up his wand, and the tin-box which held his commiſſion, and entered the room in the dark, crying out: Forbear, in the name of juſtice; forbear, in the name of the holy brotherhood. And the firſt he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his demoliſhed bed, ſtretched upon his back, and quite ſenſeleſs; and laying hold of his beard, as he was groping about, he cried out inceſſantly, I charge you to aid and aſſiſt me: but, finding that the perſon he had laid hold of neither ſtirred nor moved, he concluded that he muſt be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers: and with this ſuſpicion he raiſed his voice ſtill louder, crying, Shut the inn-door, ſee that nobody gets out; for they have killed a man here. This voice aſtoniſhed them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her ſtraw: only the unfortunate Don

* This whole adventure, with ſome variety of humorous circumſtances, ſeems borrowed from that of Don Rogel (in Amadis de Gaul, b. 12. ch. 32.) who, with his two companions, and each their ſquire, takes up his lodging at a caſtle, the conſtable whereof had married a young lady the day before. This lady, dancing with Don Rogel, falls deſperately in love with him; and gets her waiting-woman to take her place with her huſband, while ſhe goes to bed to the knight. This arch huſſey, having agreed with Don Rogel's ſquire to entertain him, while her miſtreſs is employed with his maſter, and it being impoſſible for her to ſupply her own maſter and the knight's man at the ſame time, procures the ſcullion-wench, a black, to ſolace the ſquire in her place; which ſhe undertakes with great alacrity. She is deſcribed with thick lips, flat noſe, wide noſtrils, &c. much like Maritornes.

† They patrol in ſquadrons, to apprehend robbers and diſorderly perſons.

Quixote and Sancho could not ſtir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to get a light, to ſearch after and apprehend the delinquents: but he found none; for, the inn-keeper had purpoſely extinguiſhed the lamp, when he retired to his chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourſe to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

CHAP. III.

Wherein are continued the numberleſs hardſhips which the brave Don Quixote and his good ſquire Sancho Pança underwent in the inn, which he unhappily took for a caſtle.

BY this time Don Quixote was come to himſelf, and, with the very ſame tone of voice with which, the day before, he had called to his ſquire, when he lay ſtretched along in the valley of pack-ſtaves, he began to call to him, ſaying: Sancho, friend, ſleepeſt thou? ſleepeſt thou, friend Sancho? How ſhould I ſleep? woe is me! anſwered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation; I cannot but think all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night. You may very well believe ſo, anſwered Don Quixote; and either I know little, or this caſtle is enchanted. For you muſt know—but what I am now going to tell you, you muſt ſwear to keep ſecret until after my death. Yes, I ſwear, anſwered Sancho. I ſay it, replied Don Quixote, becauſe I am an enemy to the taking away any body's reputation. I do ſwear, ſaid Sancho again, I will keep it ſecret until after your deceaſe, and God grant I may diſcover it to-morrow. Have I done you ſo many ill turns, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, that you would willingly ſee me dead ſo very ſoon? It is not for that, anſwered Sancho; but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping. Be it for what it

will, ſaid Don Quixote; I truſt for greater matters than that to your love and kindneſs: and therefore you muſt know, that this night there has befallen me one of the ſtrangeſt adventures imaginable; and, to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this caſtle, who is the moſt accompliſhed and beautiful damſel that is to be found in a great part of the habitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulneſs of her perſon? what of the ſprightlineſs of her wit? what of other hidden charms, which, to preſerve the fidelity I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, I will paſs over untouched and in ſilence? only I muſt tell you, that heaven, envying ſo great happineſs as fortune had put into my hands, or perhaps (which is more probable) this caſtle, as I ſaid before, being enchanted, at the time that ſhe and I were engaged in the ſweeteſt and moſt amorous converſation, without my ſeeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, faſtened to the arm of ſome monſtrous giant, and gave me ſuch a douſe on the chaps, that they were all bathed in blood; and it afterwards pounded me in ſuch ſort, that I am in a worſe caſe than yeſterday, when the carriers, for Rozinante's frolic, did us the miſchief you know. Whence I conjecture, that the treaſure of this damſel's beauty is guarded by ſome enchanted Moor, and is not reſerved for me *. Nor for me neither, anſwered Sancho; for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in ſuch a manner, that the baſting of the packſtaves was tarts and cheeſecakes to it. But tell me, pray, Sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in ſuch a pickle? though it was not quite ſo bad with your worſhip, who had between your arms that incompa-

* So Amadis, conſidering a Greek prophecy, concludes, that the treaſure of the enchanted chamber was not reſerved for him, but for his ſon Eſplandian. Amadis de Gaul, b. 4. ch. 36.

rable

rable beauty aforesaid. But I, what had I, besides the heaviest blows that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls to my share. What! have you been pounded too? answered Don Quixote. Have I not told you, yes? Evil befal my lineage! quoth Sancho. Be in no pain, friend, said Don Quixote; for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye. By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to see the person he thought was killed; and Sancho, seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his shirt, with a night-cap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master; Pray, Sir, is this the enchanted Moor, coming to finish the correction he has bestowed upon us*? It cannot be the Moor, answered Don Quixote; for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by any body. If they will not be seen, they will be felt, said Sancho; witness my shoulders. Mine might speak too, answered Don Quixote: but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us, that what we see is the enchanted Moor.

The officer entered; and, finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspence. It is true indeed, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plaistering. The officer approached him, and said: How fares it, honest friend? I would speak more respectfully, answered Don Quixote, were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this

* Literally, "to chastise us again, if any thing be left at the bottom of the inkhorn." The same figurative expression (not so proper for an English translation) is to be found in the preceding chapter, where Cervantes praises the punctuality of Cid Hamet Benengeli, in recounting the minutest circumstances of the history.

manner

manner to knights-errant, blockhead? The officer, seeing himself so ill-treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it; and, lifting up the brass-lamp, with all its oil, gave it Don Quixote over the pate, in such sort, that he broke his head; and, all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. Doubtless, Sir, quoth Sancho Pança, this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks *. It is even so, answered Don Quixote: and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them; for as they are invisible and fantastical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it never so much. Get you up, Sancho, if you can, and call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam: for, in truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast.

Sancho got up, with pain enough of his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber; and meeting with the officer, who was listening to discover what his enemy would be at, said to him: Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor that is in this inn. The officer, hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses. And the day beginning to dawn, he opened the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what the honest man wanted. The inn-keeper furnished him with what he desired, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt

* Candilazos. A new-coined word in the original.

than

than the raising a couple of bumps pretty much swelled: and what he took for blood was nothing but sweat, occasioned by the anguish of the past storm. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, until he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a vial to put it in: and there being no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruze, or oil-flask of tin, which the host made him a present of. And immediately he said over the cruze above fourscore Pater-nosters, and as many Ave-maries, Salves and Credos, and every word was accompanied with a cross by way of benediction: at all which were present, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

This done, he resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precous balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank about a pint and a half of what the cruze could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infused and boiled in: and scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach; and, through the convulsive reachings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a most copious sweat; wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did so, and he continued fast asleep above three hours, when he awoke and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and so much recovered of his bruising, that he thought himself as good as cured. And he was thoroughly persuaded that he had hit on the true balsam of Fierabras, and that, with this remedy, he might thenceforward encounter, without fear, any dangers, battles, and conflicts whatever, though never so perilous.

Sancho Pança, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity.

quantity. Don Quixote granting his requeſt, he took it in both hands, and, with a good faith and better will, toſſed it down into his ſtomach, ſwilling very little leſs than his maſter had done. Now the caſe was, that poor Sancho's ſtomach was not ſo nice and ſqueamiſh as his maſter's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him ſuch pangs and loathings, with ſuch cold ſweats and faintings, that he verily thought his laſt hour was come: and finding himſelf ſo afflicted and tormented, he curſed the balſam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote, ſeeing him in that condition, ſaid to him: I believe, Sancho, that all this miſchief has befallen you becauſe you are not dubbed a knight: for I am of opinion, this liquor can do no good to thoſe who are not. If your worſhip knew that, replied Sancho (evil betide me and all my generation!) why did you ſuffer me to drink it? By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor ſquire began to diſcharge at both ends with ſo much precipitation, that the flagmat upon which he lay, and the blanket in which he wrapped himſelf, were never after fit for uſe. He ſweated and ſweated again, with ſuch faintings and fits, that not only himſelf, but every body elſe, thought he was expiring. This hurricane and evacuation laſted him near two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his maſter did, but ſo ſhattered and broken, that he was not able to ſtand. But Don Quixote, who, as is ſaid, found himſelf at eaſe and whole, would needs depart immediately in queſt of adventures, believing that all the time he loitered away there was depriving the world, and the diſtreſſed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather, through the ſecurity and confidence he placed in the balſam: and thus, hurried away by this ſtrong deſire, he ſaddled Rozinante with his own hands, and pannelled his ſquire's beaſt, whom he alſo helped to dreſs, and to mount him upon the aſs. He preſently got on horſe-

horſeback; and, coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a pike that ſtood there, to ſerve him for a lance. All the folks in the inn ſtood gazing at him, being ſomewhat above twenty perſons: among the reſt, the hoſt's daughter ſtared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then ſent forth a ſigh, which he ſeemed to tear up from the bottom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at leaſt thoſe who the night before had ſeen how he was plaiſtered.

They being now both mounted, and ſtanding at the door of the inn, he called to the hoſt, and, with a very ſolemn and grave voice, ſaid to him: Many and great are the favours, Signor governor, which in this your caſtle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return, by revenging you on any inſolent, who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profeſſion is no other than to ſtrengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chaſtiſe the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend [illegible] you need only declare it; for I promiſe you, [illegible] the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you ſatisfaction and amends to your heart's deſire. The hoſt anſwered with the ſame gravity: Sir knight, I have no need of your worſhip's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge, when any injury is done me: I only deſire your worſhip to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the ſtraw and barley for your two beaſts, as for your ſupper and lodging. What, then, is this an inn? replied Don Quixote. And a very creditable one, anſwered the hoſt. Hitherto then I have been in an error, anſwered Don Quixote; for in truth I took it for a caſtle, and no bad one neither: but ſince it is ſo, that it is no caſtle, but an inn, all that can

can now be done, is, that you excuſe the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know (having hitherto read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging, or any thing elſe, in any inn where they have lain; and that becauſe, of right and good reaſon, all poſſible good accommodation is due to them, in recompence of the inſufferable hardſhips they endure in queſt of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in ſummer, on foot and on horſeback, with thirſt and with hunger, with heat and with cold, ſubject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniencies upon earth. I ſee little to my purpoſe in all this, anſwered the hoſt: pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your ſtories and knight-errantries; for I make no account of any thing, but how to come by my own. Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful inn-keeper, anſwered Don Quixote: ſo clapping ſpurs to Rozinante, and brandiſhing his lance, he ſallied out of the inn, without any body's oppoſing him; and, without looking to ſee whether his ſquire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The hoſt, ſeeing him go off, without paying him, ran to ſeize on Sancho Pança, who ſaid, that, ſince his maſter would not pay, he would not pay neither; for being ſquire to a knight-errant, as he was, the ſame rule and reaſon held as good for him as for his maſter, not to pay any thing in publick houſes and inns. The inn-keeper grew very teſty at this, and threatened him, if he did not pay him, he would get it in a way he ſhould be ſorry for. Sancho ſwore by the order of chivalry, which his maſter had received, that he would not pay a ſingle farthing, though it ſhould coſt him his life; for the laudable and ancient uſage of knights-errant ſhould not be loſt for him, nor ſhould the ſquires of future knights have reaſon to complain of or reproach him for the breach of ſo juſt a right.

Poor

Poor Sancho's ill-luck would have it, that, among thoſe who were in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers of the horſe-fountain of Cordova *, and two butchers of Sevil, all arch, merry, unlucky, and frolickſome fellows; who, as it were, inſtigated and moved by the ſelf-ſame ſpirit, came up to Sancho, and diſmounting him from the aſs, one of them went in for the landlord's bed-blanket; and putting him therein, they looked up, and ſaw that the cieling was ſomewhat too low for their work, and determined to go out into the yard, which was bounded only by the ſky. There Sancho being placed in the midſt of the blanket, they began to toſs him aloft, and to divert themſelves with him, as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries which the poor blanketed ſquire ſent forth, were ſo many, and ſo loud, that they reached his maſter's ears; who, ſtopping to liſten attentively, believed that ſome new adventure was at hand, until he found plainly that he who cried was his ſquire: and turning the reins, with a conſtrained gallop, he came up to the inn; and finding it ſhut, he rode round it to diſcover, if he could, an entrance. But he was ſcarce got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked ſport they were making with his ſquire. He ſaw him aſcend and deſcend through the air with ſo much grace and agility, that if his choler would have ſuffered him, I am of opinion he would have laughed †. He tried to get from his horſe

* "El potro de Cordova." A ſquare in the city of Cordova, where a fountain guſhes out from a horſe's mouth: near which is alſo a whipping-poſt.

† The adventure of Sancho's being toſſed in a blanket alludes to the ſtory of poor Fidelio, the ſquire of Don Florando; who, following his maſter at ſome diſtance, is ſeized by hobgoblins, who hoiſt him up into the air, and tear his fleſh with burning pincers. He cries out for help; the knight knows his voice, and forces back his ſteed towards the place; where he ſees the miſerable con-

horſe upon the pales: but he was ſo bruiſed and battered, that he could not ſo much as alight; and ſo from on horſeback he began to utter ſo many reproaches and revilings againſt thoſe who were toſſing Sancho, that it is impoſſible to put them down in writing: but that they did not therefore deſiſt from their laughter, nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho forbear his complaints, mixed ſometimes with menaces, ſometimes with entreaties: yet all availed little, nor would have availed; but at laſt they left off for pure wearineſs. They then brought him his aſs; and, wrapping him in his looſe coat, mounted him thereon. The compaſſionate Maritornes, ſeeing him ſo harraſſed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which ſhe fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, and, as he was lifting it to his mouth, ſtopped at his maſter's calling to him aloud, ſaying: Son Sancho, drink not water; child, do not drink it; it will kill thee: ſee here, I hold the moſt holy balſam, (ſhewing him the cruze of the potion) by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtleſs be whole and ſound again. At theſe words, Sancho turned his eyes as it were aſkew, and ſaid with a louder voice: Perhaps, you have forgot, Sir, that I am no knight, or you would have me vomit up what remains of my guts, after laſt night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone. His ceaſing to ſpeak, and beginning to drink, was all in a moment: but at the firſt ſip, finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Maritornes to bring him ſome wine: which ſhe did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for they ſay of her, that though ſhe was in that ſtation, ſhe had ſome ſhadows and faint outlines of a chriſtian. As ſoon as Sancho had done

condition of his ſquire, but makes no attempt to deliver him, concluding it to be a viſion only, and not any thing real. Don Florando of England, part 3. ch. 8.

drink-

drinking, he fell a kicking his ass; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expence of his accustomed surety, his carcase. The landlord, indeed, was in possession of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them, so confused was he at going off. The inn-keeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him out; but the blanketeers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that, though Don Quixote had really been one of the knights of the round table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

CHAP. IV.

In which is rehearsed the discourse which Sancho Pança held with his master Don Quixote; with other adventures worth relating.

SANCHO came up to his master, pale, and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur on his ass. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said: Now am I convinced, honest Sancho, that that castle, or inn, is doubtless enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? And I am confirmed in this by having found, that, when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor so much as alight from Rozinante; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted: for I swear to you, by the faith of what I am, that, if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged you in such a manner, as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I knew I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby: for as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword

ſword againſt any one who is not ſo, unleſs it be in defence of his own life and perſon, and in caſe of urgent and extreme neceſſity. And I too, quoth Sancho, would have revenged myſelf if I could, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they who diverted themſelves at my expence, were no hobgoblins, but men of fleſh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were toſſing me, had his proper name: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez; and the landlord's name is John Palomeque the left-handed: ſo that, Sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horſe, the fault lay in ſomething elſe, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this, is, that theſe adventures we are in queſt of will at the long run bring us into ſo many diſventures, that we ſhall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and ſurer way would be, to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our buſineſs, and not run rambling from Ceca to Mecca *, leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

How little do you know, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, what belongs to chivalry! Peace, and have patience; the day will come, when you will ſee with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profeſſion: for tell me, what greater ſatisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleaſure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? none, without doubt. It may be ſo, anſwered Sancho, though I do not know it. I only know, that ſince we have been knights-errant,

* Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors in the city of Cordova, to which they uſed to go in pilgrimage from other places; as Mecca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to ſignify "ſauntering about to no purpoſe."—A banter upon popiſh pilgrimages.

or you have been, Sir, (for there is no reaſon I ſhould reckon myſelf in that honourable number) we have never won any battle, except that of the Biſcainer; and even there you came off with the loſs of half an ear, and half a helmet; and, from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beſide my blanket-toſſing into the bargain, and that by perſons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myſelf, to know how far the pleaſure reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your worſhip is pleaſed to ſay. That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote: but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a ſword made by ſuch art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. And perhaps fortune may procure me that of Amadis, when he called himſelf "knight of the burning ſword," which was one of the beſt weapons that ever knight had in the world: for, beſide the virtue aforeſaid, it cut like a razor; and no armour, though ever ſo ſtrong, or ever ſo much enchanted, could ſtand againſt it. I am ſo fortunate, quoth Sancho, that, though this were ſo, and you ſhould find ſuch a ſword, it would be of ſervice and uſe only to thoſe who are dubbed knights, like the balſam: as for the poor ſquires, they may ſing ſorrow. Fear not that, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote; heaven will deal more kindly by thee.

Don Quixote and his ſquire went on thus conferring together, when Don Quixote perceived on the road they were in, a great and thick cloud of duſt coming towards them; and ſeeing it, he turned to Sancho, and ſaid: This is the day, O Sancho, wherein will be ſeen the good that fortune has in ſtore for me. This is the day, I ſay, wherein will appear, as much as in any, the ſtrength of my arm; and in which I ſhall perform ſuch exploits, as ſhall remain written in the book of fame, to all ſucceeding ages. Seeſt thou yon cloud of duſt, Sancho? it is raiſed by a pro-

a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way. By this account there must be two armies, said Sancho; for on this opposite side there arises such another cloud of dust. Don Quixote turned to view it, and seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain: for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges, which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he said, thought, or did, had a tendency that way. Now the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen, until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness, that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said: Sir, what then must we do? What, replied Don Quixote, but favour and assist the weaker side? Now you must know, Sancho, that the army, which marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana: this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the naked arm; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare *. But why do these two princes hate one another so, demanded Sancho? They hate one another, answered Don Quixote, because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn christian. By my beard, said Sancho, Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the

* Alluding to the story of Scanderbeg, king of Epirus.

utmost

utmoſt of my power *. In ſo doing, you will do your duty, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote; for, in order to engage in ſuch fights, it is not neceſſary to be dubbed a knight. I eaſily comprehend that, anſwered Sancho: but where ſhall we diſpoſe of this aſs, that we may be ſure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the faſhion to go to battle upon ſuch a kind of beaſt. You are in the right, ſaid Don Quixote; and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be loſt or not: for we ſhall have ſuch choice of horſes after the victory, that Rozinante himſelf will run a riſque of being trucked for another. But liſten with attention, whilſt I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies. And, that you may ſee and obſerve them the better, let us retire to yon riſing ground, from whence both the armies may be diſtinctly ſeen. They did ſo, and got upon a hillock, from whence the two flocks, which Don Quixote took for two armies, might eaſily have been diſcerned, had not the clouds of duſt they raiſed obſtructed and blinded the ſight: but, for all that, ſeeing in his imagination what he neither did, nor could ſee, he began with a loud voice to ſay:

† The knight you ſee yonder with the gilded armour,

* So, in Don Florando of England, ch. 26. the king of Aquilea refuſes to give the infanta his daughter to the king of Meſopotamia, becauſe he is the ugliеſt fellow in the world: whereupon a war enſues between them, in which prince Paladiano, a knight errant, ſides with the king of Aquilea.

† This notable review is a ridicule on the like deſcriptions ſo frequent in romances, particularly that in Amadis de Gaul, b. 17. ch. 59. where the king of Sibilla, with his queen, and the princeſs Soſtiliana, poſt themſelves upon an eminence, to ſee the troops upon a march. The firſt that marched by, was the great Soldan of Baldoque, valiant and hardy, with a puiſſant army, his device a white eagle in a field or. The next was the king's ſon, his device a Centaur fighting with a knight, becauſe the king himſelf, when

mour, who bears in his ſhield a lion crowned couchant at a damſel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, lord of the ſilver bridge: the other with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, grand duke of Quiracia: the third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias; he is armed with a ſerpent's ſkin, and bears, inſtead of a ſhield, a gate, which, fame ſays, is one of thoſe belonging to the temple, which Sampſon pulled down, when with his death he avenged himſelf upon his enemies. But turn your eyes to this other ſide, and you will ſee, in the front of this other army, the ever victorious and never vanquiſhed Timonel de Carcajona, prince of the New Biſcay, who comes armed with armour quartered, azure, vert, argent, and or, bearing in his ſhield a cat or in a field gules, with a ſcroll inſcribed MIAU, being the beginning of his miſtreſs's name, who, it is reported, is the peerleſs Miaulina, daughter to Alphenniquen duke of Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppreſſes the back of yon ſprightly ſteed, whoſe armour is as white as ſnow, and his ſhield white, without any device, is a new knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other, whom you ſee, with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pyed fleet courſer, and his armour of pure azure, is the powerful duke of Nerbia,

prince, had been a knight-errant, and had killed a Centaur, with an army of 80,000 horſe and 150,000 foot, with four kings his vaſſals. Next marched the king of Belmarina, with a powerful army, his device a cloven rock in a field azure; an aged perſon, mighty in ſtrength and council, and attended by three giants, Famogant the fierce, Rhadamant the cruel, and Morbiglion the proud. Then followed the king of Tana, with another army, having with him two famous and redoubted giants, Morigant and Galacaſſe of the battle-ax, their enſign a moon azure in a field blanch. Then follow ſo many bodies of men, ſo many kings, and ſo many giants, with ſo many devices, as take up ſeveral pages.

Eſpar-

Eſpartafilardo of the wood, whoſe device is an aſparagus-bed, with this motto in Caſtilian*, Raſtrea mi ſuerte, Thus drags my fortune.

In this manner he went on, naming ſundry knights of each ſquadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, ex tempore, carried on by the ſtrength of his imagination and unaccountable madneſs: and ſo, without heſitation, he went on thus.—That body fronting us is formed and compoſed of people of different nations†: here ſtand thoſe, who drink the ſweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers, who tread the Maſſilian fields; thoſe, who ſift the pure and fine gold-duſt of Arabia Fælix; thoſe, who dwell along the famous and refreſhing banks of the clear Thermodon; thoſe, who drain, by ſundry and divers ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promiſes; the Perſians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually ſhifting their habitations; the Scythians, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whoſe countenances I ſee and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other ſquadron come thoſe, who drink the cryſtal ſtreams of olive-bearing Betis; thoſe, who brighten and poliſh their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Ta-

* This paſſage has been utterly miſtaken by all tranſlators in all languages. The original word Eſparaguera is a mock alluſion to Eſpartafilardo, and the gingle between the words is a ridicule upon the fooliſh quibbles ſo frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a ſatire upon ſeveral great names and founding titles in Spain, whoſe owners were arrant beggars. The dragging of his fortune may allude to the word Eſparto, a ſort of ruſh, with which they make ropes: and, perhaps, the device of the aſparagus-bed may imply, that this duke of Nerbia had no miſtreſs; for in Spain they have a proverb, "as ſolitary as an aſparagus," becauſe every one of them ſprings up by itſelf.

† An imitation of Homer's catalogue of ſhips.

gus; thoſe, who enjoy the profitable waters of the divine Genil; thoſe, who tread the Tarteſian fields, abounding in paſture; thoſe, who recreate themſelves in the Elyſian meads of Xereza; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn; thoſe clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race; thoſe, who bathe themſelves in Piſuerga, famous for the gentleneſs of its current; thoſe, who feed their flocks on the ſpacious paſtures of the winding Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden ſource; thoſe, who ſhiver on the cold brow of ſhady Pyreneus, and the ſnowy tops of lofty Apenninus; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes.

Good God! how many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readineſs, its peculiar attributes, wholly abſorped and wrapped up in what he had read in his lying books. Sancho Pança ſtood confounded at his diſcourſe, without ſpeaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to ſee whether he could diſcover the knights and giants his maſter named. But ſeeing none, he ſaid: Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, appears any where; at leaſt I do not ſee them: perhaps all may be enchantment, like laſt night's goblins. How ſay you, Sancho? anſwered Don Quixote. Do you not hear the neighing of the ſteeds, the ſound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums? I hear nothing, anſwered Sancho, but the bleating of ſheep and lambs: and ſo it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them. The fear you are in, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, makes you, that you can neither ſee nor hear aright; for one effect of fear is to diſturb the ſenſes and make things not to appear what they are: and if you are ſo much afraid, get you aſide, and leave me alone; for I am able, with my ſingle arm, to give the victory to that ſide I ſhall favour with my aſſiſtance. And ſaying this, he clapped ſpurs to Rozinante,

Rozinante, setting his lance in its rest, and darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him: Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back; as God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter: pray come back; woe to the father that begot me! what madness is this? Look; there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor be-devilled: sinner that I am! what is it you do? For all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud: Ho! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana. And saying thus, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as courageously and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen, who came with the flocks, called out to him to desist: but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out: Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? present thyself before me: I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta. At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruze, and set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down: but, before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand, and on the cruze, that it dashed it to-pieces, carrying off

three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him: whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which were above seven, and marched off without farther enquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagancies, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But, seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended from the hillock, and running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses; and said to him: Did I not desire you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back; for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men? How easily, replied Don Quixote, can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please; and this malignant, who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was likely to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive yourself, and see the truth of what I tell you: get upon your ass, and follow them fair and softly, and you will find, that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now; for I want your help and assistance; come hither to me, and see how many grinders I want; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head. Sancho came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth; and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work

in

in Don Quixote's ſtomach, at the inſtant Sancho was looking into his mouth, he diſcharged the contents, with as much violence as if it had been ſhot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compaſſionate ſquire. Bleſſed virgin! quoth Sancho, what is this has befallen me? without doubt this poor ſinner is mortally wounded, ſince he vomits blood at the mouth. But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, ſavour, and ſmell, that it was not blood, but the balſam of the cruze he ſaw him drink; and ſo great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his ſtomach turned, and he vomited up his very guts upon his maſter; ſo that they both remained in the ſame pickle. Sancho ran to his aſs, to take ſomething out of his wallets, to cleanſe himſelf, and cure his maſter; but, not finding them, he was very near running diſtracted. He curſed himſelf afreſh, and purpoſed in his mind to leave his maſter, and return home, though he ſhould loſe his wages for the time paſt, and his hopes of the government of the promiſed iſland.

Hereupon Don Quixote got up, and, laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, who had not ſtirred from his maſter's ſide (ſo truſty was he and good-conditioned) and went where his ſquire ſtood leaning his breaſt on his aſs, and his cheek on his hand, in the poſture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, ſeeing him in that guiſe, with the appearance of ſo much ſadneſs, ſaid: Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unleſs he does more than another. All theſe ſtorms, that fall upon us, are ſigns that the weather will clear up, and things will go ſmoothly: for it is impoſſible that either evil or good ſhould be durable; and hence it follows, that, the evil having laſted long, the good cannot be far off. So that you ought not to afflict yourſelf for the miſchances that befal me,

ſince you have no ſhare in them. How! no ſhare in them! anſwered Sancho: peradventure he they toſſed in a blanket yeſterday was not my father's ſon; and the wallets I miſs to-day, with all my moveables, are ſomebody's elſe? What! are the wallets miſſing, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote? Yes, they are, anſwered Sancho. Then we have nothing to eat to-day, replied Don Quixote. It would be ſo, anſwered Sancho, if theſe fields did not produce thoſe herbs, you ſay you know, with which ſuch unlucky knights-errant as your worſhip are wont to ſupply the like neceſſities. For all that, anſwered Don Quixote, at this time I would rather have a ſlice of bread, and a couple of heads of ſalt pilchards, than all the herbs deſcribed by Dioſcorides, though commented upon by Dr. Laguna himſelf. But, good Sancho, get upon your aſs, and follow me; for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather ſeeing we are ſo employed in his ſervice as we are, ſince he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, nor the froglings of the water; and ſo merciful is he, that he makes his ſun to ſhine upon the good and the bad, and cauſes rain to fall upon the juſt and unjuſt. Your worſhip, ſaid Sancho, would make a better preacher than a knight-errant. Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, the knights-errant ever did and muſt know ſomething of every thing; and there have been knights-errant in times paſt, who would make ſermons or harangues on the king's highway, with as good a grace, as if they had taken their degrees in the univerſity of Paris: whence we may infer, that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance. Well! let it be as your worſhip ſays, anſwered Sancho; but let us be gone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be where there are neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors: for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold.

Child,

Child, said Don Quixote, do thou pray to God, and conduct me whither thou wilt; for this time I leave it to your choice where to lodge us: but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw; for there I feel the pain. Sancho put in his fingers, and, feeling about, said: how many did your worship use to have on this side? Four, answered Don Quixote; beside the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound. Take care what you say, Sir, answered Sancho. I say four, if not five, replied Don Quixote: for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay. Well then, said Sancho, on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half; and in the upper neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand. Unfortunate that I am! said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him: I had rather they had tore off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for, Sancho, you must know, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone; and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But all this we are subject to who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt. Sancho did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on, fair and softly, (for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste) Sancho had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what you will find written in the following chapter.

CHAP. V.

Of the ſage diſcourſe that paſſed between Sancho and his maſter, and the ſucceeding adventure of the dead body; with other famous occurrences.

IT is my opinion, maſter of mine, that all the diſventures, which have befallen us of late, are doubtleſs in puniſhment of the ſin committed by your worſhip againſt your own order of knighthood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor ſolace yourſelf with the queen, with all the reſt that you ſwore to accompliſh, until your taking away that helmet of Malandrino, or how do you call the Moor? for I do not well remember. Sancho, you are in the right, ſaid Don Quixote: but to tell you the truth, it was quite ſlipped out of my memory; and you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not putting me in mind of it in time: but I will make amends; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for every thing. Why, did I ſwear any thing? anſwered Sancho. It matters not that you have not ſworn, ſaid Don Quixote: it is enough that I know you are not free from the guilt of an acceſſary; and, at all adventures, it will not be amiſs to provide ourſelves a remedy. If it be ſo, ſaid Sancho, ſee, Sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themſelves with me, and perhaps with your worſhip, if they find you ſo obſtinate.

While they were thus diſcourſing, night overtook them in the middle of the highway, without their lighting on, or diſcovering, any place of reception; and the worſt of it was, they were periſhing with hunger: for, with the loſs of their wallets, they had loſt their whole larder of proviſions. And, as an additional misfortune, there befel them an adventure,

which, without any forced conſtruction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night fell pretty dark; notwithſtanding which they went on, Sancho believing, that, ſince it was the king's high-way, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling on, the night dark, the ſquire hungry, and the maſter with a good appetite, they ſaw, advancing towards them, on the ſame road, a great number of lights, reſembling ſo many moving ſtars. Sancho ſtood aghaſt at the ſight of them, and Don Quixote could not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his aſs by the halter, and the other his horſe by the bridle, and ſtood ſtill, viewing attentively what it might be. They perceived the lights were drawing toward them, and the nearer they came the bigger they appeared. Sancho trembled at the ſight, as if he had been quickſilver; and Don Quixote's hair briſtled upon his head: who, recovering a little courage, cried out: Sancho, this muſt be a moſt prodigious and moſt perilous adventure, wherein it will be neceſſary for me to exert my whole might and valour. Wo is me! anſwered Sancho; ſhould this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it ſeems to be, where ſhall I find ribs to endure? Let them be never ſuch goblins, ſaid Don Quixote, I will not ſuffer them to touch a thread of your garment: for, if they ſported with you laſt time, it was becauſe I could not get over the pales: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandiſh my ſword at pleaſure. But, if they ſhould enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time, quoth Sancho, what matters it whether we are in the open field, or no? For all that, replied Don Quixote, I beſeech you, Sancho, be of good courage; for experience will ſhew you how much of it I am maſter of. I will, an't pleaſe God, anſwered Sancho; and, leaving the highway a little on one ſide, they looked again at-

tentively to discover what those walking lights might be: and soon after they perceived a great many persons in white *; which dreadful apparition entirely sunk Sancho Pança's courage, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he were in a quartan ague; and his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw distinctly what it was: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands: behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; and the mules they rode on were covered likewise with black down to their heels; and it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. Those in white came muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in a place so uninhabited, might very well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done, had he been any other than Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted. But it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination at that instant represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to himself, that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him: and without more ado he couched his spear, settled himself firm in his saddle, and, with a sprightly vigour and mien posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the men in white must of necessity pass; and when he saw them come near, he raised his voice, and said:

* The original is Encamisados, which signifies persons who have put on a shirt over their clothes. It was usual for soldiers, when they attacked an enemy by night, to wear shirts over their armour or clothes, to distinguish their own party: whence such nightly attacks were called Encamisados.

Hold,

Hold, knights, whoever you are, give me an account, to whom you belong, from whence you come, whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier? for, in all appearance, either you have done ſome injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and neceſſary that I be informed of it, either to chaſtiſe you for the evil you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you. We are going in haſte, anſwered one of thoſe in white; the inn is a great way off; and we cannot ſtay to give ſo long an account as you require: and ſo ſpurring his mule he paſſed forward. Don Quixote, highly reſenting this anſwer, laid hold of his bridle, and ſaid: Stand and be more civil, and give me an account of what I have aſked you; otherwiſe I challenge you all to battle. The mule was ſkittiſh, and ſtarted at his laying his hand on the bridle; ſo that, riſing upright on her hind-legs, ſhe fell backward to the ground with her rider under her. A lacquey that came on foot, ſeeing him in white fall, began to revile Don Quixote; whoſe choler being already ſtirred, he couched his ſpear, and, without ſtaying longer, aſſaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievouſly wounded; and turning him about to the reſt, it was worth ſeeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them, inſomuch that you would have thought Rozinante had wings grown on him in that inſtant, ſo nimbly and proudly did he beſtir himſelf. All thoſe in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of courſe preſently quitted the ſkirmiſh, and ran away over the field, with the lighted torches in their hands, looking like ſo many maſqueraders on a carnival, or a feſtival night. The mourners likewiſe were ſo wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not ſtir: ſo that Don Quixote, with entire ſafety to himſelf, demoliſhed them all, and obliged them to quit the field ſorely againſt their wills: for they thought him no man, but the devil

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from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter *.

All this Sancho beheld, with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself: without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be. There lay a burning torch on the ground, just by the first whom the mule had overthrown; by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and coming to him set the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, or he would kill him. To which the fallen man answered: I am more than enough surrendered already; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, Sir, if you are a christian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders. Who the devil then, said Don Quixote, brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic? Who, Sir? replied he that was overthrown. My misfortune. A greater yet threatens you, said Don Quixote, if you do not satisfy me in all I first asked of you. Your worship shall soon be satisfied, answered the licentiate; and therefore you must know, Sir, that, though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a batchelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas: I came from the city of Baeça, with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches; we are accompanying a corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia: it is that of a gentleman, who died in Baeça, where he was deposited; and now, as I say, we are carrying his bones to his burying-place in Segovia, where he was born. And who killed him? demanded Don Quixote. God, replied the batchelor, by means of a pestilential fever he sent

* This adventure is founded on such another in Amadis de Gaul, (book 9. ch. 21.) where Don Florisel, by night, meets a litter, with two flambeaus, and a cavalier in it making dolorous complaints.

him.

him. Then, said Don Quixote, our Lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case any body else had slain him: but, since he fell by the hand of Heaven, there is no more to be done, but to be silent, and shrug up our shoulders; for just the same must I have done, had it been pleased to have slain me. And I would have your reverence know, that I am a knight of la Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, righting wrongs, and redressing grievances. I do not understand your way of righting wrongs, said the batchelor: for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live; and the grievance you have redressed in me is, to leave me so aggrieved, that I shall never be otherwise; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me, to meet you who are seeking adventures *. All things, answered Don Quixote, do not fall out the same way: the mischief, master batchelor Alonzo Lopez, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting, and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resembled something wicked, and of the other world; which laid me under a necessity of complying with my duty, and of attacking you; and I would have attacked you, though I had certainly known you to be so many devils of hell; for until now I took you to be no less. Since my fate would have it so, said the batchelor, I beseech you, Signor knight-errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, help me to get from under this mule; for my leg is held fast between

* The author's making the batchelor quibble so much, under such improper circumstances, was probably designed as a ridicule upon the younger students of the universities, who are so apt to run into an affectation that way, and to mistake it for wit; as also upon the dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes, in their greatest distresses, guilty of the like absurdity.

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the ſtirrup and the ſaddle. I might have talked on until to-morrow morning, ſaid Don Quixote: why did you delay acquainting me with your uneaſineſs? Then he called out to Sancho Pança to come to him: but he did not care to ſtir, being employed in ranſacking a ſumpter-mule, which thoſe good men had brought with them, well ſtored with eatables. Sancho made a bag of his cloke, and, cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beaſt; and then running to his maſter's call, he helped to diſengage the batchelor from under the oppreſſion of his mule, and ſetting him thereon gave him the torch, and Don Quixote bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury, which he could not avoid doing them. Sancho likewiſe ſaid: if perchance thoſe gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwiſe called "the knight of the ſorrowful figure."

The batchelor being gone, Don Quixote aſked Sancho, what induced him to call him "the knight of the ſorrowful figure," at that time more than at any other? I will tell you, anſwered Sancho; it is becauſe I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried; and in truth your worſhip makes at preſent very near the moſt woful figure I have ever ſeen; which muſt be occaſioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth. It is owing to neither, replied Don Quixote; but the ſage, who has the charge of writing the hiſtory of my atchievements, has thought fit I ſhould aſſume a ſurname, as all the knights of old were wont to do: one called himſelf "the knight of the burning ſword;" another "he of the unicorn;" this "of the damſels;" that "of the Phœnix;" another "the knight of the Griffin;" and another "he of death;" and were known by theſe names and enſigns

ſigns over the whole globe of the earth*. And therefore I ſay, that the aforeſaid ſage has now put it into your head, and into your mouth, to call me "the knight of the ſorrowful figure," as I purpoſe to call myſelf from this day forward: and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a moſt ſorrowful figure painted on my ſhield. You need not ſpend time and money in getting this figure made, ſaid Sancho; your worſhip need only ſhew your own, and preſent yourſelf to be looked at; and, without other image or ſhield, they will immediately call you "him of the ſorrowful figure;" and be aſſured I tell you the truth; for I promiſe you, Sir (and let this be ſaid in jeſt) that hunger, and the loſs of your grinders, makes you look ſo ruefully, that, as I have ſaid, the ſorrowful picture may very well be ſpared.

Don Quixote ſmiled at Sancho's conceit, yet reſolved to call himſelf by that name, and to paint his ſhield or buckler as he had imagined; and he ſaid: I conceive, Sancho, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, "Juxta illud, Siquis ſuadente diabolo, &c."† though I know I did not lay my hands, but my ſpear, upon them: beſides, I did not think I had to do with prieſts, or things belonging to the church, which I reſpect and reverence like a good catholic and faithful chriſtian as I am, but with ghoſts and goblins of the other world. And though it were ſo, I perfectly remember what befel the Cyd Ruy Diaz, when he broke the chair of that king's ambaſſador in the preſence of his holineſs the pope, for which he was excommuni-

* So prince Amadis d'Aſtre, upon an angry meſſage from the princeſs Roſaliana, daughter of the emperor of Parthia, to appear no more in her preſence, puts himſelf and his armour into deep mourning, and calls himſelf the "knight of ſadneſs." Amad. de Gaul, b. 17. ch. 81.

† i. e. "According to that," If any one at the inſtigation of the devil, &c. Canon 72. Diſtinct. 134.

cated;

cated; yet honeſt Roderigo de Vivar paſſed, that day, for an honourable and courageous knight.

The batchelor being gone off, as has been ſaid, without replying a word, Don Quixote had a mind to ſee, whether the corps in the hearſe were only bones, or not; but Sancho would not conſent, ſaying, Sir, your worſhip has finiſhed this perilous adventure at the leaſt expence of any I have ſeen; and, though theſe folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect, that they were beaten by one man, and, being confounded and aſhamed thereat, may recover themſelves, and return in queſt of us, and then we may have enough to do. The aſs is properly furniſhed; the mountain is near; hunger preſſes; and we have no more to do but decently to march off; and, as the ſaying is, "To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread:" and driving on his aſs before him, he deſired his maſter to follow; who, thinking Sancho in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themſelves in a ſpacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho diſburdened the aſs; and lying along on the green graſs, with hunger for ſauce, they diſpatched their breakfaſt, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and ſupper, all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold meſs, which the eccleſiaſtics, that attended the deceaſed, (ſuch gentlemen ſeldom failing to make much of themſelves) had brought with them on the ſumpter-mule. But another miſhap befel them, which Sancho took for the worſt of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor ſo much as water, to drink; and they being very thirſty, Sancho, who perceived the meadow they were in covered with green and fine graſs, ſaid, what will be related in the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of the adventure (the like never before seen or heard of) atchieved by the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, with less hazard than ever any was atchieved by the most famous knight in the world.

IT is impossible, Sir, but there must be some fountain or brook hereabouts, to water these herbs; and therefore we should go a little farther on: for we shall meet with something to quench this terrible thirst, that afflicts us, and is doubtless more painful than hunger itself. Don Quixote approved the advice; and he taking Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he had placed upon him the relicks of the supper, they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark they could see nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces, when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and, stopping to listen from whence it came, they heard on a sudden another dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and pusillanimous. I say, they heard a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling across one another, and giving mighty strokes in time and measure; which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as is said, was dark; and they chanced to enter among certain tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by a gentle breeze, caused a kind of fearful and still noise: so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness, and the noise of the water, with the whispering of the leaves, all occasioned horror and astonishment; especially when they found, that

that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and, as an addition to all this, a total ignorance where they were *. But Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rozinante, and, bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said: Friend Sancho, you must know, that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it that of gold, or, as people usually express it, "the golden age:" I am he, for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous atchievements. I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the round table, that of the twelve peers of France,

* This adventure is borrowed from that of Amadis of Greece, who, with his companions, finding themselves in a pleasant meadow, resolve to pass the night in so delectable a place. The night was so dark, they could see nothing. But they had not been long there, before they heard a noise as of people fighting and clashing in mortal battle. So lacing on their helmets, they draw towards the place, from whence they thought the noise proceeded; but still they see nothing. Thus they are buried until the morning, when they come to a rock, in which is a cavern. There they hear the same noise they have been pursuing all night. Then Amadis, whose heart fear never assailed, followed by his companions, resolves to try the adventure, and in they go, where they are all enchanted by Astrodorus a famous magician. Amadis de Gaul, book 14. chap. 15.

The behaviour of Don Quixote and Sancho on this occasion, is a copy of what passes between other knights and their squires on the like occasions. Thus Amadis, in the above adventure, bids Grasandor stay below, while he ascends the rock, and, if he succeeds, he will give him a signal to mount up, but, if within three days he has no tidings of him, he may conclude the enterprize goes ill, and do as he thinks fit. (Ibid.) Don Arlanges, prince of Spain, resolving to search the world over for his lost mistress, bids his square return home, but conjures him to tell no news of him to his friends: the loyal squire is melted into tears and sobs, and resolves to follow his master to the end of the world, or the end of his life. (Amadis de Gaul, b. 19. ch. 1.) The squire Licelio endeavours to dissuade prince Paladiano from proceeding in the adventure of the fiery island; but, finding him determined, resolves not to forsake him. Don Florando of England, part 2. ch. 20.

and

and the nine worthies, and to obliterate the memory of the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the "knights of the ſun," and the Belianiſes, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times paſt, performing, in this age, in which I live, ſuch ſtupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are ſufficient to obſcure the brighteſt they ever atchieved. Truſty and loyal ſquire, you obſerve the darkneſs of this night, its ſtrange ſilence, the confuſed and deaf ſound of theſe trees, the fearful noiſe of that water we come to ſeek, which, one would think, precipitated itſelf headlong from the high mountains of the moon; that inceſſant ſtriking and claſhing that wounds our ears: all which together, and each by itſelf, are ſufficient to infuſe terror, fear, and amazement into the breaſt of Mars himſelf; how much more into that, which is not accuſtomed to the like adventures and accidents. Now all I have deſcribed to you ſerves to rouze and awaken my courage, and my heart already beats in my breaſt with eager deſire of encountering this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore ſtraiten Rozinante's girths a little, and God be with you; and ſtay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, you may go back to our town; and thence, to do me a favour and good ſervice, you ſhall go to Toboſo, where you ſhall ſay to my incomparable lady Dulcinea, that her inthralled knight died in the attempting things, that might have made him worthy to be ſtyled hers.

When Sancho heard theſe words of his maſter, he began to weep with the greateſt tenderneſs in the world, and to ſay: Sir, I do not underſtand why your worſhip ſhould encounter this ſo fearful an adventure: It is now night, and no body ſees us; we may eaſily turn aſide, and get out of harm's way, though we ſhould not drink theſe three days: and, as no body ſees us, much leſs will there be any body

to

to tax us with cowardice. Beſides I have heard the prieſt of our village, whom your worſhip knows very well, preach, that "he who ſeeketh danger, periſheth therein:" ſo that it is not good to tempt God, by undertaking ſo extravagant an exploit, whence there is no eſcaping but by a miracle. Let it ſuffice, that Heaven has delivered you from being toſſed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, ſafe, and ſound, from among ſo many enemies as accompanied the dead man. And though all this be not ſufficient to move you, nor ſoften your ſtony heart, let this thought and belief prevail, that, ſcarcely ſhall your worſhip be departed hence, when I, for very fear, ſhall give up my ſoul to whoſoever ſhall be pleaſed to take it. I left my country, and forſook my wife and children, to follow and ſerve your worſhip, believing I ſhould be the better, and not the worſe, for it: but, as covetouſneſs burſts the bag, ſo hath it rent from me my hopes: for, when they were moſt lively, and I juſt expecting to obtain that curſed and unlucky iſland, which you have ſo often promiſed me, I find myſelf, in exchange thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worſhip in a place remote from all human ſociety. For God's ſake, dear Sir, do me not ſuch a diſkindneſs; and, ſince your worſhip will not wholly deſiſt from this enterprize, at leaſt adjourn it until day-break, to which, according to the little ſkill I learned when a ſhepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the north-bear* is at the top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm. How can you, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, ſee where this line is made, or where this muzzle or top of the head you talk of is, ſince the night is ſo dark that not a ſtar appears in the whole ſky? True, ſaid Sancho; but fear has many eyes,

* Literally "the mouth of the hunting-horn or cornet:" ſo they call the "urſa minor," from a fancied configuration of the ſtars of that conſtellation.

and

and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky: besides, it is reasonable to think it does not want much of day-break. Want what it will, answered Don Quixote, it shall never be said of me, neither now nor at any other time, that tears or intreaties could dissuade me from doing the duty of a knight: therefore pray thee, Sancho, hold thy tongue; for God, who has put it in my heart to attempt this unparalleled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort thee in thy sadness. What you have to do is, to girt Rozinante well, and to stay here; for I will quickly return, alive or dead.

Sancho, then, seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers, and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to a stratagem, and oblige him to wait until day, if he could: and so, while he was straitening the horse's girths, softly, and without being perceived, he tied Rozinante's two hinder feet together with his ass's halter; so that, when Don Quixote would have departed, he was not able; for the horse could not move but by jumps. Sancho, seeing the good success of his contrivance, said: Ah, Sir! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rozinante cannot go: and, if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they say, "kick against the pricks." This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him: and, without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay until day appeared, or until Rozinante could stir; believing certainly that it proceeded from some other cause, and not from Sancho's cunning; to whom he thus spoke: Since it is so, Sancho, that Rozinante cannot stir, I am contented to stay until the dawn smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming. You need not weep, answered

anſwered Sancho; for I will entertain you until day with telling you ſtories, if you had not rather alight and compoſe yourſelf to ſleep a little upon the green graſs, as knights-errant are wont to do, and ſo be the leſs weary when the day and hour comes for attempting that unparalleled adventure you wait for. What call you alighting, or ſleeping? ſaid Don Quixote: Am I one of thoſe knights, who take repoſe in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to ſleep, or do what thou wilt: I will do what I ſee beſt befits my profeſſion. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, anſwered Sancho; I do not ſay it with that deſign: and, coming cloſe to him, he put one hand on the pommel of the ſaddle before, and the other on the pique behind, and there he ſtood embracing his maſter's left thigh, without daring to ſtir from him a finger's breadth, ſo much was he afraid of the blows which ſtill ſounded alternately in his ears. Don Quixote bade him tell ſome ſtory to entertain him, as he had promiſed: to which Sancho replied, he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him: notwithſtanding, ſaid he, I will force myſelf to tell a ſtory, which, if I can hit upon it, and it ſlips not through my fingers, is the beſt of all ſtories; and, pray, be attentive, for now I begin.

What hath been, hath been; the good that ſhall befal be for us all, and evil to him that evil ſeeks. And pray, Sir, take notice, that the beginning, which the ancients gave to their tales, was not juſt what they pleaſed, but rather ſome ſentence of Cato Zonzorinus * the Roman, who ſays, "And evil to him that evil ſeeks;" which is as apt to the preſent purpoſe, as a ring to your finger, ſignifying, that your worſhip ſhould be quiet, and not go about ſearching after evil, but rather that we turn aſide into ſome other road; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, wherein ſo many fears overwhelm

* A miſtake for "Cato the Cenſor."

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us. Go on with your ſtory, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow. I ſay then, continued Sancho, that, in a place of Eſtremadura, there was a ſhepherd, I mean a goatherd; which ſhepherd, or goatherd, as my ſtory ſays, was called Lope Ruiz; and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a ſhepherdeſs called Torralva; which ſhepherdeſs called Torralva was daughter to a rich herdſman, and this rich herdſman——If you tell your ſtory after this faſhion, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, repeating every thing you ſay twice, you will not have done theſe two days: tell it conciſely, and like a man of ſenſe, or elſe ſay no more. In the very ſame manner that I tell it, anſwered Sancho, they tell all ſtories in my country; and I can tell it no otherwiſe, nor is it fit your worſhip ſhould require me to make new cuſtoms. Tell it as you will then, anſwered Don Quixote; ſince fate will have it that I muſt hear thee, go on.

And ſo, dear Sir of my ſoul, continued Sancho, as I ſaid before, this ſhepherd was in love with the ſhepherdeſs Torralva, who was a jolly ſtrapping wench, a little ſcornful, and ſomewhat maſculine: for ſhe had certain ſmall whiſkers; and methinks I ſee her juſt now. What, did you know her? ſaid Don Quixote. I did not know her, anſwered Sancho; but he, who told me this ſtory, ſaid it was ſo certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm and ſwear I had ſeen it all. And ſo, in proceſs of time, the devil, who ſleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about, that the love, which the ſhepherd bore to the ſhepherdeſs, was converted into mortal hatred; and the cauſe, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealouſies ſhe gave him, beyond meaſure: and ſo much did he hate her from thenceforward, that, to avoid the ſight of her, he choſe to abſent himſelf from that country, and go where his eyes ſhould never behold her more. Torralva, who found

herſelf diſdained by Lope, preſently began to love him better than ever ſhe had loved him before. It is a natural quality of women, ſaid Don Quixote, to ſlight thoſe who love them, and love thoſe who ſlight them: go on, Sancho.

It fell out, proceeded Sancho, that the ſhepherd put his deſign in execution; and, collecting together his goats, went on towards the plains of Eſtremadura, in order to paſs over into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva knowing it, went after him, following him on foot and bare-legged, at a diſtance, with a pilgrim's ſtaff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which ſhe carried, as is reported, a piece of a looking-glaſs, a piece of a comb, and a ſort of a ſmall gallipot of pomatum for the face. But, whatever ſhe carried (for I ſhall not now ſet myſelf to vouch what it was) I only tell you, that, as they ſay, the ſhepherd came with his flock to paſs the river Guadiana, which at that time was ſwollen, and had almoſt overflowed its banks; and, on the ſide he came to, there was neither boat, nor any body to ferry him or his flock over to the other ſide; which grieved him mightily, for he ſaw that Torralva was at his heels, and would give him much diſturbance by her intreaties and tears. He therefore looked about until he eſpied a fiſherman with a boat near him, but ſo ſmall, that it could hold only one perſon and one goat: however he ſpoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over him, and his three hundred goats. The fiſherman got into the boat, and carried over a goat: he returned, and carried over another: he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, Sir, keep an account of the goats that the fiſherman is carrying over; for if one ſlips out of your memory, the ſtory will be at an end, and it will be impoſſible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and ſay, that the landing-place on the oppoſite ſide was covered with mud, and ſlippery, and the fiſherman was a great while in coming and going. However

ever he returned for another goat, and for others, and for another. Make account he carried them all over, said Don Quixote, and do not be going and coming in this manner; for, at this rate, you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth. How many are passed already? said Sancho. How the devil should I know? answered Don Quixote. See there now; did I not tell you to keep an exact account? Before God, there is an end of the story; I can go no farther. How can this be? answered Don Quixote. Is it so essential to the story, to know the exact number of goats that passed over, that, if one be mistaken, the story can proceed no farther? No, Sir, in no wise, answered Sancho: for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered, you did not know, in that very instant all that I had left to say fled out of my memory; and in faith it was very edifying and satisfactory. So then, said Don Quixote, the story is at an end. As sure as my mother is, quoth Sancho. Verily, answered Don Quixote, you have told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories, imaginable; and your way of telling and concluding it is such as never was, nor will be, seen in one's whole life; though I expected nothing less from your good sense: but I do not wonder at it; for perhaps this incessant din may have disturbed your understanding. All that may be, answered Sancho: but, as to my story, I know there's no more to be said; for it ends just where the error in the account of carrying over the goats begins. Let it end where it will, in God's name, said Don Quixote, and let us see whether Rozinante can stir himself. Again he clapt spurs to him, and again he jumped, and then stood stock still, so effectually was he fettered.

Now, whether the cold of the morning, which was at hand, or whether some lenitive food on which he had supped, or whether the motion was purely natural (which is rather to be believed) it so befel, that

Sancho had a desire to do what nobody could do for him. But so great was the fear that had possessed his heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a finger from his master; and, to think to leave that business undone, was also impossible: and so what he did for peace sake, was, to let go his right hand, which held the hinder part of the saddle, with which, softly, and without any noise, he loosed the running-point, that kept up his breeches; whereupon down they fell, and hung about his legs like shackles: then he lifted up his shirt the best he could, and exposed to the open air those buttocks which were none of the smallest. This being done, which he thought the best expedient towards getting out of that terrible anguish and distress, another and a greater difficulty attended him, which was, that he thought he could not ease himself without making some noise: so he set his teeth close, and squeezed up his shoulders, and held in his breath as much as possibly he could. But, notwithstanding all these precautions, he was so unlucky after all, as to make a little noise, very different from that which had put him into so great a fright. Don Quixote heard it, and said: What noise is this? Sancho. I do not know, Sir, answered he: it must be some new business; for adventures and misadventures never begin with a little matter. He tried his fortune a second time, and it succeeded so well with him, that, without the least noise or rumbling more, he found himself discharged of the burden that had given him so much uneasiness. But, as Don Quixote had the sense of smelling no less perfect than that of hearing, and Sancho stood so close, and as it were sewed to him, some of the vapours, ascending in a direct line, could not fail to reach his nostrils: which they had no sooner done, but he relieved his nose by taking it between his fingers, and, with a kind of snuffling tone, said: Methinks, Sancho, you are in great bodily fear. I am so, said Sancho; but wherein does your worship per-

perceive it now more than ever? In that you ſmell ſtronger than ever, and not of ambergreaſe, anſwered Don Quixote. That may very well be, ſaid Sancho; but your worſhip alone is in fault, for carrying me about at theſe unſeaſonable hours, and into theſe unfrequented places. Get three or four ſteps off, friend, ſaid Don Quixote (all this without taking his fingers from his noſtrils) and henceforward be more careful of your own perſon, and of what you owe to mine; my overmuch familiarity with you has bred this contempt. I will lay a wager, replied Sancho, you think I have been doing ſomething with my perſon that I ought not. The more you ſtir it, friend Sancho, the worſe it will ſavour, anſwered Don Quixote.

In theſe and the like dialogues the maſter and man paſſed the night. But Sancho, perceiving that at length the morning was coming on, with much caution untied Rozinante, and tied up his breeches. Rozinante, finding himſelf at liberty, though naturally he was not over-mettleſome, ſeemed to feel himſelf alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curvetting (begging his pardon) he knew not what it was. Don Quixote, perceiving that Rozinante began to beſtir himſelf, took it for a good omen, and believed it ſignified, he ſhould forthwith attempt that fearful adventure. By this time the dawn appeared, and, every thing being diſtinctly ſeen, Don Quixote perceived he was got among ſome tall cheſnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy ſhade: he perceived alſo that the ſtriking did not ceaſe; but he could not ſee what cauſed it. So, without farther delay, he made Rozinante feel the ſpur, and, turning again to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there for him three days at the fartheſt, as he had ſaid before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain, it was God's will he ſhould end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the embaſſy and meſſage he was to carry to his

lady Dulcinea; and as to what concerned the reward of his ſervice, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he left his village, wherein he would find himſelf gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had ſerved; but, if God ſhould bring him off ſafe and ſound from that danger, he might reckon himſelf infallibly ſecure of the promiſed iſland. Sancho wept afreſh at hearing again the moving expreſſions of his good maſter, and reſolved not to leave him to the laſt moment and end of this buſineſs. The author of this hiſtory gathers from the tears, and this ſo honourable a reſolution of Sancho Pança's, that he muſt have been well born, and at leaſt an old chriſtian*. Whoſe tender concern ſomewhat ſoftened his maſter, but not ſo much as to make him diſcover any weakneſs: on the contrary, diſſembling the beſt he could, he began to put on toward the place, from whence the noiſe of the water and of the ſtrokes ſeemed to proceed. Sancho followed him on foot, leading, as uſual, his aſs, that conſtant companion of his proſperous and adverſe fortunes, by the halter. And having gone a good away among thoſe ſhady cheſnut-trees, they came to a little green ſpot, at the foot of ſome ſteep rocks, from which a mighty guſh of water precipitated itſelf. At the foot of the rocks were certain miſerable huts, which ſeemed rather the ruins of buildings than houſes; from amidſt which proceeded, as they perceived, the ſound and din of the ſtrokes, which did not yet ceaſe. Rozinante ſtarted, and was in diſorder, at the noiſe of the water and of the ſtrokes; and Don Quixote, quieting him, went on fair and ſoftly toward the huts, recommending himſelf devoutly to his lady, and beſeeching her to favour him in that fearful expedition and enterprize; and, by the by, beſought God alſo not to forget him. Sancho ſtirred not from his ſide, ſtretch-

* In contradiſtinction to the Jewiſh or Mooriſh families, of which there were many in Spain.

ing

ing out his neck, and looking between Rozinante's legs, to see if he could perceive what held him in such dread and suspence. They had gone about a hundred yards farther, when, at doubling a point, the very cause (for it could be no other) of that horrible and dreadful noise, which had held them all night in such suspence and fear, appeared plain and exposed to view.

It was (kind reader, take it not in dudgeon) six fulling-hammers, whose alternate strokes formed that hideous sound. Don Quixote seeing what it was, was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being quite abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident signs of being ready to burst with it; and notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight of Sancho; who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from splitting with laughter. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter, with the same impetuosity as at first. Whereat Don Quixote gave himself to the devil, especially when he heard him say, by way of irony: 'You must know, friend Sancho, that I was born, by the will of heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he, for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous atchievements!' And so he went on, repeating most or all of the expressions which Don Quixote had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. Don Quixote, perceiving that Sancho played upon him, grew so ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance, and discharged two such blows on him, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the knight had ac-

quitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed farther, cried out with much humility: Pray, Sir, be pacified: by the living God, I did but jest. Though you jest, I do not, answered Don Quixote. Come hither, merry Sir; what think you? suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not shewed the courage requisite to undertake and atchieve it? Am I, think you, obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, of a fulling-mill? Besides, it may be, (as it really is) that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast, like a pitiful rustic as thou art, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or all together, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me. It is enough, good Sir, replied Sancho; I confess I have been a little too jocose: but pray tell me, now that it is peace between us, as God shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you, safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in; for, as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror are. I do not deny, answered Don Quixote, but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told; for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle. But, answered Sancho, your worship knew how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders; thanks be to God and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass; it will out in the bucking: for I have heard say, "he loves thee well, who makes thee weep:" and besides, your people of con-

condition, when they have given a ſervant a hard word, preſently give him ſome old hoſe and breeches; though what is uſually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unleſs it be that your knights-errant, after baſtinados, beſtow iſlands, or kingdoms on the continent. The die may run ſo, quoth Don Quixote, that all you have ſaid may come to paſs; and forgive what is paſt, ſince you are conſiderate; and know, that the firſt motions are not in a man's power: and henceforward be apprized of one thing (that you may abſtain and forbear talking too much with me) that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found, that any ſquire converſed ſo much with his maſter as you do with yours. And really I account it a great fault both in you and in me: in you, becauſe you reſpect me ſo little; in me, that I do not make myſelf reſpected more. Was not Gandalin, ſquire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the firm iſland? and we read of him, that he always ſpoke to his maſter cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the Turkiſh faſhion. What ſhall we ſay of Gaſabal, ſquire to Don Galaor, who was ſo ſilent, that, to illuſtrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful hiſtory? From what I have ſaid, you may infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between maſter and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and ſquire. So that, from this day forward, we muſt be treated with more reſpect; for which way ſo ever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits I promiſed you, will come in due time; and, if they do not come, the wages, at leaſt, as I have told you, will not be loſt. Your worſhip ſays very well, quoth Sancho: but I would fain know (if perchance the time of the favours ſhould not come, and it ſhould be expedient to have recourſe to the article of the wages) how much might the ſquire of a knight-errant

get in thoſe times? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers? I do not believe, anſwered Don Quixote, that thoſe ſquires were at ſtated wages, but relied on courteſy. And if I have appointed you any, in the will I left ſealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen; for I cannot yet tell you how chivalry may ſucceed in theſe calamitous times of ours, and I would not have my ſoul ſuffer in the other world for a trifle: for I would have you to know, Sancho, that there is no ſtate more perilous than that of adventurers. It is ſo, in truth, ſaid Sancho, ſince the noiſe of the hammers of a fulling-mill were ſufficient to diſturb and diſcompoſe the heart of ſo valorous a knight as your worſhip. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I ſhall not open my lips to make merry with your worſhip's matters, but ſhall honour you as my maſter and natural lord. By ſo doing, replied Don Quixote, your days ſhall be long in the land; for, next to our parents, we are bound to reſpect our maſters, as if they were our fathers.

CHAP. VII.

Which treats of the high adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's helmet, with other things which befel our invincible knight.

ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and Sancho had a mind they ſhould betake themſelves to the fulling-mills. But Don Quixote had conceived ſuch an abhorrence of them for the late jeſt, that he would by no means go in: and ſo turning to the right hand, they ſtruck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after, Don Quixote diſcovered a man on horſeback, who had on his head ſomething which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and ſcarce had he ſeen it, but, turning to Sancho, he ſaid: I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, becauſe they are all ſentences drawn from experience itſelf, the mother

of

of all the ſciences; eſpecially that which ſays; "Where one door is ſhut another is opened." I ſay this, becauſe, if fortune laſt night ſhut the door againſt what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now ſets another wide open for a better and more certain adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkneſs of the night. This I ſay, becauſe, if I miſtake not, there comes one towards us, who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet *, about which I ſwore the oath you know. Take care, Sir, what you ſay, and more what you do, ſaid Sancho; for I would not wiſh for other fulling-mills, to finiſh the milling and maſhing our ſenſes. The devil take you! replied Don Quixote: what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills? I know not, anſwered Sancho; but, in faith, if I might talk as much as I uſed to do, perhaps I could give ſuch reaſons, that your worſhip would ſee you are miſtaken in what you ſay. How can I be miſtaken in what I ſay, ſcrupulous traitor? ſaid Don Quixote. Tell me, ſeeſt thou not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple-grey ſteed, with a helmet of gold on his head? What I ſee and perceive, anſwered Sancho, is only a man on a grey aſs like mine, with ſomething on his head that glitters. Why, that is Mambrino's helmet, ſaid Don Quixote: get aſide, and leave me alone to deal with him; you ſhall ſee me conclude this adventure (to ſave time) without ſpeaking a word; and the helmet I have ſo much longed for, ſhall be my own. I ſhall take care to get out of the way, replied Sancho: but, I pray God, I ſay again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure. I have already told you, brother, not to mention thoſe fulling-mills, nor ſo much as to think of them, any more, ſaid Don Quixote: if

* Almonte and Mambrino, two Saracens of great valour, had each a golden helmet. Orlando Furioſo took away Almonte's, and his friend Rinaldo that of Mambrino. Arioſto, Canto I.

you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you. Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight, which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small, that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; and the barber of the bigger served also the lesser; in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpose was the barber coming, and brought with him his brass bason. And fortune so ordered it, that, as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and, that his hat might not be spoiled (for it was a new one) he clapt the bason on his head, and being new-scowered it glittered half a league off. He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said; and this was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dappled-grey steed, and his bason for a golden helmet: for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits. And when he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out: Defend yourself, caitif, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due. The barber, who, not suspecting or apprehending any such thing, saw this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass: and no sooner had he touched the ground, when, leaping up nimbler than a roe-buck, he began to scower over the plain with such speed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the bason on the ground; with which Don Quixote was satisfied,

satisfied, and said, the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, who, finding itself closely pursued by the hunters, tears off, with its teeth, that for which it knows, by natural instinct, it is hunted. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said: Before God, the bason is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing. Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about, to find the vizor; and, not finding it, he said: Doubtless the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigious large head; and the worst of it is, that one half is wanting. When Sancho heard the bason called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but, recollecting his master's late choler, he checked it in the middle. What dost thou laugh at, Sancho? said Don Quixote. He answered: I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's bason. Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case? this famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of some one, who, being ignorant of its true value, and not considering what he did, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as you say, does look like a barber's bason: but, be it what it will, to me, who know it, its transformation signifies nothing; for I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith, and in such sort, that even that which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles, shall not surpass, nor equal it: in the mean time, I will wear it as I can; for something is better than nothing; and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones. It will so, said Sancho, if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed

your

your worſhip's chops, and broke the cruze, in which was contained that moſt bleſſed drench, which made me vomit up my guts. I am in no great pain for having loſt it; for you know, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, I have the receipt by heart. So have I too, anſwered Sancho; but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I never ſtir from this place. Beſides, I do not intend to expoſe myſelf to the hazard of ſtanding in need of it; for I intend to keep myſelf, with all my five ſenſes, from being wounded, or from wounding any body. As to being toſſed again in a blanket, I ſay nothing; for it is difficult to prevent ſuch miſhaps: and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to ſhrug up one's ſhoulders, hold one's breath, ſhut one's eyes, and let one's ſelf go whither fortune and the blanket pleaſe to toſs one. You are no good chriſtian, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, at hearing this; for you never forget an injury once done you: but know, it is inherent in generous and noble breaſts to lay no ſtreſs upon trifles. What leg have you lamed, what rib, or what head, have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jeſt? for, to take the thing right, it was mere jeſt and paſtime; and, had I not underſtood it ſo, I had long ago returned thither, and done more miſchief in revenging your quarrel, than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen; who, if ſhe had lived in theſe times, or my Dulcinea in thoſe, would never, you may be ſure, have been ſo famous for beauty as ſhe is: and here he uttered a ſigh, and ſent it to the clouds. Let it then paſs for a jeſt, ſaid Sancho, ſince it is not likely to be revenged in earneſt: but I know of what kinds the jeſts and the earneſts were; and I know alſo, they will no more ſlip out of my memory, than off my ſhoulders.

But ſetting this aſide, tell me, Sir, what we ſhall do with this dapple grey ſteed, which looks ſo like a grey aſs, and which that caitif, whom your worſhip over-

overthrew, has left behind here to shift for itself; for, to judge by his scowering off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, dapple is a special one. It is not my custom, said Don Quixote, to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict; for, in such a case, it is lawful to take that of the vanquished, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or what you will have it to be; for, when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him. God knows whether it were best for me to take him, replied Sancho, or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is not so good: verily the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I had a mind. I am not very clear as to that point, answered Don Quixote; and in case of doubt, until better information can be had, I say, you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them. So extreme, replied Sancho, that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person. And so saying, he proceeded, with that licence, to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better * for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had put them in. Their choler and hunger being thus allayed, they mounted, and, without resolving to follow any particular road (as is

* Literally, "leaving him better by a tierce and a quint." A figurative expression borrowed from the game of piquet, in which a Tierce or a Quint may be gained by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.

the

the cuſtom of knights-errant) they put on whitherſoever Rozinante's will led him *, which drew after it that of his maſter, and alſo that of the aſs, which followed, in love and good fellowſhip, wherever he led the way. Notwithſtanding which, they ſoon turned again into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without any other deſign.

As they thus ſauntered on, Sancho ſaid to his maſter: Sir, will your worſhip be pleaſed to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for, ſince you impoſed on me that harſh command of ſilence, ſundry things have rotted in my breaſt, and I have one juſt now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing ſhould miſcarry. Out with it, ſaid Don Quixote, and be brief in thy diſcourſe; for none that is long can be pleaſing. I ſay then, Sir, anſwered Sancho, that for ſome days paſt, I have been conſidering how little is gained by wandering up and down in queſt of thoſe adventures your worſhip is ſeeking through theſe deſarts and croſs-ways, where, though you overcome and atchieve the moſt perilous, there is nobody to ſee or know any thing of them; ſo that they muſt remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worſhip's intention, and their deſerts. And therefore I think it would be more adviſeable, with ſubmiſſion to your better judgment, that we went to ſerve ſome emperor or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whoſe ſervice your worſhip may diſplay the worth of your perſon, your great courage, and greater underſtanding: which being perceived by the lord we ſerve, he muſt of neceſſity reward each of us according to his merits; nor can you there fail of meeting with ſomebody to put your worſhip's exploits in writing, for a perpetual

* Thus Don Fortunian, being met by a dwarf, and aſked which way he is travelling, replies, I am a ſtranger, and go forward which way ſoever my horſe guides or carries me, without knowing whither. Amadis de Gaul, b. 15. ch. 9.

remem-

remembrance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits; though I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten.

* You are not much out, Sancho, answered Don Quixote: but, before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that, by atchieving some, he may acquire such fame and renown, that, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, he shall be known by his works beforehand; and scarcely shall the boys see him enter the gates of the city, but they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud, This is the "knight of the sun," or of "the serpent," or of any other device, under which he may have atchieved great exploits. This is he, will they say, who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno of the mighty force, in single combat; he who disenchanted the great Mameluco of Persia from the long enchantment, which held him confined almost nine hundred years. Thus, from hand to hand, they shall go on blazoning his deeds; and presently, at the bustle of the boys, and of the rest of the people, the king of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and, as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he must necessarily say; Ho, there, go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder. At which command they all shall go forth, and the king himself, descending half way down the stairs, shall receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; and then, taking

* In the following speech of Don Quixote we have a perfect system of chivalry, which was designed by the author as a ridicule upon romances in general: notwithstanding which the Beaux Esprits of France, who have written romances since, have copied this very plan.

him

him by the hand, shall conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight shall find her accompanied by her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel, that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. After this, it must immediately fall out, that she fixes her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon hers, and each shall appear to the other something rather divine than human; and without knowing how, or which way, they shall be taken and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. From thence, without doubt, they will conduct him to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet mantle to put on; and, if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful figure in ermins *. The night being come, he shall sup with the king, queen, and infanta, where he shall never take his eyes off the princess, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him with the same wearinesse: for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel †. The tables being removed, there shall enter, unexpectedly, at the hall-door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage, that he who shall accomplish it shall be esteemed the best

* So the knight of the Phœnix, in Amadis de Gaul, b. 10. ch. 11. is conducted to the queen of Dardania's palace, where he is sumptuously lodged and feasted: he puts off his armour, and puts on a mantle of fine scarlet, embroidered with Phœnixes interspersed with spires of gold, which makes him look much more beautiful.

† Just so Don Bellianis of Greece, at dinner in the soldan of Babylon's palace, is seated over-against the princess Florisbella; and these two, instead of eating, pass the time in casting amorous glances at each other. Part 2. ch. 24.

knight

knight in the world. The king ſhall immediately command all who are preſent to try it, and none ſhall be able to finiſh it, but the ſtranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herſelf overpaid for having placed her thoughts on ſo exalted an object. And the beſt of it is, that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himſelf; and the ſtranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, aſks leave to ſerve his majeſty in the aforeſaid war. The king ſhall readily grant his requeſt, and the knight ſhall moſt courteouſly kiſs his royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he ſhall take his leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already converſed with her ſeveral times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infanta greatly truſted. He ſighs, ſhe ſwoons; the damſel runs for cold water: he is very uneaſy at the approach of the morning-light, and would by no means they ſhould be diſcovered, for the ſake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herſelf, and gives her ſnowy hands to the knight to kiſs through the rails, who kiſſes them a thouſand and a thouſand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune; and the princeſs deſires him to be abſent as little a while as poſſible; which he promiſes with many oaths: he kiſſes her hands again, and takes leave with ſo much concern, that it almoſt puts an end to his life. From thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himſelf on his bed, and cannot ſleep for grief at the parting: he riſes early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the king, the queen, and the infanta: having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the princeſs is indiſpoſed, and cannot admit of a viſit: the

knight

knight thinks it is for grief at his departure; his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifeſt indications of his paſſion: the damſel confidante is all this while preſent, and obſerves what paſſes; ſhe goes and tells it her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is, that ſhe does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal deſcent, or not: the damſel aſſures her he is, ſince ſo much courteſy, politeneſs, and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exiſt but in a royal and grave ſubject *. The afflicted princeſs is comforted hereby, and endeavours to compoſe herſelf, that ſhe may not give her parents cauſe to ſuſpect any thing amiſs, and two days after ſhe appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy; takes many towns; wins ſeveral battles; returns to court; ſees his lady at the uſual place of interview; it is agreed he ſhall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompence for his ſervices: the king does not conſent to give her to him, not knowing who he is. Notwithſtanding which, either by carrying her off, or by ſome other means, the infanta becomes his ſpouſe †, and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greateſt good-fortune, being aſſured that the knight is ſon to a valorous king, of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the infanta inherits; and, in two words, the knight becomes a king, Here preſently comes in the reward-

* The princeſs Oriana, in like manner, expreſſes her fears, leſt her lover ſhould not be of princely extraction, and is aſſured by her damſel that he is. Amadis de Gaul, b. 1. ch. 26. So alſo the princeſs Eſclaviana wiſhes within herſelf, that Don Floreſtan, who is fallen in love with her, may be of a houſe worthy of her, that ſhe may marry him. Don Florando of England, part 2. ch. 25.

† In the former circumſtances of this extract moſt romances agree, and therefore the author exhauſts the whole ſubject; which in this he cannot do, becauſe in thoſe ſtories there are ſeveral ways of obtaining the lady; and therefore he leaves that point at large.

ing

ing his squire, and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is, doubtless, the very confidante of this amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes*.

This is what I would be at, and a clear stage, quoth Sancho: this I stick to; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, being called "the knight of the sorrowful figure." Doubt it not, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for by those very means, and those very steps, I have recounted, the knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be kings and emperors. All that remains to be done is, to look out, and find what king of the christians, or of the pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter †: but there is time enough to think of this; for, as I have told you, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides there is still another thing wanting; for supposing a king were found, who is at war, and has a handsome daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole universe, I do not see how it can be made appear, that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second cousin to an emperor: for the king will not give me his daughter to wife, until he is first very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well. So that, through this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which my arm has richly deserved. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of a real estate of one hundred and

* This match is not without a precedent, for Gandalin, squire to Amadis, is married to the damsel of Denmark, confidante of the princess Oriana. Amadis de Gaul, b. 5. ch. 47.

† The ridicule is admirably heightened by the incapacity both knight and squire are under of putting this scheme in practice, the former by his loyalty to Dulcinea, and Sancho by having a wife and children already: nevertheless the idea is so pleasing, that it quite carries them away, and they resolve upon it.

twenty

twenty crowns a year *; and perhaps the ſage, who writes my hiſtory, may ſo brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or ſixth in deſcent from a king. For you muſt know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid reverſed: others have had poor and low beginnings, and have riſen by degrees, until at laſt they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that ſome have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious; with which the king my father-in-law, that is to be, ought to be ſatisfied; and though he ſhould not be ſatisfied, the infanta is to be ſo in love with me, that, in ſpight of her father, ſhe is to receive me for her lord and huſband, though ſhe certainly knew I was the ſon of a water-carrier; and in caſe ſhe ſhould not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I pleaſe; and time or death will put a period to the diſpleaſure of her parents.

Here, ſaid Sancho, comes in properly what ſome naughty people ſay, "Never ſtand begging for that

* The original is "y de devengar quinientos ſueldos," literally, "to revenge five hundred ſueldo's." It is a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify a perſon's being a gentleman, and took its riſe from the following occaſion. The Spaniards of Old Caſtile being obliged to pay a yearly tribute of five hundred virgins to the Moors, after ſeveral battles, in which the Spaniards ſucceeded, the tribute was changed to five hundred Sueldo's or pieces of Spaniſh coin. But in proceſs of time the Spaniards, by force of arms, delivered themſelves from that groſs impoſition; and that heroical action being performed by men of figure and fortune, they characterize by this expreſſion a man of bravery and honour, and a true lover of his country.

which

which you may take by force," though this other is nearer to the purpoſe; "A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man *." I ſay this, becauſe, if my lord the king, your worſhip's father-in-law, ſhould not vouchſafe to yield unto you my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worſhip ſays, but to ſteal and carry her off. But the miſchief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor ſquire may go whiſtle for his reward; unleſs the damſel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the infanta, and he ſhare his misfortune with her, until it ſhall pleaſe heaven to ordain otherwiſe; for I believe his maſter may immediately give her to him for his lawful ſpouſe. That you may depend upon, ſaid Don Quixote. Since it is ſo, anſwered Sancho, there is no more to be done but to commend ourſelves to God, and let things take their courſe. God grant it, anſwered Don Quixote, as I deſire and you need, and let him be wretched who thinks himſelf ſo. Let him, in God's name, ſaid Sancho; for I am an old chriſtian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl. Ay, and more than enough, ſaid Don Quixote: but it matters not whether you are or no; for I being a king, can eaſily beſtow nobility on you, without your buying it, or doing me the leaſt ſervice; and, in creating you an earl, I make you a gentleman of courſe; and, ſay what they will, in good faith, they muſt ſtile you "your lordſhip," though it grieve them never ſo much. Do you think, quoth Sancho, I ſhould not know how to give authority to the indignity? Dignity, you ſhould ſay, and not indignity, ſaid his maſter. So let be, anſwered Sancho Pança: I ſay, I ſhould do well enough with it; for I aſſure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me ſo well, that every body ſaid I had a preſence fit to be

* That is, it is better to rob than to aſk charity.

warden

warden of the ſaid company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all ſhining with gold and pearls, like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to ſee me. You will make a goodly appearance indeed, ſaid Don Quixote: but it will be neceſſary to trim your beard a little oftener; for it is ſo rough and frowzy, that, if you do not ſhave with a razor every other day at leaſt, you will diſcover what you are a muſket-ſhot off. Why, ſaid Sancho, it is but taking a barber into the houſe, and giving him wages; and, if there be occaſion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horſe to a grandee. How came you to know, demanded Don Quixote, that grandees have their gentlemen of the horſe to follow them? I will tell you, ſaid Sancho: ſome years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I ſaw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they ſaid, was a very great lord: a man followed him on horſeback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I aſked, why that man did not ride by the other's ſide, but kept always behind him? they anſwered me, that it was his gentleman of the horſe, and that noblemen commonly have ſuch to follow them; and from that day to this I have never forgotten it. You are in the right, ſaid Don Quixote, and in the ſame manner you may carry about your barber; for all cuſtoms do not ariſe together, nor were they invented at once; and you may be the firſt earl, who carried about his barber after him: and indeed it is a greater truſt to ſhave the beard than to ſaddle a horſe. Leave the buſineſs of the barber to my care, ſaid Sancho; and let it be your worſhip's to procure yourſelf to be a king, and to make me an earl. So it ſhall be, anſwered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his eyes, he ſaw, what will be told in the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How Don Quixote set at liberty several unfortunate persons, who were carrying, much against their wills, to a place they did not like.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates, in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious history, that, presently after those discourses, which passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Pança his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all hand-cuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. And Sancho Pança, espying them, said: This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys. How! persons forced! quoth Don Quixote: is it possible the king should force any body? I say not so, answered Sancho, but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys per force. In short, replied Don Quixote, however it be, still they are going by force, and not with their own liking. It is so, said Sancho. Then, said his master, here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable. Consider, Sir, quoth Sancho, that justice, that is, the king himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes.

By this the chain of galley-slaves were come up, and Don Quixote, in most courteous terms, desired of the guard, that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes, why they conducted

thoſe perſons in that manner. One of the guards on horſeback anſwered, that they were ſlaves belonging to his majeſty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could ſay, or the other need know, of the matter. For all that, replied Don Quixote, I ſhould be glad to know from each of them in particular the cauſe of his misfortune. To theſe he added ſuch other courteous expreſſions, to induce them to tell him what he deſired, that the other horſeman ſaid: Though we have here the record and certificate of the ſentence of each of theſe wretches, this is no time to produce and read them: draw near, Sir, and aſk it of themſelves: they may inform you, if they pleaſe; and inform you they will, for they are ſuch as take a pleaſure both in acting and relating rogueries. With this leave (which Don Quixote would have taken though they had not given it) he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the firſt, for what offence he marched in ſuch evil plight. He anſwered, that he went in that manner for being in love. For that alone? replied Don Quixote: if they ſend folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long ſince have been rowing in them. It was not ſuch love as your worſhip imagines, ſaid the galley-ſlave: mine was the being ſo deeply enamoured of a flaſket of fine linen, and embracing it ſo cloſe, that, if juſtice had not taken it from me by force, I ſhould not have parted with it by my good-will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, ſo there was no place for the torture; the proceſs was ſhort; they accommodated my ſhoulders with a hundred laſhes, and have ſent me, by way of ſupplement, for three years to the Gurapas *, and there is an end of it. What are the Gurapas? quoth Don Quixote. The Gurapas are galleys, anſwered the ſlave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and ſaid he was born at Piedrahita. Don Quixote put the ſame queſtion

* A cant word.

to

to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected: but the first answered for him, and said: This gentleman goes for being a canary bird, I mean, for being a musician and a singer. How so? replied Don Quixote; are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers? Yes, Sir, replied the slave; for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony. Nay, said Don Quixote, I have heard say, "Who sings in grief, procures relief." This is the very reverse, said the slave; for here, he who sings once, weeps all his life after. I do not understand that, said Don Quixote. One of the guards said to him: Signor cavalier, to sing in an agony, means in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a Quatrero, that is, a stealer of cattle; and, because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. And he is always pensive and sad, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind, and those before, abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say No: for, say they, No contains the same number of letters as Ay; and it is lucky for a delinquent, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses; and, for my part, I think they are in the right of it. And I think so too, answered Don Quixote; who, passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others: who answered very readily, and with very little concern; I am going to Mesdames the Gurapas for five years, for wanting ten ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart, said Don Quixote, to redeem you from this misery. That, said the slave, is like having money at sea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I say this, because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats

you now offer me, I would have ſo greaſed the clerk's pen, and ſharpened my advocate's wit, that I ſhould have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodover in Toledo, and not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a hound; but God is great; patience; I ſay no more.

Don Quixote paſſed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aſpect, with a white beard reaching below his breaſt; who, hearing himſelf aſked the cauſe of his coming thither, began to weep, and anſwered not a word: but the fifth lent him a tongue, and ſaid: This honeſt gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the uſual proceſſion pompouſly apparelled and mounted *. That is, I ſuppoſe, ſaid Sancho, put to public ſhame. Right, replied the ſlave; and the offence, for which he underwent this puniſhment, was, his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would ſay, that this cavalier goes for pimping, and exerciſing the trade of a conjurer. Had it been merely for pimping, ſaid Don Quixote, he had not deſerved to row in, but to command, and be general of the galleys: for the office of a pimp is not a ſlight buſineſs, but an employment fit only for diſcreet perſons, and a moſt neceſſary one in a well regulated common-wealth; and none but perſons well born ought to exerciſe it; and in truth there ſhould be inſpectors and comptrollers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers; by which means many miſchiefs would be prevented, which now happen, becauſe this office and profeſſion is in the hands of fooliſh and ignorant perſons, ſuch as ſilly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of a few years ſtanding, and of ſmall

* Such malefactors as in England are ſet in the pillory, in Spain are carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an aſs, with their face to the tail; the crier going before and proclaiming their crime.

experience,

experience, who, in the greateſt exigency, and when there is occaſion for the moſt dexterous management and addreſs, ſuffer the morſel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and ſcarce know which is their right hand. I could go on, and aſſign the reaſons, why it would be expedient to make choice of proper perſons, to exerciſe an office ſo neceſſary in the commonwealth: but this is no proper place for it; and I may one day or other lay this matter before thoſe, who can provide a remedy. At preſent I only ſay, that the concern I felt at ſeeing thoſe gray hairs, and that venerable countenance, in ſo much diſtreſs for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizard: though I very well know, there are no ſorceries in the world, which can affect and force the will, as ſome fooliſh people imagine; for our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What ſome ſilly women and crafty knaves are wont to do, is, with certain mixtures and poiſons, to turn peoples brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love; it being, as I ſay, a thing impoſſible to force the will. It is ſo, ſaid the honeſt old fellow: and truly, Sir, as to being a wizard, I am not guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny it; but I never thought there was any harm in it; for the whole of my intention was, that all the world ſhould divert themſelves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles: but this good deſign could not ſave me from going whence I ſhall have no hope of returning, conſidering I am ſo loaden with years, and ſo troubled with the ſtrangury, which leaves me not a moment's repoſe: and here he began to weep, as at firſt; and Sancho was ſo moved with compaſſion, that he drew out from his boſom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was; who anſwered, not with leſs, but much more alacrity than the former: I am going

for making a little too free with two ſhe-couſin-germans of mine, and with two other couſin-germans not mine: in ſhort, I carried the jeſt ſo far with them all, that the reſult of it was the increaſing of kindred ſo intricately, that no caſuiſt can make it out. The whole was proved upon me; I had neither friends, nor money; my windpipe was in the utmoſt danger; I was ſentenced to the galleys for ſix years; I ſubmit; it is the puniſhment of my fault; I am young; life may laſt, and time brings every thing about: if your worſhip, ſignor cavalier, has any thing about you to relieve us poor wretches, God will repay you in heaven, and we will make it the buſineſs of our prayers to beſeech him, that your worſhip's life and health may be as long and proſperous, as your goodly preſence deſerves. This ſlave was in the habit of a ſtudent; and one of the guards ſaid, he was a great talker, and a very pretty Latiniſt.

Behind all theſe came a man ſome thirty years of age, of a goodly aſpect; only he ſeemed to thruſt one eye into the other; he was bound ſomewhat differently from the reſt; for he had a chain to his leg, ſo long, that it was faſtened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was faſtened to the chain, and the other, called a keep-friend, or friend's-foot, had two ſtreight irons, which came down from it to his waiſt, at the ends of which were fixed two manacles *, wherein his hands were ſecured with a huge padlock; inſomuch that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. Don Quixote aſked, why this man went fettered and ſhackled ſo much more than the reſt. The guard anſwered, becauſe he alone had committed more villanies than all the reſt put together; and that he was ſo bold and deſperate a villain, that, though they carried him in that manner, they were not ſecure

* The original is eſpoſas (ſpouſes) ſo called becauſe they joined the hands together like man and wife.

of

of him, but were ſtill afraid he would make his eſcape. What kind of villanies has he committed, ſaid Don Quixote, that they have deſerved no greater puniſhment than being ſent to the galleys? He goes for ten years ſaid the guard, which is a kind of civil death: you need only be told, that this honeſt gentleman is the famous Gines de Paſſamonte, alias Ginefillo de Parapilla. Fair and ſoftly, Signor commiſſary, ſaid then the ſlave; let us not be now lengthening out names and ſirnames. Gines is my name, and not Ginefillo; and Paſſamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you ſay; and let every one turn himſelf round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do. Speak with more reſpect, Sir thief above meaſure, replied the commiſſary, unleſs you will oblige me to ſilence you to your ſorrow. You may ſee, anſwered the ſlave, that man goeth as God pleaſeth; but ſomebody may learn one day, whether my name is Ginefillo de Parapilla, or no. Are you not called ſo, lying raſcal, ſaid the guard? They do call me ſo, anſwered Gines; but I will oblige them not to call me ſo, or I will flea them where I care not at preſent to ſay. Signor cavalier, continued he, if you have any thing to give us, give it us now, and God be with you; for you tire us with enquiring ſo much after other mens lives: if you would know mine, know that I am Gines de Paſſamonte, whoſe life is written by theſe very fingers. He ſays true, ſaid the commiſſary; for he himſelf has written his own hiſtory, as well as heart could wiſh, and has left the book in priſon, in pawn for two hundred reals. Ay, and I intend to redeem it, ſaid Gines, if it lay for two hundred ducats. What! is it ſo good, ſaid Don Quixote? So good, anſwered Gines, that woe be to Lazarillo de Tormes, and to all that have written or ſhall write in that way. What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truths ſo ingenious and entertaining, that no fictions can come up to them.

How is the book intituled? demanded Don Quixote. The Life of Gines de Paſſamonte, replied Gines himſelf. And is it finiſhed? quoth Don Quixote. How can it be finiſhed? anſwered he, ſince my life is not yet finiſhed? what is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being ſent this laſt time to the galleys. Then you have been there before, ſaid Don Quixote. Four years, the other time, replied Gines, to ſerve God and the king; and I know already the reliſh of the biſcuit and bull's-pizzle: nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, ſince I ſhall there have the opportunity of finiſhing my book: for I have a great many things to ſay, and in the galleys of Spain there is leiſure more than enough, though I ſhall not want much for what I have to write, becauſe I have it by heart. You ſeem to be a witty fellow, ſaid Don Quixote. And an unfortunate one, anſwered Gines; but misfortunes always purſue the ingenious. Purſue the villainous, ſaid the commiſſary. I have already deſired you Signor commiſſary, anſwered Paſſamonte, to go on fair and ſoftly; for your ſuperiors did not give you that ſtaff to miſuſe us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majeſty commands: now by the life of——I ſay no more; but the ſpots, which were contracted in the inn, may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and ſpeak better; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough.

The commiſſary lifted up his ſtaff, to ſtrike Paſſamonte, in return for his threats: but Don Quixote interpoſed, and deſired he would not abuſe him, ſince it was but fair, that he, who had his hands ſo tied up, ſhould have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning about to the whole ſtring, he ſaid: From all you have told me, deareſt brethren, I clearly gather that, though it be only to puniſh you for your crimes, you do not much reliſh the puniſhment you are going

to

to suffer, and that you go to it much against the grain and against your good-liking: and, perhaps, the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and in short the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you did not come off, as in justice you ought to have done. And I have so strong a persuasion, that this is the truth of the case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to shew in you the effect, for which heaven threw me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. But, knowing, that it is one part of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be done by fair, I will intreat these gentlemen your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose, and let you go in peace, there being people enough to serve the king for better reasons: for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those, whom God and nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards, added Don Quixote, these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world: there is a God in heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, they having no interest in the matter. I request this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance: but if you do it not willingly, this lance, and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it. This is pleasant fooling, answered the commissary; an admirable conceit he has hit upon at last: he would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, signor, and adjust that bason on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs in

a cat. You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot, answered Don Quixote; and so, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that, before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thrust of the lance. And it happened luckily for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold on their javelins, and fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity, which offered itself to them, of recovering their liberty, had not procured it, by breaking the chain, with which they were linked together. The hurry was such, that the guards now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in loosing of Gines de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and disembarrassed upon the plain; and, setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, with which levelling it, first at one, and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's gun, than from the shower of stones, which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened; for he imagined, that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, which, upon ringing a bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents; and so he told his master, and begged of him to be gone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. It is well, said Don Quixote; but I know what is now expedient to be done. Then having called

all the ſlaves together, who were in a fright, and had ſtripped the commiſſary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him, to know his pleaſure; when he thus addreſſed them. To be thankful for benefits received, is the property of perſons well born; and one of the ſins, at which God is moſt offended, is ingratitude. This I ſay, gentlemen, becauſe you have already found, by manifeſt experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompence whereof, my will and pleaſure is, that, loaden with this chain, which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately ſet out, and go to the city of Toboſo, and there preſent yourſelves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, and tell her, that her knight of the ſorrowful figure ſends you to preſent his ſervice to her; and recount to her every tittle and circumſtance of this memorable adventure, to the point of ſetting you at your wiſhed-for liberty: this done, you may go, in God's name, whither you liſt *.

Gines de Paſſamonte anſwered for them all, and ſaid: What your worſhip commands us, noble Sir, and our deliverer, is of all impoſſibilities the moſt impoſſible to be complied with: for we dare not be ſeen together on the road, but muſt go ſeparate and alone, each man by himſelf, and endeavour to hide ourſelves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who, doubtleſs, will be out in queſt of us. What your worſhip may, and ought to do, is, to change this ſervice and duty † to the lady

* This extravagant order of our knight's to the galley-ſlaves is copied from the like in Amadis de Gaul, b. 5. ch. 25. where Eſplandian aſks the captives, he had delivered from the giant Bramato's caſtle, what they intended to do with themſelves: they all anſwer, what he pleaſes to command. Then, quoth he, you ſhall only take a trip to Conſtantinople, to thank the princeſs Leoniana for the mercy God has beſtowed on you, through the means of a knight, who is her's; and to ſurrender yourſelves, and be at her diſpoſal.

† Montzago, a duty to the king upon cattle.

Dul-

Dulcinea del Toboſo into a certain number of Ave Maries and Credos, which we will ſay for the ſucceſs of your deſign; and this is what we may do, by day or by night, flying or repoſing, in peace or in war: but to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of Egypt, I ſay, to take our chains, and put ourſelves on the way to Toboſo, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning; and to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree. I vow then, quoth Don Quixote, already enraged, Don ſon of a whore, Don Gineſillo de Parapilla, or however you call yourſelf, you alone ſhall go, with your tail between your legs, and the whole chain upon your back. Paſſamonte, who was not over-paſſive, and had already perceived, that Don Quixote was not wiſer than he ſhould be, ſince he committed ſuch an extravagance as the ſetting them at liberty, ſeeing himſelf treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, ſtepping aſide, began to rain ſuch a ſhower of ſtones upon Don Quixote, that he could not contrive to cover himſelf with his buckler; and poor Rozinante made no more of the ſpur than if he had been made of braſs. Sancho got behind his aſs, and thereby ſheltered himſelf from the ſtorm and hail that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not ſcreen himſelf ſo well, but that he received I know not how many thumps on the body, with ſuch force, that they brought him to the ground; and ſcarce was he fallen, when the ſtudent ſet upon him, and, taking the baſon from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the ſhoulders, and then ſtruck it as often againſt the ground, whereby he almoſt broke it to pieces. They ſtripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have ſtripped him of his trowzers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from Sancho his cloke, leaving him in his doublet;

let *; and ſharing among themſelves the ſpoils of the battle, they made the beſt of their way off, each a ſeveral way, with more care how to eſcape the holy brotherhood they were in fear of, than to load themſelves with the chain, and to go and preſent themſelves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo.

The aſs and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themſelves; the aſs hanging his head and penſive, and now and then ſhaking his ears, thinking that the ſtorm of ſtones was not yet over, but ſtill whizzing about his head; Rozinante ſtretched along cloſe by his maſter, he alſo being knocked down with another ſtone; Sancho in his doublet, and afraid of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote very much out of humour, to find himſelf ſo ill treated by thoſe very perſons, to whom he had done ſo much good †.

CHAP. IX.

Of what befel the renowned Don Quixote in the ſable mountain, being one of the moſt curious and uncommon adventures of any related in this faithful hiſtory.

DON Quixote, finding himſelf ſo ill treated, ſaid to his ſquire: Sancho, I have always heard it ſaid, that to do good to low fellows, is to throw water

* En pelota. The phraſe ſignifies "to be ſtark naked." Pelota is likewiſe a garment formerly uſed in Spain, but now unknown. The reader will eaſily ſee, that it ought not to be underſtood here in the firſt of theſe ſenſes.

† The hint of this adventure of the galley-ſlaves was, perhaps, taken from Amadis de Gaul (b. 17. ch. 82.) where the giant Scardalangue ſurpriſes Miralda the fair, in her hall, with about thirty damſels more, and, by the help of his ſquire, ties them in a row with a cord, and drives them furiouſly down ſtairs, and along the road towards his own caſtle. In the way they are met by Amadis d'Aſtre, or the knight of Sadneſs, who kills the giant, and ſets the ladies at liberty.

into

into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I must have patience, and take warning from henceforward. Your worship will as much take warning, answered Sancho, as I am a Turk: but since you say, that, if you had believed me, you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world; and know, that I fancy already I hear their arrows* whizzing about my ears. Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho, said Don Quixote: but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will for once take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear so much; but upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell any body, that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril, out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your intreaties: for if you say otherwise, you will lye in so doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you, you lye, and will lye, every time you say, or think it: and reply no more; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of fear with it, makes me, that I now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees, and Castor and Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world. Sir, answered Sancho, retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom, when the danger over-balances the hope: and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all

* The troopers of the holy brotherhood carry bows and arrows.

upon

upon one throw. And know, though I am but a clown and a peaſant, I have yet ſome ſmattering of what is called good conduct: therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rozinante if you can, and if not, I will aſſiſt you; and follow me; for my noddle tells me, that for the preſent we have more need of heels than hands. Don Quixote mounted, without replying a word more; and, Sancho leading the way upon his aſs, they entered on one ſide of the ſable mountain *, which was hard by, it being Sancho's intention to paſs quite croſs it, and to get out at Viſo, or Almodovar del Campo, and to hide themſelves, for ſome days, among thoſe craggy rocks, that they might not be found, if the holy brotherhood ſhould come in queſt of them. He was encouraged to this by ſeeing, that the proviſions carried by his aſs † had eſcaped ſafe from the ſkirmiſh with the galley-ſlaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, conſidering what the ſlaves took away, and how narrowly they ſearched.

That night they got into the heart of the ſable mountain, where Sancho thought it convenient to paſs that night, and alſo ſome days, at leaſt as long as the proviſions he had with him laſted: ſo they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidſt abundance of cork-trees. But deſtiny, which, according to the opinion of thoſe, who have not the light of the true faith, guides faſhions, and diſpoſes all things its own way, ſo ordered it, that Gines de Paſſamonte, the famous cheat and robber, whom the

* Sierra morena. A great mountain (or rather chain of mountains, for ſo Sierra ſignifies) which divides the kingdom of Caſtile from the province of Andaluzia, and remarkable for being (morena) of a Mooriſh or ſwarthy colour.

† The proviſions were eaten before, and the wallet left in the inn for the reckoning; beſides, the looſe coat, or cloke, which the galley ſlaves had taken away from Sancho, had been made uſe of as a bag for the proviſions when they were firſt taken. Quære, how came Sancho by a freſh wallet of proviſions?

valour

valour and madneſs of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being juſtly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himſelf in thoſe very mountains; and his fortune and his fear carried him to the ſame place, where Don Quixote's and Sancho Pança's had carried them, juſt at the time he could diſtinguiſh who they were, and at the inſtant they were fallen aſleep. And, as the wicked are always ungrateful, and neceſſity puts people upon applying to ſhifts, and the preſent conveniency overcomes the conſideration of the future, Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, reſolved to ſteal Sancho Pança's aſs, making no account of Rozinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor ſaleable. Sancho Pança ſlept; the varlet ſtole his aſs; and, before it was day, he was too far off to be found.

Aurora iſſued forth, rejoicing the earth, and ſaddening Sancho Pança, who miſſed his Dapple, and, finding himſelf deprived of him, began the dolefulleſt lamentation in the world; and ſo loud it was, that Don Quixote awaked at his cries, and heard him ſay: O child of my bowels, born in my own houſe, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and laſtly, the half of my maintenance! for, with ſix and twenty Maravedis I earned every day by thy means, I half ſupported my family. Don Quixote, hearing the lamentation, and learning the cauſe, comforted Sancho with the beſt reaſons he could, and deſired him to have patience, promiſing to give him a bill of exchange for three young aſſes out of five he had left at home. Sancho was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his ſighs, and thanked his maſter for the kindneſs he ſhewed him. Don Quixote's heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains, ſuch kind of places ſeeming to him the moſt likely to furniſh him with thoſe adventures he was in queſt of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous

lous events, which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped and transported in them, that he remembered nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern (now that he thought he was out of danger) than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils: and thus, sitting sideling, as women do, upon his beast*, he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and stuffing his paunch: and, while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to have met with any new adventure whatever.

Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise up some heavy bundle that lay upon the ground: wherefore he made haste to assist him, if need were, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion, and a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn; but so heavy that Sancho was forced to alight and help to take it up; and his master ordered him to see what was in it. Sancho very readily obeyed; and, though the portmanteau

* It is scarce twenty lines, since Sancho lost his ass, and here he is upon his back again. The critics of that age fell unmercifully upon our author for this supposed blunder; the best excuse for which, if it be really a blunder, is Horace's Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus. But what if it was designed as a burlesque on the History of Montelion, knight of the oracle. ch. 23? There we find blunder upon blunder of this sort. Montelion, to rescue a lady, who had been carried away by giants, attacks, and slays one of them, who, within thirty lines in the same chapter, is alive again, and confabulating with his fellows. Another loses an arm in the same fight, and, the next morning, being attacked by Montelion, holds up both his hands for mercy. During the fight, Montelion receives a wound, and afterwards falls down in a swoon through loss of blood; at which the lady, fancying him dead, makes just such another lamentation over him, as Sancho does over Dapple. If Cervantes had this meaning (as most probably he had) the critics were fairly bit.

was

was secured with its chain and padlock, you might see through the breaches what it contained; which was, four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and, in an handkerchief, he found a good heap of gold crowns; and, as soon as he espied them, he cried: Blessed be heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure*. And searching further, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound. Don Quixote desired to have it, and bid him take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour; and emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the provender-bag. All which Don Quixote perceiving, he said: I am of opinion, Sancho (nor can it possibly be otherwise), that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote and secret part to bury him. It cannot be so, answered Sancho; for, had they been robbers, they would not have left this money here. You say right, said Don Quixote, and I cannot guess, nor think, what it should be: but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, whereby we may trace and discover what we want to know. He opened it, and the first thing he found was a kind of rough draught, but very legible, of a sonnet, which he read aloud that Sancho might hear it, to this purpose.

Or love doth nothing know, or cruel is,
Or my affliction equals not the cause
That doth condemn me to severest pains.
But if love be a god, we must suppose
His knowledge boundless, nor can cruelty
With reason be imputed to a god.

* The remembrance of this profitable adventure, and the hopes of meeting with such another, carry Sancho through many doubts and difficulties in the ensuing history.

Whence

Whence then the grief, the cruel pains, I feel?
Chloë, art thou the cauſe? impoſſible!
Such ill can ne'er ſubſiſt with ſo much good;
Nor does high heaven's beheſt ordain my fall.
I ſoon ſhall die; my fate's inevitable:
For where we know not the diſeaſe's cauſe,
A miracle alone can hit the cure.

From this parcel of verſes, quoth Sancho, nothing can be collected, unleſs by the Clue here given you can come at the whole bottom. What clue is here? ſaid Don Quixote. I thought, ſaid Sancho, your worſhip named a Clue. No, I ſaid Chloë, anſwered Don Quixote; and doubtleſs that is the name of the lady, whom the author of this ſonnet complains of; and, in faith, either he * is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art. So then, ſaid Sancho, your worſhip underſtands making Verſes too! Yes, and better than you think, anſwered Don Quixote; and you ſhall ſee I do, when you carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, written in verſe from top to bottom: for know, Sancho, that all or moſt of the knights-errant of times paſt were great poets, and great muſicians; theſe two accompliſhments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former knights have more of paſſion than elegance in them. Pray, Sir, read on farther, ſaid Sancho: perhaps you may find ſomething to ſatisfy us. Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and ſaid: This is in proſe, and ſeems to be a letter. A letter of buſineſs, Sir? demanded Sancho. By the beginning, it ſeems rather one of love, anſwered Don Quixote. Then pray, Sir, read it aloud, ſaid Sancho; for I mightily reliſh theſe love-matters. With all my heart, ſaid Don Quixote; and reading aloud, as Sancho deſired, he found it to this effect.

* Cervantes himſelf.

"Your

" Your promiſe, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place, from whence you will ſooner hear the news of my death, than the cauſe of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the ſake of one, who has larger poſſeſſions, but not more merit, than I. But, if virtue were a treaſure now in eſteem, I ſhould have had no reaſon to envy any man's good-fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedneſs: what your beauty built up, your behaviour has thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewell, O cauſer of my diſquiet; and may heaven grant, that your huſband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge which I do not deſire."

The letter being read, ſaid Don Quixote: We can gather little more from this, than from the verſes; only that he, who wrote it, is ſome ſlighted lover. And, turning over moſt of the book, he found other verſes and letters, ſome of which were legible, and ſome not: but the purport of them all was, complaints, lamentations, ſuſpicions, deſires, diſlikings, favours and ſlights, ſome extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored. While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in it, or in the ſaddle-cuſhion, which he did not ſearch, ſcrutinize, and look into; nor ſeam, which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick; that nothing might be loſt for want of diligence, or through careleſsneſs; ſuch a greedineſs the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, had excited in him. And though he found no more of them, he thought himſelf abundantly rewarded, by the leave given him to keep what he had found, for the toſſings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balſam, the benedictions of the pack-ſtaves, the cuffs

of

of the carrier, the loſs of the wallet, and the theft of his cloke; together with all the hunger, thirſt, and wearineſs he had undergone in his good maſter's ſervice.

The "knight of the ſorrowful figure" was extremely deſirous to know, who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing, by the ſonnet and the letter, by the money in gold *, and by the fineneſs of the ſhirts, that it muſt doubtleſs belong to ſome lover of condition, whom the ſlights and ill treatment of his miſtreſs had reduced to terms of deſpair. But, there being no one, in that uninhabitable and craggy place, to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward, which way ſoever Rozinante pleaſed, and that was wherever he found the way eaſieſt: ſtill poſſeſſed with the imagination, that he could not fail of meeting with ſome ſtrange adventure among thoſe briers and rocks.

As he thus went on muſing, he eſpied, on the top of an hillock, juſt before him, a man ſkipping from crag to crag, and from buſh to buſh, with extraordinary agility. He ſeemed to be naked, his beard black and buſhy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of ſad-coloured velvet, but ſo ragged, that his ſkin appeared through ſeveral parts. His head was bare; and, though he paſſed with the ſwiftneſs already mentioned, the "knight of the ſorrowful figure" ſaw and obſerved all theſe particulars: but, though he endeavoured to follow him, he could not; for it was not given to Rozinante's feebleneſs to make way through thoſe craggy places; and beſides he was naturally ſlow-footed and flegmatic. Don Quixote immediately fancied this muſt be the owner of the ſaddle-cuſhion and portmanteau, and ſo reſolved to go

* Gold was not current in thoſe days among the common people of Spain.

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in ſearch of him, though he were ſure to wander a whole year among thoſe mountains, before he ſhould find him; wherefore he commanded Sancho to cut ſhort over one ſide of the mountain, while he coaſted on the other, in hopes, that by this diligence they might light on the man, who had ſo ſuddenly vaniſhed out of their ſight. I cannot do it, anſwered Sancho; for the moment I offer to ſtir from your worſhip, fear is upon me, aſſaulting me with a thouſand kinds of terrors and apparitions: and let this ſerve to advertiſe you, that, from henceforward, I have not the power to ſtir a finger's breadth from your preſence. Be it ſo, ſaid he of "the ſorrowful figure," and I am very well pleaſed that you rely upon my courage, which ſhall never be wanting to you, though your very ſoul in your body ſhould fail you: and now follow me ſtep by ſtep, or as you can, and make ſpying-glaſſes of your eyes: we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we ſaw, who doubtleſs is the owner of what we have found. To which Sancho replied: It would be much more prudent not to look after him; for, if we ſhould find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I muſt reſtore it: and therefore it would be better, without this unneceſſary diligence, to keep poſſeſſion of it, "bona fide," until by ſome way leſs curious and officious, its true owner ſhall be found; and perhaps that may be at a time when I ſhall have ſpent it all, and then I am free by law. You deceive yourſelf in this, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote; for, ſince we have a ſuſpicion who is the right owner, we are obliged to ſeek him, and return it: and if we ſhould not look for him, the vehement ſuſpicion we have, that this may be he, makes us already as guilty, as if he really were. So that, friend Sancho, you ſhould be in no pain at ſearching after him, conſidering the uneaſineſs I ſhall be freed from in finding him. Then he pricked Rozinante on, and

Sancho

Sancho followed at the uſual rate: and, having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying in a brook, ſaddled and bridled, and half devoured by dogs and crows. All which confirmed them the more in the ſuſpicion that he, who fled from them, was owner of the mule and of the bundle.

While they ſtood looking at the mule, they heard a whiſtle, like that of a ſhepherd tending his flock; and preſently, on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, the goatherd that kept them, who was an old man. Don Quixote called aloud to him, and deſired him to come down to them. He anſwered as loudly, and demanded, who had brought them to that deſolate place, ſeldom or never trodden, unleſs by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beaſts, which frequented thoſe mountains? Sancho replied, if he would come down, they would ſatisfy his curioſity in every thing. The goatherd deſcended, and, coming to the place where Don Quixote was, he ſaid: I will lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom: in good faith, it has lain there theſe ſix months already. Pray tell me, have you lighted on his maſter hereabouts? We have lighted on nothing, anſwered Don Quixote, but a ſaddle-cuſhion and a ſmall portmanteau, which we found not far from hence. I found it too, anſwered the goatherd, but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of ſome miſchief, and leſt I ſhould be charged with having ſtolen it; for the devil is ſubtle, and lays ſtumbling-blocks and occaſions of falling in our way, without our knowing how or how not. I ſay ſo too, anſwered Sancho: for I alſo found it, and would not go within a ſtone's throw of it: there I left it, and there it lies as it was for me; for I will not have a dog with a bell. Tell me, honeſt man, ſaid Don Quixote, do you know who is the owner of theſe goods? What I know, ſaid the goatherd,

herd, is, that ſix months ago, more or leſs, there arrived at the huts of certain ſhepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on this very mule, which lies dead here, and with the ſame ſaddle-cuſhion and portmanteau, you ſay you found and touched not. He enquired of us, which part of this hill was the moſt craggy, and leaſt acceſſible. We told him, it was this where we now are: and ſo it is, truly; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not eaſily find the way out: and I admire how you could get even hither, ſince there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I ſay, hearing our anſwer, turned about his mule, and made toward the place we ſhewed him, leaving us all pleaſed with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his queſtion, and the haſte he made to reach the mountain: and, from that time, we ſaw him not again, until, ſome days after, he iſſued out upon one of our ſhepherds, and, without ſaying a word, came up to him, and gave him ſeveral cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our ſumpter-aſs, which he plundered of all the bread and cheeſe ſhe carried; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful ſwiftneſs. Some of us goatherds, knowing this, went almoſt two days in queſt of him, through the moſt intricate part of this craggy hill; and at laſt we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleneſs, his garment torn, and his face ſo disfigured and ſcorched by the ſun, that we ſhould ſcarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, with the deſcription given us of them, aſſured us he was the perſon we were in ſearch after. He ſaluted us courteouſly, and, in few, but complaiſant terms, bid us not wonder to ſee him in that condition, to which he was neceſſitated in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifold ſins. We intreated him

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to tell us who he was, but he could get no more out of him. We desired him likewise, that, when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, he would let us know where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him some; and, if this was not to his liking, that, at least, he would come out and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences passed, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for God's sake, without giving disturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he said, he had no other than what chance presented him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we, who heard him, must have been very stones not to have borne him company in them, considering what he was the first time we saw him, and what we saw him now to be: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and, by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, shewed himself to be well-born, and a court-like person: for though we, who heard him, were country-people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself even to rusticity. In the height of his discourse he stopped short, and stood silent, nailing his eyes to the ground for a considerable time, whilst we all stood still in suspence, waiting to see what that fit of distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight; for by his demeanor, his staring, and fixing his eyes unmoved for along while on the ground, and then shutting them again, by his biting his lips, and arching his brows, we easily judged, that some fit of madness was come upon him; and he quickly confirmed us in our suspicions, for he started up with great fury from the ground, on which he had just before thrown himself, and fell upon the first that stood next him with such resolution and rage, that, if we had not taken him off, he would have bit and

cuffed him to death. And all this while he cried out: Ah traitor Fernando! here, here you ſhall pay for the wrong you have done me; theſe hands ſhall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedneſs, and eſpecially deceit and treachery, do lurk and are harboured! And to theſe he added other expreſſions, all tending to revile the ſaid Fernando, and charging him with falſehood and treachery. We diſengaged him from our companion at laſt, with no ſmall difficulty; and he, without ſaying a word, left us, and plunged amidſt the thickeſt of the buſhes and briers; ſo that we could not poſſibly follow him. By this we gueſſed, that his madneſs returned by fits, and that ſome perſon, whoſe name is Fernando, muſt have done him ſome injury of as grievous a nature, as the condition, to which it has reduced him, ſufficiently declares. And this has been often confirmed to us, ſince that time, by his iſſuing out one while to beg of the ſhepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to take it from them by force: for, when the mad fit is upon him, though the ſhepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it; but, when he is in his ſenſes, he aſks it for God's ſake, with courteſy and civility, and is very thankful for it, not without ſhedding tears. And truly, gentlemen, I muſt tell you, purſued the goatherd, that yeſterday I, and four young ſwains, two of them my ſervants, and two my friends, reſolved to go in ſearch of him, and, having found him, either by force, or by fair means, to carry him to the town of Almodovar, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his diſtemper be curable; or at leaſt inform ourſelves who he is, when he is in his ſenſes, and whether he has any relations, to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you, in anſwer to your enquiry, by which you may underſtand, that the owner of the goods you found is the ſame, whom you ſaw paſs by

you

you so swiftly and so nakedly: for Don Quixote had already told him, how he had seen that man pass skipping over the craggy rocks.

Don Quixote was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd; and, having now a greater desire to learn who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved, as he had before purposed, to seek him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unsearched, until he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he thought or expected: for, in that very instant, the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming toward the place were they stood, and muttering to himself something, which could not be understood, though one were near him, much less at a distance. His dress was such as has been described: but, as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of amber; whence he positively concluded, that the person, who wore such apparel, could not be of the lowest quality. When the youth came up to them, he saluted them with an harsh unmusical accent, but with much civility. Don Quixote returned him the salute with no less complaisance, and alighting from Rozinante, with a genteel air and address advanced to embrace him, and held him a good space very close between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call "the ragged knight of the sorry figure" (as Don Quixote of the Sorrowful) after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and, laying both his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see whether he knew him; in no less admiration, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of Don Quixote, than Don Quixote was at the sight of him. In short, the first who spoke after the embracing,

was the "ragged knight," and he said what shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAP. X.

A continuation of the adventure of the sable mountain.

THE history relates, that great was the attention wherewith Don Quixote listened to the "ragged knight" of the mountain, who began his discourse thus: Assuredly, Signor, whoever you are (for I do not know you) I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility to me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my bare goodwill, for the kind reception you have given me: but my fortune allows me nothing but good wishes to return you, for your kind intentions towards me. Mine, answered Don Quixote, are to serve you, insomuch that I determined not to quit these mountains until I had found you, and learned from your own mouth, whether the affliction which, by your leading this strange life, seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and, if need were, to use all possible diligence to compass it; and though your misfortune were of that sort, which keep the door locked against all kind of comfort, I intended to assist you in bewailing and bemoaning it the best I could; for it is some relief in misfortunes, to find those who pity them. And, if you think my intention deserves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgment, I beseech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I see you are possessed of, I conjure you also by whatever in this life you have loved or do love most, to tell me, who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die, like a brute beast, amidst these solitudes; as you seem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner so unbecoming of yourself, if I may judge by your person, and what remains of your attire.

tire. And I swear, added Don Quixote, by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost of what my profession obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised. The "knight of the wood," hearing him of "the sorrowful figure" talk in this manner, did nothing but view him, and review him, and view him again from head to foot; and when he had surveyed him thoroughly, he said to him: If you have any thing to give me to eat, give it me, for God's sake, and when I have eaten, I will do all you command me, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed toward me.

Sancho immediately drew out of his wallet, and the goatherd out of his scrip, some meat, wherewith the "ragged knight" satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him, like a distracted person, so fast, that he took no time between one mouthful and another; for he rather devoured than eat: and, while he was eating, neither he nor the by-standers spoke a word. When he had done, he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow not far off, at the turning of a rock, a little out of the way. Where being arrived, he stretched himself along upon the grass, and the rest did the same: and all this without a word spoken, until the "ragged knight," having settled himself in his place, said: If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you in few words the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for, in the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more. These words brought to Don Quixote's memory the tale his squire had told him, which, by his mistaking the number of the goats that had passed

the river, remained ſtill unfiniſhed. But, to return to our "ragged knight;" he went on, ſaying: I give this caution, becauſe I would paſs briefly over the account of my misfortunes; for the bringing them back to my remembrance ſerves only to add new ones: and though the fewer queſtions I am aſked, the ſooner I ſhall have finiſhed my ſtory, yet will I not omit any material circumſtance, deſigning entirely to ſatisfy your deſire. Don Quixote promiſed, in the name of all the reſt, it ſhould be ſo; and, upon this aſſurance, he began in the following manner.

My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth one of the beſt cities of all Andaluzia; my family noble; my parents rich; my wretchedneſs ſo great, that my parents muſt have lamented it, and my relations felt it, without being able to remedy it by all their wealth; for the goods of fortune ſeldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes ſent from heaven. In this country there lived a heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory I could wiſh for. Such is the beauty of Lucinda, a damſel of as good a family and as rich as myſelf, but of more good fortune, and leſs conſtancy, than was due to my honourable intentions. This Lucinda I loved, courted, and adored from my childhood and tender years; and ſhe, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations, and were not diſpleaſed at them; foreſeeing that, if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage: a thing pointed out, as it were, by the equality of our birth and circumſtances. Our love increaſed with our years, inſomuch that Lucinda's father thought proper, for reaſons of decency, to deny me acceſs to his houſe; imitating, as it were, the parents of that Thiſbe, ſo celebrated by the poets. This reſtraint was only adding flame to flame, and deſire to deſire: for, though it was in their power to impoſe ſilence on our tongues, they could

could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with more freedom than the tongue; for oftentimes the presence of the beloved object disturbs and strikes mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O heavens! how many billet-doux did I write to her! what charming, what modest answers did I receive! how many sonnets did I pen! how many love-verses indite! in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its inflamed desires, cherished its remembrances, and gave a loose to its wishes. In short, finding myself at my wit's end, and my soul languishing with desire of seeing her, I resolved at once to put in execution what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward: and that was, to demand her of her father, for my lawful wife; which I accordingly did. He answered me, that he thanked me for the inclination I shewed to do him honour in my proposed alliance with his family; but that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand: for, without his full consent and approbation, Lucinda was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I returned him thanks for his kind intention, thinking there was reason in what he said, and that my father would come into it, as soon as I should break it to him. In that very instant, I went to acquaint my father with my desires; and, upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word, saying to me: By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination duke Ricardo has to do you service. This duke Ricardo, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andaluzia. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself judged, it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requested in it; which was,

that he would ſend me preſently to him, being deſirous to place me (not as a ſervant, but) as a companion to his eldeſt ſon; and that he engaged to put me into a poſt anſwerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and eſpecially when I heard my father ſay: Two days hence, Cardenio, you ſhall depart, to fulfil the duke's pleaſure; and give thanks to God, who is opening you a way to that preferment I know you deſerve. To theſe he added ſeveral other expreſſions, by way of fatherly admonition.

The time fixed for my departure came: I talked the night before to Lucinda, and told her all that had paſſed; and I did the ſame to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to diſpoſe of her, until I knew what duke Ricardo's pleaſure was with me. He promiſed me all I deſired; and ſhe, on her part, confirmed it, with a thouſand vows, and a thouſand faintings. I arrived at length where duke Ricardo reſided; who received and treated me with ſo much kindneſs, that envy preſently began to do her office, by poſſeſſing his old ſervants with an opinion, that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their intereſt. But the perſon the moſt pleaſed with my being there, was a ſecond ſon of the duke's, called Fernando, a ſprightly young gentleman, of a genteel, generous, and amorous diſpoſition, who, in a ſhort time, contracted ſo intimate a friendſhip with me, that it became the ſubject of every body's diſcourſe; and though I had a great ſhare likewiſe in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that diſtinguiſhing manner in which Don Fernando loved and treated me. Now, as there is no ſecret which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy I held with Don Fernando ceaſed to be barely ſuch by being converted into friendſhip, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and eſpecially one relating to his being

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in love, which gave him no ſmall diſquiet. He loved a country girl, a vaſſal of his father's: her parents were very rich, and ſhe herſelf was ſo beautiful, reſerved, diſcreet, and modeſt, that no one who knew her could determine, in which of theſe qualifications ſhe moſt excelled, or was moſt accompliſhed. Theſe perfections of the country-maid raiſed Don Fernando's deſires to ſuch pitch, that he reſolved, in order to carry his point, and ſubdue the chaſtity of the maiden, to give her his promiſe to marry her; for otherwiſe it would have been to attempt an impoſſibility. The obligation I was under to his friendſhip put me upon uſing the beſt reaſons, and the moſt lively examples, I could think of, to divert and diſſuade him from ſuch a purpoſe. But, finding it was all in vain, I reſolved to acquaint his father, duke Ricardo, with the affair. Don Fernando, being ſharp-ſighted and artful, ſuſpected and feared no leſs, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful ſervant, not to conceal from my lord and maſter the duke a matter ſo prejudicial to his honour: and therefore, to amuſe and deceive me, he ſaid, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had ſo captivated him, than to abſent himſelf for ſome months: and this abſence, he ſaid, ſhould be effected by our going together to my father's houſe, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of ſeeing and cheapening ſome very fine horſes in our town, which produces the beſt in the world. Scarcely had I heard him ſay this, when prompted by my own love, I approved of his propoſal, as one of the beſt concerted imaginable, and ſhould have done ſo, had it not been ſo plauſable a one, ſince it afforded me ſo good an opportunity of returning to ſee my dear Lucinda. Upon this motive, I came into his opinion, and ſeconded his deſign, deſiring him to put it in execution as ſoon as poſſible; ſince, probably, abſence might have its effect in ſpight of the ſtrongeſt inclinations. At the

very time he made this propoſal to me, he had already, as appeared afterwards, enjoyed the maiden, under the title of a huſband, and only waited for a convenient ſeaſon to divulge it with ſafety to himſelf, being afraid of what the duke his father might do, when he ſhould hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is, for the moſt part, nothing but appetite, and as pleaſure is its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what ſeemed to be love vaniſhes, becauſe it cannot paſs the bounds aſſigned by nature; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would ſay, that, when Don Fernando had enjoyed the country girl, his deſires grew faint, and his fondneſs abated; ſo that, in reality, that abſence, which he propoſed as a remedy for his paſſion, he only choſe in order to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company.

We came to our town; my father received him according to his quality: I immediately viſited Lucinda; my paſſion revived, though, in truth, it had been neither dead nor aſleep: unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando, thinking that, by the laws of friendſhip, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in ſo lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour, and diſcretion of Lucinda, that my praiſes excited in him a deſire of ſeeing a damſel endowed with ſuch fine accompliſhments. I complied with it, to my misfortune, and ſhewed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two uſed to converſe together. She appeared to him, though in an undreſs, ſo charming, as to blot out of his memory all the beauties he had ever ſeen before. He was ſtruck dumb; he loſt all ſenſe; he was tranſported; in ſhort, he fell in love to ſuch a degree, as will appear by the ſequel of the ſtory of my misfortunes. And, the more to inflame his deſire, which he concealed from me, and diſcloſed to heaven

ven alone, fortune ſo ordered it, that he one day found a letter of hers to me, deſiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, ſo ingenious, ſo modeſt, and ſo full of tenderneſs, that, when he had read it, he declared to me, that he thought in Lucinda alone were united all the graces of beauty and good ſenſe, which are diſperſed and divided among the reſt of her ſex. True it is (I confeſs it now) that though I knew what juſt grounds Don Fernando had to commend Lucinda, I was grieved to hear thoſe commendations from his mouth: I began to fear and ſuſpect him; for he was every moment putting me upon talking of Lucinda, and would begin the diſcourſe himſelf, tho' he brought it in never ſo abruptly: which awakened in me I know not what jealouſy; and, though I did not fear any change in the goodneſs and fidelity of Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the very thing they ſecured me againſt. Don Fernando conſtantly procured a ſight of the letters I wrote to Lucinda, and her anſwers, under pretence that he was mightily pleaſed with the wit of both. Now it fell out, that Lucinda, who was very fond of books of chivalry, having deſired me to lend her that of Amadis de Gaul——

Scarce had Don Quixote heard him mention books of chivalry, when he ſaid: Had you told me, Sir, at the beginning of your ſtory, that the lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the ſublimity of her underſtanding; for it could never have been ſo excellent as you have deſcribed it, had ſhe wanted a reliſh for ſuch ſavoury reading: ſo that, with reſpect to me, it is needleſs to waſte more words in diſplaying her beauty, worth, and underſtanding; for, from only knowing her taſte, I pronounce her to be the moſt beautiful and the moſt ingenious woman in the world. And I wiſh, Sir, that, together with Amadis de Gaul, you had ſent her the good Don

Rugel of Greece; for I know that the lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraida and Garaya, and the witty conceits of the ſhepherd Darinel; alſo with thoſe admirable verſes of his Bucolics, which he ſung and repeated with ſo much good humour, wit, and freedom: but the time may come when this fault may be amended, and the reparation may be made, as ſoon as ever you will be pleaſed, Sir, to come with me to our town; where I can furniſh you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my ſoul, and the entertainment of my life; though, upon ſecond thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promiſed; but, when I hear of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them, as the beams of the ſun can ceaſe to give heat, or thoſe of the moon to moiſten. So that, pray excuſe me, and go on; for that is of moſt importance to us at preſent.

While Don Quixote was ſaying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breaſt, with all the ſigns of being profoundly thoughtful; and though Don Quixote twice deſired him to continue his ſtory, he neither lifted up his head, nor anſwered a word. But, after ſome time, he raiſed it, and ſaid: I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one perſuade me to the contrary, and he muſt be a blockhead who underſtands or believes otherwiſe, but that that great villain maſter Eliſabat lay with queen Madaſima *. It is falſe, I ſwear, anſwered Don Quixote, in great wrath; it is extreme malice, or rather villainy, to ſay ſo: queen Madaſima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be pre-

* Eliſabat is a ſkilful ſurgeon, in Amadis de Gaul, who performs wonderful cures; and queen Madaſima is wife to Gantaſi, and makes a great figure in the aforeſaid romance. They travel and lie together in woods and deſarts, without any imputation on her honour.

ſumed,

ſumed, that ſo high a princeſs ſhould lie with a quack; and whoever pretends ſhe did, lyes like a very great raſcal: and I will make him know it on foot or on horſeback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleaſes. Cardenio ſat looking at him very attentively; and, the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to proſecute his ſtory; neither would Don Quixote have heard him, ſo diſguſted was he at what he had heard of Madaſima: and ſtrange it was to ſee him take her part with as much earneſtneſs, as if ſhe had really been his true and natural princeſs; ſo far had his curſed books turned his head.

I ſay then, that Cardenio, being now mad, and hearing himſelf called liar and villain, with other ſuch opprobrious words, did not like the jeſt; and, catching up a ſtone that lay cloſe by him, he gave Don Quixote ſuch a thump with it on the breaſt, that it tumbled him down backward. Sancho Pança, ſeeing his maſter handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fiſt; and the ragged knight received him in ſuch ſort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet; and preſently, getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better; and when he had beaten and threſhed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidſt the rocks. Sancho got up in a rage to find himſelf ſo roughly handled, and ſo undeſervedly withal; and was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, he was in fault for not having given them warning that this man had his mad fits; for had they known as much, they ſhould have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd anſwered, that he had already given them notice of it, and that, if he had not heard it, the fault was none of his. Sancho Pança replied, and the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended

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in taking one another by the beard, and cuffing one another ſo, that, if Don Quixote had not made peace between them, they would have beat one another to pieces. Sancho, ſtill keeping faſt hold of the goatherd, ſaid: Let me alone, ſir knight of the ſorrowful figure; for, this fellow being a bumkin, like myſelf, and not dubbed a knight, I may very ſafely revenge myſelf on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour. True, ſaid Don Quixote: but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened. Herewith he pacified them; and Don Quixote enquired again of the goatherd, whether it were poſſible to find out Cardenio; for he had a mighty deſire to learn the end of his ſtory. The goatherd told him, as at firſt, that he did not certainly know his haunts; but that, if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his ſenſes.

CHAP. XI.

Which treats of the ſtrange things that befel the valiant knight of la Mancha in the ſable mountain; and how he imitated the penance of Beltenebros.

DON Quixote took his leave of the goatherd, and mounting again on Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him; which he did with a very ill will. They jogged on ſoftly, entering into the moſt craggy part of the mountain; and Sancho was ready to burſt for want of ſome talk with his maſter, but would fain have had him begin the diſcourſe, that he might not break through what he had enjoined him: but, not being able to endure ſo long a ſilence, he ſaid to him: Signor Don Quixote, be pleaſed to give me your worſhip's bleſſing, and my diſmiſſion; for I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I ſhall, at leaſt, have the privilege of talking, and ſpeaking my mind; for, to deſire me

me to bear your worſhip company through theſe ſolitudes, night and day, without ſuffering me to talk when I liſt, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it, that beaſts ſhould talk now, as they did in the days of Guiſopete *, it had not been quite ſo bad; ſince I might then have communed with my aſs as I pleaſed, and thus have forgotten my ill-fortune: for it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in queſt of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, toſſings in a blanket, and brick-bat bangs, and, with all this, to ſew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb. I underſtand you, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote; you are impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue: ſuppoſe it taken off, and ſay what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to laſt no longer than whilſt we are wandering among theſe craggy rocks. Be it ſo, ſaid Sancho: let me talk now, for God knows what will be hereafter. And ſo beginning to enjoy the benefit of this licenſe, I ſay; What had your worſhip to do to ſtand up ſo warmly for that ſame queen Magimaſa, or what's her name? or, what was it to the purpoſe, whether that abbot † was her galant, or no? for, had you let that paſs, ſeeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his ſtory, and you would have eſcaped the thump with the ſtone, the kicks, and above half a dozen buffets.

In faith, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, if you did but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady queen Madaſima was, I am certain you would own I had a great deal of patience, that I did not daſh to pieces that mouth, out of which ſuch

* Meaning Æſop, I ſuppoſe.

† Abad. Sancho, remembering only the latter part of maſter Eliſabat's name, pleaſantly calls him an abbot.

blaſphemies iſſued. For it is very great blaſphemy to ſay, or even to think, that a queen ſhould be punk to a barber-ſurgeon. The truth of the ſtory is, that that ſame maſter Eliſabat, whom the madman ſpoke of, was a very prudent man, and of a very ſound judgment, and ſerved as tutor and phyſician to the queen: but, to think ſhe was his paramour, is an impertinence that deſerves to be ſeverely chaſtiſed. And, to ſhew you that Cardenio did not know what he ſaid, you may remember, that, when he ſaid it, he was out of his wits. So ſay I, quoth Sancho; and therefore no account ſhould have been made of his words; for, if good-fortune had not been your friend, and the flint-ſtone had been directed at your head, as it was at your breaſt, we had been in a fine condition for ſtanding up in defence of that dear lady, whom God confound. Beſides, do you think Cardenio, if he had killed you, he would not have come off, as being a madman? A knight-errant, anſwered Don Quixote, is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, both againſt men in their ſenſes, and thoſe out of them; how much more then ſhould he ſtand up in defence of queens of ſuch high degree and worth, as was queen Madaſima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her good parts: for, beſides her being extremely beautiful, ſhe was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which ſhe had many. And the counſels and company of maſter Eliſabat were of great uſe and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her ſufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occaſion to think and talk, that ſhe was his paramour: and I ſay again, they lye, and will lye two hundred times more, all who ſay, or think her ſo. I neither ſay, nor think ſo, anſwered Sancho; let thoſe who ſay it eat the lye, and ſwallow it with their bread: whether they were guilty, or no, they have given an account to God before now: I come from my vineyard; I know nothing;

thing; I am no friend to enquiring into other men's lives; for he that buys and lyes, ſhall find the lye left in his purſe behind: beſides, naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win, nor loſe; if they were guilty, what is that to me? Many think to find bacon, where there is not ſo much as a pin to hang it on: but, who can hedge in the cuckow? Eſpecially, do they ſpare God himſelf? God be my aid, quoth Don Quixote, what a parcel of impertinencies are you ſtringing! what has the ſubject we are upon to do with the proverbs you are threading like beads! Pr'ythee, Sancho, hold your tongue, and henceforward mind ſpurring your aſs, and forbear meddling with what does not concern you. And underſtand, with all your five ſenſes, that whatever I have done, do, or ſhall do, is highly reaſonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights who have profeſſed it in the world. Sir, replied Sancho, is it a good rule of chivalry, that we go wandering through theſe mountains, without path or road, in queſt of a madman, who, perhaps, when he is found, will have a mind to finiſh what he begun, not his ſtory, but the breaking of your head, and my ribs.

Peace, I ſay, Sancho, once again, ſaid Don Quixote: for know, that it is not barely the deſire of finding the madman that brings me to theſe parts, but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them, whereby I ſhall acquire a perpetual name and renown over the face of the whole earth: and it ſhall be ſuch an one as ſhall ſet the ſeal to all that can render a knight-errant complete and famous. And is the ſame exploit a very dangerous one? quoth Sancho Pança. No, anſwered he of the ſorrowful figure; though the die may chance to run ſo, that we may have an unlucky throw: but the whole will depend upon your diligence. Upon my diligence! quoth Sancho. Yes, ſaid Don Quixote; for if you return ſpeedily from the

the place whither I intend to send you, my pain will soon be over, and my glory will presently commence: and, because it is not expedient to keep you any longer in suspence, waiting to know what my discourse drives at, understand, Sancho, that the famous Amadis de Gaul was one of the most complete knights-errant: I should not have said one of; he was the sole, the principal, the only one, in short the prince of all that were in his time in the world. A fig for Don Belianis, and for all those who say he equalled him in any thing! for, I swear, they are mistaken. I say also, that, if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters he knows. And the same rule holds good for all other arts and sciences, that serve as ornaments of the commonwealth. In like manner, whoever aspires to the character of prudent and patient, must imitate Ulysses, in whose person and toils Homer draws a lively picture of prudence and patience; as Virgil also does of a pious son, and a valiant and expert captain, in the person of Æneas; not delineating or describing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to serve as patterns of virtue to succeeding generations. In this very manner was Amadis the polar, the morning star, and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and he whom all we, who militate under the banners of love and chivalry, ought to follow. This being so, friend Sancho, the knight-errant, who imitates him the most nearly, will, I take it, stand the fairest to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. And one circumstance, in which this knight most eminently discovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy, and love, was his retiring, when disdained by the lady Oriana, to do penance in the poor rock, changing his name to that of Beltenebros *; a name most certainly significant, and

* The Lovely Obscure.

proper

proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. Now, it is easier for me to copy after him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments. And, since this place is so well adapted for the purpose, there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity, which now so commodiously offers me its forelock.

In effect, quoth Sancho, what is it your worship intends to do in so remote a place as this? Have I not told you, answered Don Quixote, that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperado, the senseless, and the madman; at the same time copying the valiant Don Orlando, when he found, by the side of a fountain, some indications that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro: at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thousand other extravagancies, worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance. And, supposing that I do not intend to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando (for he had all these three names) in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, and thought, I will make a sketch of them the best I can, in what I judge the most essential. And, perhaps, I may satisfy myself with only copying Amadis, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, by weepings and tendernesses, arrived to as great fame as the best of them all. It seems to me, quoth Sancho, that the knights, who acted in such manner, were provoked to it, and had a reason for doing these follies and penances: but, pray, what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered, to convince you, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has committed folly

folly either with Moor * or chriſtian? There lies the point, anſwered Don Quixote, and in this conſiſts the fineſſe of my affair: a knight-errant, who runs mad upon a juſt occaſion, deſerves no thanks; but to do ſo without reaſon, is the buſineſs, giving my lady to underſtand, what I ſhould perform in the wet, if I do this in the dry †. How much rather, ſince I have cauſe enough given me, by being ſo long abſent from my ever-honoured lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; for, as you may have heard from that whilome ſhepherd, Ambroſio, "The abſent feel and fear every ill." So that, friend Sancho, do not waſte time in counſelling me to quit ſo rare, ſo happy, and ſo unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I muſt be, until your return with an anſwer to a letter I intend to ſend by you to my lady Dulcinea: and, if it proves ſuch as my fidelity deſerves, my madneſs and my penance will be at an end: but, if it proves the contrary, I ſhall be mad in earneſt; and, being ſo, ſhall feel nothing: ſo that, what anſwer ſoever ſhe returns, I ſhall get out of the conflict and pain, wherein you leave me, either enjoying the good you ſhall bring, if in my ſenſes; or not feeling the ill you bring, if out of them.

But tell me, Sancho, have you taken care of Mambrino's helmet, which I ſaw you take off the ground, when that graceleſs fellow would have broken it to pieces, but could not? whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper. To which Sancho anſwered: As God liveth, Sir knight of the ſorrowful figure, I cannot endure nor bear with patience ſome things your worſhip ſays: they are enough to make me

* Sancho ſeems here to miſtake Medoro, the name of Angelica's ſuppoſed gallant, for Moro, which ſignifies a Moor.

† A profane alluſion to that text of ſcripture; "if they do theſe things in a green tree, what ſhall be done in the dry?" Luke xxiii. 31. Don Quixote's meaning is—She may gueſs what I would do, if occaſion were given me, ſince I can do ſo much without any.

think,

think, that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of beſtowing iſlands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the cuſtom of knights-errant, muſt be mere vapour, and a lye, and all friction, or fiction, or how do you call it? for, to hear you ſay, that a barber's baſon is Mambrino's helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in ſeveral days, what can one think, but that he, who ſays and affirms ſuch a thing, muſt be addle-brained? I have the baſon in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the uſe of my beard, if God be ſo gracious to me, as to reſtore me one time or other to my wife and children. Behold, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, I ſwear likewiſe, that thou haſt the ſhalloweſt brain that any ſquire has, or ever had, in the world. Is it poſſible, that in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive, that all matters relating to knights-errant appear chimeras, follies, and extravagancies, and ſeem all done by the rule of contraries? not that they are in reality ſo, but becauſe there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who alter and diſguiſe all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleaſure, and as they are inclined to favour or diſtreſs us: hence it is, that this, which appears to you a barber's baſon, appears to me Mambrino's helmet, and to another will perhaps appear ſomething elſe: and it was a ſingular foreſight of the ſage my friend, to make that appear to every body to be a baſon, which, really and truly, is Mambrino's helmet: becauſe, being of ſo great value, all the world would perſecute me, in order to take it from me; but now, that they take it for nothing but a barber's baſon, they do not trouble themſelves to get it; as was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off: for, in faith, had he known what it was, he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend; for I have no need of it

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at preſent: I rather think of putting off all my armour, and being naked as I was born, in caſe I ſhould have more mind to copy Orlando, in my penance, than Amadis.

While they were thus diſcourſing, they arrived at the foot of a ſteep rock, which ſtood alone among ſeveral others that ſurrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from the reſt. By its ſkirts ran a gentle ſtream, and it was encircled by a meadow ſo verdant and fertile, that it delighted the eyes of all who beheld it. There grew about it ſeveral foreſt-trees, and ſome plants and flowers, which added greatly to the pleaſantneſs of the place. This was the ſcene, in which the knight of the ſorrowful figure choſe to perform his penance; and upon viewing it, he thus broke out in a loud voice, as if he had been beſide himſelf. This is the place, O ye heavens, which I ſelect and appoint for bewailing the misfortune, in which yourſelves have involved me. This is the ſpot, where my flowing tears ſhall increaſe the waters of this cryſtal rivulet, and my continual and profound ſighs ſhall inceſſantly move the leaves of theſe lofty trees, in teſtimony and token of the pain my perſecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that inhabit theſe remote deſarts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long abſence, and ſome pangs of jealouſy, have driven to bewail himſelf among theſe craggy rocks, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmoſt exent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty. O ye wood-nymphs and dryads, who are accuſtomed to inhabit the cloſeſt receſſes of the mountains (ſo may the nimble and laſcivious ſatyrs, by whom you are beloved in vain, never diſturb your ſweet repoſe) aſſiſt me to lament my hard fate, or at leaſt be not weary of hearing my moan. O Dulcinea del Toboſo, light of my darkneſs, glory of my pain, the north-ſtar of my travels, and over-ruling planet of my fortune (ſo may heaven proſper you in what-

whatever you pray for) consider, I beseech you, the place and state, to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity. O ye solitary trees, who, from henceforth, are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my person. And, O thou my squire, agreeable companion in my most prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint in thy memory what thou shalt see me here perform, that thou mayest recount and recite it to her, who is the sole cause of it all. And saying this, he alighted from Rozinante, and in an instant took off his bridle and saddle; and, giving him a slap on the buttocks, said to him: O steed, as excellent for thy performances as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written in thy forehead, that neither Astolpho's Hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino, which cost Bradamante so dear, could match thee in speed *.

Sancho, observing all this, said: God's peace be with him who saved us the trouble of unpannelling Dapple †; for in faith he should not have wanted a slap on the buttocks, nor a speech in his praise: but if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it; for he had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased God. And truly, sir knight of the sorrowful figure, if it be so, that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rozinante again, that he

* Here Don Quixote imitates the knight of the sun, who bewails his condition in the solitary island, and makes just such another speech to his horse Cornerino, who grazes near him. Chev. del Febo, c. 23.

† Here Dapple is lost again, though he has been with Sancho ever since the very morning that Gines stole him, until the minute that the bill for the colts was to be given.

may

may ſupply the loſe of my Dapple, and ſave me time in going and coming; for if I go on foot, I know not when I ſhall get thither, nor when return, being in truth a ſorry footman. Be it as you will, anſwered Don Quixote; for I do not diſapprove your project; and I ſay you ſhall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to ſhew you what I do and ſay for her, that you may tell it her. What have I more to ſee, quoth Sancho, than what I have already ſeen? You are very far from being perfect in the ſtory, anſwered Don Quixote; for I have not yet torn my garments, ſcattered my arms about, and daſhed my head againſt theſe rocks, with other things of the like ſort, that will ſtrike you with admiration. For the love of God, ſaid Sancho, have a care how you give yourſelf thoſe knocks; for you may chance to light upon ſuch an unlucky point of a rock, that at the firſt daſh you may diſſolve the whole machine of this penance: and I ſhould think, ſince your worſhip is of opinion, that knocks of the head are neceſſary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourſelf (ſince all is a fiction, a counterfeit, and a ſham) I ſay, you might content yourſelf with running your head againſt water, or ſome ſoft thing, ſuch as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady, that you daſhed your head againſt the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond. I thank you for your good-will, friend Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote; but I would have you to know, that all theſe things that I do are not in jeſt, but very good earneſt: for otherwiſe, it would be to tranſgreſs the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lye at all, on pain of being puniſhed as apoſtates; and the doing one thing for another is the ſame as lying. And therefore my knocks on the head muſt be real, ſubſtantial, and ſound ones, without equivocation or mental reſervation. However, it will be neceſſary to leave me ſome lint to heal me, ſince fortune will have

have it that we have loſt the balſam. It was worſe to loſe the aſs, anſwered Sancho; for, in loſing him, we loſt lint and every thing elſe; and I beſeech your worſhip not to put me in mind of that curſed drench; for, in barely hearing it mentioned, my very ſoul is turned upſide-down, not to ſay my ſtomach. As for the three days allowed me for ſeeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beſeech you, that they are already paſſed; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady: and write you the letter, and diſpatch me quickly; for I long to come back, and releaſe your worſhip from this purgatory, wherein I leave you. Purgatory, do you call it, Sancho? ſaid Don Quixote. Call it rather Hell, or worſe, if any thing can be worſe. I have heard ſay, quoth Sancho, that "out of hell there is no retention*." I know not, ſaid Don Quixote, what retention means. Retention, anſwered Sancho, means, that he, who is once in hell, never does, nor ever can get out. But it will be quite the reverſe with your worſhip, or it ſhall go hard with my heels, if I have but ſpurs to enliven Rozinante: and let me but once get to Toboſo, and into the preſence of my lady Dulcinea, and I warrant you I will tell her ſuch a ſtory of the fooliſh and mad things (for they are all no better) which your worſhip has done, and is doing, that I ſhall bring her to be as ſupple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree; with whoſe ſweet and honeyed anſwer I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your worſhip out of this purgatory, which ſeems a hell, and is not, becauſe there is hope to get out of it; which, as I have ſaid, none can have that are in hell; nor do I believe you will ſay otherwiſe.

That is true, anſwered he of the ſorrowful figure; but how ſhall we contrive to write the letter? And the aſs-colt bill? added Sancho. Nothing ſhall be

* Redemption, he means.

omitted, said Don Quixote; and, since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present, as with paper. But, now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in Cardenio's pocket-book, and you will take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper, in the first town you come to, where there is a schoolmaster; or, if there be none, any parish-clerk will transcribe it for you: but be sure you give it to no hackney-writer of the law; for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded court-hand. But what must we do about the signing it with your own hand? said Sancho. Billet-doux are never subscribed, answered Don Quixote. Very well, replied Sancho; but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself; for, if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall be forced to go without the colts. The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book; and, at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus; "Yours, until death, the knight of the sorrowful figure." And it is no great matter, if it be in another hand; for, by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter, or writing, of mine in her whole life; for our loves have always been of the Platonic kind, extending no farther than to modest looks at one another; and even those so very rarely, that I dare truly swear, in twelve years that I have loved her more than the sight of these eyes, which the earth must one day devour, I have not seen her four times; and, perhaps, of these four times she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness, with which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza Nogales have brought her up.

Hey day! quoth Sancho, what the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo! is she the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, alias Aldonza Lorenzo? It is even she, said Don Quixote; and she, who deserves to be mistress of the universe. I know her well, quoth Sancho; and I can assure you, she will pitch the bar with the luftiest swain in the parish: Long live the giver; why, she is a mettled lass, tall, straight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress. O the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got one day upon the church-steeple, to call some young ploughmen, who were in the field of her father's; and, though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower: and the best of her is, that she is not at all coy; for she has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jest and a may-game of every body. I say then, "Sir knight of the sorrowful figure," that you not only may, and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself, and nobody that hears it but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her; for I have not seen her this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered; for it mightily spoils womens faces, to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I confess to your worship, Signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been in a great error; for I thought for certain, that the lady Dulcinea was some great princess, with whom you was in love, or at least some person of such great quality, as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the Biscainer, as that of the galley-slaves; and many others there must have been, considering the many victories you must have gained, before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the lady Aldonza Lo-

renzo (I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo) to have the vanquiſhed, whom your worſhip ſends or may ſend, fall upon their knees before her? for who knows but at the time they arrive, ſhe may be carding flax, or threſhing in the barn, and they may be aſhamed to ſee her, and ſhe may laugh, or be diſguſted at the preſent? I have often told thee, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that thou art an eternal babler; and, though void of wit, your bluntneſs often occaſions ſmarting: but, to convince you at once of your folly, and my diſcretion, I will tell you a ſhort ſtory:

Know then, that a certain widow, handſome, young, gay, and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, ſtrapping, well-ſet, lay-brother. His ſuperior heard of it, and one day took occaſion to ſay to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehenſion: I wonder, madam, and not without great reaſon, that a woman of ſuch quality, ſo beautiful, and ſo rich, ſhould fall in love with ſuch a deſpicable, mean, ſilly fellow, when there are, in this houſe, ſo many graduates, dignitaries, and divines, among whom you might pick and chooſe, as you would among pears, and ſay, this I like, that I do not like. But ſhe anſwered him, with great frankneſs and good-humour: you are much miſtaken, worthy Sir, and think altogether in the old faſhioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how ſilly ſoever he may appear, ſince, for the purpoſe I intend him, he knows as much or more philoſophy than Ariſtotle himſelf. In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboſo, for the purpoſe I intend her, deſerves as highly as the greateſt princeſs on earth. The poets, who have celebrated the praiſes of ladies under fictitious names, impoſed at pleaſure, had not all of them real miſtreſſes. Thinkeſt thou, that the Amaryllis's, the Phyllis's, the Silvia's, the Diana's, the Galatea's, the Alida's, and the like, of whom books, ballads, barber's-ſhops, and ſtage-plays, are full, were really

really miſtreſſes of fleſh and blood, and to thoſe who do, and have celebrated them? No, certainly, but they are for the moſt part feigned, on purpoſe to be the ſubjects of their verſe, and to make the authors paſs for men of gallant and amorous diſpoſitions. And therefore it is ſufficient, that I think and believe, that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaſte; and as to her lineage, it matters not; for there needs no enquiry about it, as if ſhe were to receive ſome order of knighthood*; and, for my part, I make account that ſhe is the greateſt princeſs in the world. For you muſt know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that two things, above all others, incite to love, namely, great beauty and a good name: now both theſe are to be found in perfection in Dulcinea; for, in beauty, none can be compared to her, and, for a good name, few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine that every thing is exactly as I ſay, without addition or diminution; and I repreſent her to my thoughts juſt as I wiſh her to be, both in beauty and quality. Helen is not comparable to her, nor is ſhe excelled by Lucretia, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether Grecian, Latin, or Barbarian. And let every one ſay what he pleaſes, for if, upon this account, I am blamed by the ignorant, I ſhall not be cenſured by the moſt ſevere judges. Your worſhip, replied Sancho, is always in the right, and I am an aſs: but why do I mention an aſs, when one ought not to talk of an halter in his houſe who was hanged? but give me the letter, and God be with you; for I am upon the wing.

Don Quixote pulled out the pocket-book, and, ſtepping aſide, began very gravely to write the letter; and when he had done, he called Sancho, and ſaid, he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart,

* Knights of Malta muſt be noble by father and mother for five generations, &c. For other honours, it is required that they be old catholics, without any mixture of Mooriſh or Jewiſh blood.

if he ſhould chance to loſe it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his ill-fortune. To which Sancho anſwered: write it, Sir, two or three times in the book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully: but to think that I can carry it in my memory, is a folly; for mine is ſo bad, that I often forget my own name. Nevertheleſs, read it to me; I ſhall be glad to hear it, for it muſt needs be a clever one. Liſten then, ſaid Don Quixote, for it runs thus:

Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea del Toboſo.

Sovereign and high lady,

"The ſtabbed by the point of abſence, and the pierced to the heart, O ſweeteſt Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſends that health to you, which he wants himſelf*. If your beauty deſpiſes me, if your worth profits me nothing, and if your diſdain ſtill purſues me, though I am enured to ſuffering, I ſhall ill ſupport an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being ſo. My good ſquire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair, and my beloved enemy, of the condition I am in for your ſake. If it pleaſes you to relieve me, I am yours; and, if not, do what ſeems good to you: for, by my death, I ſhall at once ſatisfy your cruelty and my own paſſion."

Yours, until death,

The knight of the ſorrowful figure.

By the life of my father, quoth Sancho, hearing the letter, it is the toppingeſt thing I ever heard. Ods my life, how curiouſly your worſhip expreſſes in it whatever you pleaſe! and how excellently do you cloſe all with "the knight of the ſorrowful figure!" Verily, your worſhip is the devil himſelf; and there

* This is very like the beginning of ſome of Ovid's epiſtles; as,

"Quâ, niſi tu dederis, caritura eſt ipſa, ſalutem
Mittit Amazonio Creſſa puella viro."

Phædra Hippolito, ep. 4.

is

is nothing but what you know. The profeſſion I am of, anſwered Don Quixote, requires me to underſtand every thing. Well then, ſaid Sancho, pray clap on the other ſide the leaf the bill for the three aſs-colts, and ſign it very plain, that people may know your hand at firſt ſight. With all my heart, ſaid Don Quixote; and, having written it, he read as follows:

"Dear niece, at ſight of this my firſt bill of aſs-colts, give order that three of the five I left at home in your cuſtody be delivered to Sancho Pança my ſquire: which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, ſhall be your diſcharge." * Done in the heart of the ſable mountain, the twenty-ſecond of Auguſt, this preſent year——

It is mighty well, ſaid Sancho; pray ſign it. It wants no ſigning, ſaid Don Quixote; I need only put my cypher to it, which is the ſame thing, and is ſufficient, not only for three aſſes, but for three hundred. I rely upon your worſhip, anſwered Sancho: let me go and ſaddle Rozinante, and prepare to give me your bleſſing; for I intend to depart immediately, without ſtaying to ſee the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate that I ſaw you act ſo many, that ſhe can deſire no more. At leaſt, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, I would have you ſee (nay, it is neceſſary you ſhould ſee) I ſay, I will have you ſee me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks; for I ſhall diſpatch them in leſs than half an hour: and having ſeen theſe with your own eyes, you may ſafely ſwear to thoſe you intend to add; for aſſure yourſelf, you will not relate ſo many as I intend to perform. For the love of God, dear Sir, quoth Sancho, let me not ſee your worſhip naked; for it will

* The king of Spain writes, "Done at our court," &c. as the king of England does, Given, &c.

move my compaſſion much, and I ſhall not be able to forbear weeping: and my head is ſo diſordered with laſt night's grief for the loſs of poor Dapple, that I am in no condition, at preſent, to begin new lamentations. If your worſhip has a mind I ſhould be an eye-witneſs of ſome mad pranks, pray do them clothed, and with brevity, and let them be ſuch as will ſtand you in moſt ſtead: and the rather, becauſe for me there needed nothing of all this; and, as I ſaid before, it is but delaying my return with the news your worſhip ſo much deſires and deſerves. If otherwiſe, let the lady Dulcinea prepare herſelf; for if ſhe does not anſwer as ſhe ſhould do, I proteſt ſolemnly, I will fetch it out of her ſtomach by dint of kicks and buffets; for it is not to be endured, that ſo famous a knight-errant, as your worſhip, ſhould run mad, without why or wherefore, for a——Let not madam provoke me to ſpeak out; before God, I ſhall blab, and out with all by wholeſale, though it ſpoil the market *. I am pretty good at this ſport: ſhe does not know me: if ſhe did, in faith ſhe would agree with me. In troth, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, to all appearance you are as mad as myſelf. Not quite ſo mad, anſwered Sancho, but a little more choleric. But, ſetting aſide all this, what is it your worſhip is to eat until my return? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the ſhepherds, like Cardenio? Trouble not yourſelf about that, anſwered Don Quixote: though I were provided, I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and

* Sancho here, by threatening to blurt out ſomething, gives a kind of fly prophecy of the Dulcinea he intended to palm on his maſter's folly, and prepares the reader for that groſs impoſition of enchanting the three princeſſes and their palfreys, into three country wenches upon aſſes. No tranſlation has made ſenſe of this artful paſſage; and even Stevens, with all his pretences to Spaniſh, was ſo accurate, as to leave it intirely out, as he has done ſome others preceding in the ſame page.

theſe

these trees will afford me; for the Finesse of my affair consists in not eating, and other austerities. Then Sancho said: Do you know, Sir, what I fear? that I shall not be able to find the way again to this place, where I leave you, it is so concealed? Observe well the marks; for I will endeavour to be hereabouts, said Don Quixote, and will, moreover, take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs off the many trees that are here, and strew them as you go on, from space to space, until you are got down into the plain; and they will serve as land-marks and tokens to find me by, at your return, in imitation of Theseus's clue to the labyrinth.

I will do so, answered Sancho Pança; and having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and, not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. And mounting upon Rozinante, of whom Don Quixote gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there, as his master had directed him; and so away he went, though Don Quixote still importuned him to stay, and see him perform, though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back, and said: Your worship, Sir, said very well, that, in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience, that I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should, at least, see you do one; though in truth, I have seen a very great one already in your staying here. Did I not tell you so? quoth Don Quixote: stay but a moment, Sancho, I will dispatch them in the repeating of a Credo*. Then stripping off his

* The Creed is so soon run over in catholic countries, that the repeating it is the usual proverb for brevity.

breeches in all haſte, he remained naked from the waiſt downwards, and covered only with the tail of his ſhirt: and preſently, without more ado, he cut a couple of capers * in the air, and a brace of tumbles, head down and heels up, expoſing things that made Sancho turn Rozinante about, that he might not ſee them a ſecond time; and fully ſatisfied him, that he might ſafely ſwear his maſter was ſtark mad: and ſo we will leave him going on his way until his return, which was ſpeedy.

CHAP. XII.

A continuation of the refinements practiſed by Don Quixote, as a lover, in the ſable mountain.

THE hiſtory, turning to recount what the "knight of the ſorrowful figure" did, when he found himſelf alone, informs us, that Don Quixote, having finiſhed his tumbles and gambols, naked from the middle downward, and cloathed from the middle upward, and perceiving that Sancho was gone without caring to ſee any more of his fooliſh pranks, got upon the top of an high rock, and there began to think again of what he had often thought before, without ever coming to any reſolution: and that was, which of the two was beſt, and would ſtand him in moſt ſtead, to imitate Orlando in his extravagant madneſs or Amadis in his melancholic moods. And, talking to himſelf, he ſaid: If Orlando was ſo good and valiant a knight, as every body allows he was, what wonder is it, ſince, in ſhort, he was enchanted, and no body could kill him, but by thruſting a needle into the ſole of his foot; and therefore he always wore ſhoes with ſeven ſoles of iron. Theſe contrivances, however, ſtood him in no ſtead againſt Bernardo del

* Zapatetas. A kind of capering, ſtriking, at the ſame time, the ſole of the ſhoe, or foot, with the hand.

Carpio,

Carpio, who knew the ſecret, and preſſed him to death between his arms, in Roncesvalles. But ſetting aſide his valour, let us come to his loſing his wits, which it is certain he did, occaſioned by ſome tokens he found in the foreſt, and by the news brought him by the ſhepherd, that Angelica had ſlept more than two afternoons with Medoro, a little Moor with curled locks, and page to Agramante. And if he knew this to be true, and that his lady had played him falſe, he did no great matter in running mad. But how can I imitate him in his madneſſes, if I do not imitate him in the occaſion of them? for I dare ſwear, my Dulcinea del Toboſo never ſaw a Moor, in his own dreſs *, in all her life, and that ſhe is this day as the mother that bore her: and I ſhould do her a manifeſt wrong, if, ſuſpecting her, I ſhould run mad of the ſame kind of madneſs with that of Orlando Furioſo. On the other ſide, I ſee that Amadis de Gaul, without loſing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, as much as the beſt of them. For, as the hiſtory has it, finding himſelf diſdained by his lady Oriana, who commanded him not to appear in her preſence, until it was her pleaſure, he only retired to the Poor Rock, accompanied by an hermit, and there wept his belly full, until heaven came to his relief, in the midſt of his trouble and greateſt anguiſh. And if this be true, as it really is, why ſhould I take the pains to ſtrip myſelf ſtark-naked, or grieve theſe trees that never did me any harm? neither have I any reaſon to diſturb the water of theſe cryſtal ſtreams, which are to furniſh me with drink when I want it. Live the memory of Amadis, and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom ſhall be ſaid what was ſaid of another, that, if he did not atchieve

* Many perſons in Spain, to all outward appearance Spaniards, are ſuſpected of being privately Moors.

great

great things, he died in attempting them *. And if I am not rejected, nor disdained, by my Dulcinea, it is sufficient, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. Well then; hands, to your work: come to my memory, ye deeds of Amadis, and teach me where I am to begin to imitate you: but I know, that the most he did was to pray; and so will I do. Whereupon he strung some large galls of a cork-tree, which served him for a rosary. But what troubled him very much, was, his not having an hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him; and so he passed the time in walking up and down the meadow, writing and graving on the barks of trees, and in the fine sand, a great many verses, all accommodated to his melancholy, and some in praise of Dulcinea. But those that were found entire and legible, after he was found in that place, were only these following.

I.

Y trees, ye plants, ye herbs that grow
So tall, so green, around this place,
If ye rejoice not at my woe,
Hear me lament my piteous case.
Nor let my loud-resounding grief
Your tender trembling leaves dismay,
Whilst from my tears I seek relief,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

II.

Here the sad lover shuns the light,
By sorrow to this desert led;
Here exiled from his lady's sight,
He seeks to hide his wretched head.

* This is plainly an allusion to that epitaph of Phaeton in Ovid;
" Hic situs est Phaethon, currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.
Metam. l. 2. v. 327.

Here,

Here, bandied betwixt hopes and fears
By cruel love in wanton play,
He weeps a pipkin full of tears,
In abſence from Dulcinea
Del Toboſo.

III.

O'er craggy rocks he roves forlorn,
And ſeeks miſhaps from place to place,
Curſing the proud relentleſs ſcorn
That baniſh'd him from human race.
To wound his tender bleeding heart,
Love's hands the cruel laſh diſplay;
He weeps, and feels the raging ſmart,
In abſence from Dulcinea
Del Toboſo.

The addition of Del Toboſo to the name of Dulcinea occaſioned no ſmall laughter in thoſe, who found the above-recited verſes: for they concluded, that Don Quixote imagined, that if, in naming Dulcinea, he did not add Del Toboſo, the couplet could not be underſtood; and it was really ſo, as he afterwards confeſſed. He wrote many others; but as is ſaid, they could tranſcribe no more than thoſe three ſtanzas fair and entire. In this amuſement, and in ſighing, and invoking the fauns and ſylvan deities of thoſe woods, the nymphs of the brooks, and the mournful and humid echo, to anſwer, to condole, and liſten to his moan, he paſſed the time, and in gathering herbs to ſuſtain himſelf until Sancho's return; who, if he had tarried three weeks, as he did three days, "the knight of the ſorrowful figure" would have been ſo disfigured, that the very mother, who bore him, could not have known him. And here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his ſighs and verſes, to relate what befel Sancho in his embaſſy.

Which

Which was, that, when he got into the high road, he ſteered towards Toboſo; and the next day he came within ſight of the inn, where the miſhap of the blanket had befallen him; and ſcarce had he diſcovered it at a diſtance, when he fancied himſelf again flying in the air, and therefore would not go in, though it was the hour that he might and ought to have ſtopped, that is about noon: beſides, he had a mind to eat ſomething warm, all having been cold-treat with him for many days paſt. This neceſſity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, ſtill doubting whether he ſhould go in or not. And, while he was in ſuſpence, there came out of the inn two perſons, who preſently knew him; and one ſaid to the other: Pray, ſignor licentiate, is not that Sancho Pança yonder on horſeback, who, as our adventurer's houſekeeper told us, was gone with her maſter as his ſquire? Yes it is, ſaid the licentiate, and that is our Don Quixote's horſe. And no wonder they knew him ſo well, they being the prieſt and the barber of his village, and the perſons who had made the ſcrutiny and goal-delivery of the books: and being now certain it was Sancho Pança and Rozinante, and being deſirous withal to learn ſome tidings of Don Quixote, they went up to him, and the prieſt, calling him by his name, ſaid: Friend Sancho Pança, where have you left your maſter? Sancho Pança immediately knew them, and reſolved to conceal the place, and circumſtances, in which he had left his maſter: ſo he anſwered, that his maſter was very buſy in a certain place, and about a certain affair of the greateſt importance to him, which he durſt not diſcover for the eyes he had in his head. No, no, quoth the barber, Sancho Pança, if you do not tell us where he is, we ſhall conclude, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, ſince you come thus upon his horſe; and ſee that you produce the horſe's owner, or woe be to you. There is no reaſon why you ſhould threaten

threaten me, quoth Sancho; for I am not a man to rob or murder any body; let every man's fate kill him, or God that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountain. And thereupon, very glibly, and without hesitation, he related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They both stood in admiration at what Sancho told them; and, though they already knew Don Quixote's madness, and of what kind it was, they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing it. They desired Sancho Pança to shew them the letter he was carrying to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He said, it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's order he should get it copied out upon paper, at the first town he came at. The priest said, if he would shew it him, he would transcribe it in a very fair character. Sancho Pança put his hand into his bosom, to take out the book, but found it not; nor could he have found it, had he searched for it until now; for it remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. When Sancho perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again all over his body, in a great hurry, and seeing it was not to be found, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore away half of it; and presently after he gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and mouth, and bathed them all in blood. Which the priest and barber seeing, they asked him what had happened to him, that he handled himself so roughly? What should happen to me, answered Sancho, but that I have lost, and let slip through my fingers, three ass-colts, each of them as stately as a castle? How so? replied the barber.

barber. I have loſt the pocket-book, anſwered Sancho, in which was the letter to Dulcinea, and a bill ſigned by my maſter, by which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home. And at the ſame time he recounted to them the loſs of Dapple. The prieſt bid him be of good cheer, telling him, that, when he ſaw his maſter, he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to uſage and cuſtom, ſince thoſe that were written in pocket-books were never accepted, nor complied with. Sancho was comforted by this, and ſaid, that, ſince it was ſo, he was in no great pain for the loſs of the letter to Dulcinea, for he could almoſt ſay it by heart; ſo that they might write it down from his mouth, where and when they pleaſed. Repeat it, then, Sancho, quoth the barber, and we will write it down afterwards. Then Sancho began to ſcratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; and now ſtood upon one foot, and then upon the other: one while he looked down upon the ground, another up to the ſky: and after he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, keeping them in ſuſpence, and expectation of hearing him repeat it, he ſaid, after a very long pauſe: Before God, maſter licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it ſaid: "High and ſubterrane lady." No, ſaid the barber, not ſubterrane, but ſuper-humane, or ſovereign lady. It was ſo, ſaid Sancho. Then, if I do not miſtake, it went on: "the wounded, and the waking, and the ſmitten, kiſſes your honour's hands, ungrateful and regardleſs fair," and then it ſaid I know not what of "health and ſickneſs that he ſent;" and ſo he went on, until at laſt he ended with "thine till death, the knight of the ſorrowful figure."

They were both not a little pleaſed, to ſee how good a memory Sancho had, and commended it much, and deſired him to repeat the letter twice more, that they alſo.

alſo might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it again, and thrice he added three thouſand other extravagancies. After this, he recounted alſo many other things concerning his maſter, but ſaid not a word of the toſſing in the blanket, which had happened to himſelf in that inn, into which he refuſed to enter. He ſaid likewiſe, how his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind diſpatch from his lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, was to ſet forward to endeavour to become an emperor, or at leaſt a king; for ſo it was concerted between them two; and it would be a very eaſy matter to bring it about, conſidering the worth of his perſon, and the ſtrength of his arm: and, when this was accompliſhed, his maſter was to marry him (for by that time he ſhould, without doubt, be a widower *) and to give him to wife one of the empreſs's maids of honour, heireſs to a large and rich territory on the main land; for, as to iſlands, he was quite out of conceit with them. Sancho ſaid all this with ſo much gravity, ever and anon blowing his noſe, and ſo much in his ſenſes, that they were ſtruck with freſh admiration at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madneſs, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's underſtanding alſo. They would not give themſelves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better, ſince it did not at all hurt his conſcience, to let him continue in it; beſides that it would afford them the more pleaſure in hearing his follies: and therefore they told him, he ſhould pray to God for his lord's health, ſince it was very poſſible, and very feaſible, for him, in proceſs of time, to become an emperor, as he ſaid, or at leaſt an archbiſhop †, or ſomething elſe of

* Here Sancho recollects that he has a wife, and that he cannot marry the damſel go-between until Thereſa is dead.

† The archbiſhops of Toledo and Sevil make as great a figure as moſt kings, having an annual revenue of little leſs than an hundred thouſand piſtoles.

equal

equal dignity. To which Sancho anſwered: Gentlemen, if fortune ſhould ſo order it, that my maſter ſhould take it into his head not to be an emperor, but an archbiſhop, I would fain know what archbiſhops-errant uſually give to their ſquires? They uſually give them, anſwered the prieſt, ſome benefice, or cure, or vergerſhip, which brings them in a good penny-rent, beſides the perquiſites of the altar, uſually valued at as much more. For this, it will be neceſſary, replied Sancho, that the ſquire be not married, and that he knows, at leaſt, the reſponſes to the maſs; and, if ſo, woe is me; for I am married, and do not know the firſt letter of A, B, C. What will become of me, if my maſter ſhould have a mind to be an archbiſhop, and not an emperor, as is the faſhion and cuſtom of knights-errant? Be not uneaſy, friend Sancho, ſaid the barber; for we will intreat your maſter, and adviſe him, and even make it a caſe of conſcience, that he be an emperor and not an archbiſhop; for it will be better for him alſo, by reaſon he is more a ſoldier than a ſcholar. I have thought the ſame, anſwered Sancho, though I can affirm that he has ability for every thing. What I intend to do, on my part, is, to pray to our lord, that he will direct him to that, which is beſt for him, and will enable him to beſtow moſt favours upon me. You talk like a wiſe man, ſaid the prieſt, and will act therein like a good chriſtian. But the next thing now to be done, is, to contrive how we may bring your maſter off from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and, that we may concert the proper meaſures, and get ſomething to eat likewiſe (for it is high time) let us go into the inn. Sancho deſired them to go in, and ſaid, he would ſtay there without, and afterwards he would tell them the reaſon, why he did not, nor was it convenient for him to go in: but he prayed them to bring him out ſomething to eat that was warm, and alſo ſome barley

for

for Rozinante. They went in, and left him, and soon after the barber brought him out some meat.

Then they two having laid their heads together, how to bring about their design, the priest bethought him of a device exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and likely to effect what they desired. Which was, as he told the barber, that he designed to put himself into the habit of a damsel-errant, and would have him to equip himself, the best he could, so as to pass for his squire; and that in this disguise they should go to the place where Don Quixote was; and himself, pretending to be an afflicted damsel, and in distress, would beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe: and that the boon he intended to beg, was, that he would go with her whither she should carry him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight, intreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor enquire any thing farther concerning her, until he had done her justice on that wicked knight: and he made no doubt, but that Don Quixote would, by these means, be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and so they should bring him away from that place, and carry him to his village, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his unaccountable madness.

CHAP. XIII.

How the priest and the barber put their design in execution, with other matters worthy to be recited in this history.

THE barber liked the priest's contrivance so well, that it was immediately put in execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and headdress, leaving a new cassock of the priest's in pawn for them. The barber made himself an huge beard of the sorrel tail of a pyed ox, in which the inn-keeper used to

to hang his comb. The hoſteſs aſked them, why they deſired thoſe things? The prieſt gave them a brief account of Don Quixote's madneſs, and how neceſſary that diſguiſe was, in order to get him from the mountain where he then was. The hoſt and hoſteſs preſently conjectured, that this madman was he, who had been their gueſt, the maker of the balſam, and maſter of the blanketted ſquire; and they related to the prieſt what had paſſed between him and them, without concealing what Sancho ſo induſtriouſly concealed. In fine, the landlady equipped the prieſt ſo nicely, that nothing could be better. She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with ſtripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a ſpan, all pinked and ſlaſhed; and a tight waiſtcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white ſattin; which, together with the petticoat, muſt have been made in the days of king Bamba *. The prieſt would not conſent to wear a woman's headdreſs, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he wore o'nights, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other made a kind of vizard, which covered his face and beard very neatly. Then he ſunk his head into his bever, which was ſo broad-brimmed, that it might ſerve him for an umbrella; and lapping himſelf up in his cloak, he got upon his mule ſideways, like a woman: the barber got alſo upon his, with his beard, that reached to his girdle, between ſorrel and white, being, as has been ſaid, made of the tail of a pyed-ox. They took leave of all, and of good Maritornes, who promiſed, though a ſinner, to pray over an entire roſary, that God might give them good ſucceſs in ſo arduous and chriſtian a buſineſs as that they had undertaken.

But, ſcarcely had they got out of the inn, when the prieſt began to think he had done amiſs in equipping himſelf after that manner, it being an indecent thing

* As we ſay, "in the days of queen Beſs." Bamba was an old Gothic king of Spain.

for

for a prieſt to be ſo accoutred, though much depended upon it: and acquainting the barber with his ſcruple, he deſired they might change dreſſes, it being fitter that he ſhould perſonate the diſtreſſed damſel, and himſelf act the ſquire, as being a leſs profanation of his dignity: and, if he would not conſent to do ſo, he was determined to proceed no further, though the devil ſhould run away with Don Quixote. Upon this, Sancho came up to them, and, ſeeing them both tricked up in that manner, could not forbear laughing. The barber, in ſhort, conſented to what the prieſt deſired; and, the ſcheme being thus altered, the prieſt began to inſtruct the barber how to act his part, and what expreſſions to uſe to Don Quixote, to prevail upon him to go with them, and to make him out of conceit with the place he had choſen for his fruitleſs penance. The barber anſwered, that, without his inſtructions, he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. He would not put on the dreſs until they came near to the place where Don Quixote was; and ſo he folded up his habit, and the prieſt adjuſted his beard, and on they went, Sancho Pança being their guide: who, on the way, recounted to them what had happened in relation to the madman they met in the mountain; but ſaid not a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it: for, with all his folly and ſimplicity, the ſpark was ſomewhat covetous.

The next day, they arrived at the place, where Sancho had ſtrewed the broom boughs, as tokens to aſcertain the place where he had left his maſter; and knowing it again, he told them, that was the entrance into it, and therefore they would do well to put on their diſguiſe, if that was of any ſignificancy toward delivering his maſter: for they had before told him, that their going dreſſed in that manner was of the utmoſt importance towards diſengaging his maſter from that evil life he had choſen; and that he muſt by

no

no means let his master know who they were, nor that he knew them: and if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, he should say he had, and that she, not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth, that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, it being a matter of great consequence to him: for, with this, and what they intended to say to him themselves, they made sure account of reducing him to a better life, and managing him so, that he should presently set out, in order to become an emperor, or a king; for, as to his being an archbishop, there was no need to fear that. Sancho listened attentively to all this, and imprinted it well in his memory, and thanked them mightily for their design of advising his lord to be an emperor, and not an archbishop; for he was of opinion, that, as to rewarding their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He told them also, it would be proper he should go before, to find him, and deliver him his lady's answer; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. They approved of what Sancho said, and so they resolved to wait for his return with the news of finding his master. Sancho entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a place, through which there ran a little smooth stream, cool, and pleasantly shaded by some rocks and neighbouring trees.

It was in the month of August, when the heats in those parts are very violent: the hour was three in the afternoon: all which made the situation the more agreeable, and invited them to wait there for Sancho's return, which accordingly they did. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sounded sweetly and delightfully: at which they were not a little surprized, that being no place where they might

might expect to find a person who could sing so well. For, though it is usually said, there are in the woods and fields shepherds with excellent voices, it is rather an exaggeration of the poets, than what is really true: and especially when they observed, that the verses, they heard sung, were not like the compositions of rustic shepherds, but like those of witty and courtlike persons. And the verses, which confirmed them in their opinion, were these following.

I.

What causes all my grief and pain?
Cruel Disdain.
What aggravates my misery?
Accursed jealousy.
How has my soul its patience lost?
By tedious absence crost.
Alas! no balsam can be found
To heal the grief of such a wound,
When absence, jealousy, and scorn
Have left me hopeless and forlorn,

II.

What in my breast this grief could move?
Neglected love.
What doth my fond desires withstand?
Fate's cruel hand.
And what confirms my misery?
Heav'n's fix'd decree.
Ah me! my boding fears portend
This strange disease my life will end:
For, die I must, when three such foes,
Heav'n, fate, and love, my bliss oppose.

III.

My peace of mind what can restore?
Death's welcome hour.
What gains love's joys most readily?
Fickle inconstancy.

Its pains what med'cine can aſſuage?
Wild phrenzy's rage.
'Tis therefore little wiſdom, ſure,
For ſuch a grief to ſeek a cure,
As knows no better remedy,
Than phrenzy, death, inconſtancy.

The hour, the ſeaſon, the ſolitude, the voice, and the ſkill of the perſon, who ſung, raiſed both wonder and delight in the two hearers, who lay ſtill, expecting if perchance they might hear ſomething more: but, perceiving the ſilence continue a good while, they reſolved to iſſue forth in ſearch of the muſician, who had ſung ſo agreeably. And, juſt as they were about to do ſo, the ſame voice hindered them from ſtirring, and again reached their ears with this ſonnet.

SONNET.

Friendſhip, that haſt with nimble flight
Exulting gain'd th' empyreal height,
In heav'n to dwell, whilſt here below
Thy ſemblance reigns in mimic ſhow!
From thence to earth, at thy beheſt,
Deſcends fair peace, cœleſtial gueſt;
Beneath whoſe veil of ſhining hue
Deceit oft' lurks, conceal'd from view.
Leave, friendſhip, leave thy heav'nly ſeat;
Or ſtrip thy livery off the cheat.
If ſtill he wears thy borrowed ſmiles,
And ſtill unwary truth beguiles,
Soon muſt this dark terreſtial ball
Into its firſt confuſion fall.

The ſong ended with a deep ſigh, and they again liſtened very attentively in hopes of more; but, finding that the muſic was changed into groans and laments, they agreed to go and find out the unhappy perſon, whoſe voice was as excellent, as his complaints were mourn-

mournful. They had not gone far when, at doubling the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and figure that Sancho had described to them, when he told them the story of Cardenio. The man expressed no surprize at the sight of them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them, until just at the instant when they came unexpectedly upon him. The priest, who was a well spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, and knowing him by the description, went up to him, and in few, but very significant words, intreated and pressed him to forsake that miserable kind of life, lest he should lose it in that place; which, of all misfortunes, would be the greatest. Cardenio was then in his perfect senses, free from those outrageous fits, that so often drove him beside himself: and, seeing them both in a dress not worn by any that frequented those solitudes, he could not forbear wondering at them for some time; and especially when he heard them speak of his affair as a thing known to them; for, by what the priest had said to him, he understood as much: wherefore he answered in this manner. I am sensible, gentlemen, whoever you be, that heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, sometimes, without any desert of mine, sends into these places, so remote and distant from the commerce of human kind, persons who, setting before my eyes, with variety of lively arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to some better place: but not knowing, as I do, that I shall no sooner get out of this mischief, but I shall fall into a greater, they, doubtless, take me for a very weak man, and perhaps, what is worse, a fool, or a madman. And no wonder; for I have some apprehension, that the sense of my misfortunes is so forcible and intense, and so prevalent to my destruction, that without my being able to prevent it, I sometimes be-

come like a ſtone, void of all knowledge and ſenſation: and I find this to be true, by people's telling and ſhewing me the marks of what I have done, while the terrible fit has had the maſtery of me: And all I can do is, to bewail myſelf in vain, to load my fortune with unavailing curſes, and to excuſe my follies, by telling the occaſion of them to as many as will hear me; for men of ſenſe, ſeeing the cauſe, will not wonder at the effects: and, if they adminiſter no remedy, at leaſt they will not throw the blame upon me, but convert their diſpleaſure at my behaviour into compaſſion for my misfortune. And, gentlemen, if you come with the ſame intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent perſuaſions, I beſeech you to hear the account of my numberleſs misfortunes: for, perhaps, when you have heard it, you may ſave yourſelves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady that admits of no conſolation.

The two, who deſired nothing more than to learn, from his own mouth, the cauſe of his miſery, intreated him to relate it, aſſuring him they would do nothing but what he deſired, either by way of remedy or advice: and, upon this, the poor gentleman began his melancholy ſtory, almoſt in the ſame words and method he had uſed, in relating it to Don Quixote and the goatherd, ſome few days before, when, on the mention of maſter Eliſabat, and Don Quixote's punctuality, in obſerving the decorum of knight-errantry, the tale was cut ſhort, as the hiſtory left it above. But now, as good-fortune would have it, Cardenio's mad fit was ſuſpended, and afforded him leiſure to rehearſe it to the end: and ſo, coming to the paſſage of the love-letter, which Don Fernando found between the leaves of the book of Amadis de Gaul, he ſaid he remembered it perfectly well, and that it was as follows.

LUCINDA to CARDENIO.

" I every day discover such worth in you, as obliges and forces me to esteem you more and more; and therefore, if you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do it. I have a father, who knows you, and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me, which you profess, and I believe you have."

This letter made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those, which gave Don Fernando such an opinion of Lucinda, that he looked upon her as one of the most sensible and prudent women of her time. And it was this letter, which put him upon the design of undoing me, before mine could be effected. I told Don Fernando what Lucinda's father expected; which was, that my father should propose the match; but that I durst not mention it to him, lest he should not come into it: not because he was unacquainted with the circumstances, goodness, virtue, and beauty of Lucinda, and that she had qualities sufficient to adorn any other family of Spain whatever; but because I understood by him, that he was desirous I should not marry soon, but wait until we should see what duke Ricardo would do for me. In a word, I told him, that I durst not venture to speak to my father about it, as well for that reason, as for many others, which disheartened me, I knew not why; only I presaged, that my desires were never to take effect. To all this Don Fernando answered, that he took it upon himself to speak to my father, and to prevail upon him to speak to Lucinda's. O ambitious Marius! O cruel Catiline! O wicked Sylla! O crafty Galalon! O perfidious

fidious Vellido! O vindictive Julian! O covetous Judas *! traitor! cruel, vindictive, and crafty! what disservice had this poor wretch done you, who so frankly discovered to you the secrets and the joys of his heart? wherein had I offended you? what word did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, that were not all directed to the increase of your honour and your interest? But why do I complain? miserable wretch that I am! since it is certain, that when the strong influences of the stars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with such violence and fury, that no human force can stop them, nor human address prevent them. Who could have thought, that Don Fernando, an illustrious cavalier, of good sense, obliged by my services, and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations led him, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my single ewe-lamb †, which yet was not in my possession? But, setting aside these reflections as vain and unprofitable, let us resume the broken thread of my unhappy story.

I say then, that Don Fernando, thinking my presence an obstacle to the putting his treacherous and wicked design in execution, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which, merely for the purpose of getting me out of the way, that he might the better succeed in his hellish intent, he had bought that very day, on which he offered to speak to my father, and on which he dispatched me for the money. Could I prevent this treachery? could I so much as suspect it? No, certainly; on the contrary, with great pleasure I offered to depart instantly, well satisfied with the good bargain he had made. That night I spoke with Lucinda, and told her what

* Every body knows Marius, Catiline, Sylla, and Judas. Galalon betrayed the army that came into Spain under Charlemaine; Vellido murdered king Sancho; and count Julian brought in the Moors, because king Roderigo had ravished his daughter.

† Alluding to Nathan's parable, 2 Sam. xii.

had

had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and me, bidding her not doubt the ſucceſs of our juſt and honourable deſires. She, as little ſuſpecting Don Fernando's treachery, as I did, deſired me to make haſte back, ſince ſhe believed the completion of our wiſhes would be no longer deferred than until my father had ſpoken to her's. I know not whence it was, but ſhe had no ſooner ſaid this, than her eyes ſtood full tears, and ſome ſudden obſtruction in her throat would not ſuffer her to utter one word of a great many ſhe ſeemed endeavouring to ſay to me. I was aſtoniſhed at this ſtrange accident, having never ſeen the like in her before; for whenever good fortune, or my aſſiduity, gave us an opportunity, we always converſed with the greateſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction, nor ever intermixed with our diſcourſe tears, ſighs, jealouſies, ſuſpicions, or fears. I did nothing but applaud my good fortune in having her given me by heaven for a miſtreſs. I magnified her beauty, and admired her merit and underſtanding. She returned the compliment, by commending in me what, as a lover, ſhe thought worthy of commendation. We told one another an hundred thouſand little childiſh ſtories concerning our neighbours and acquaintance: and the greateſt length my preſumption ran, was to ſeize, as it were by force, one of her fair and ſnowy hands, and preſs it to my lips, as well as the narrowneſs of the iron-grate, which was between us, would permit. But the night that preceded the doleful day of my departure, ſhe wept and ſighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me full of confuſion and trepidation, and aſtoniſhed at ſeeing ſuch new and ſad tokens of grief and tender concern in Lucinda. But, not to deſtroy my hopes, I aſcribed it all to the violence of the love ſhe bore me, and to the ſorrow which parting occaſions in thoſe who love one another tenderly. In ſhort, I went away ſad and penſive, my ſoul filled with

imaginations and ſuſpicions, without knowing what I imagined or ſuſpected; all manifeſt preſages of the diſmal event reſerved in ſtore for me.

I arrived at the place whither I was ſent: I gave the letters to Don Fernando's brother: I was well received: but my buſineſs was not ſoon diſpatched; for he ordered me to wait (much to my ſorrow) eight days, and to keep out of his father's ſight; for his brother, he ſaid, had written to him to ſend him a certain ſum of money, without the duke's knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the falſe Don Fernando; for his brother did not want money to have diſpatched me immediately. This injunction put me into ſuch a condition, that I could not preſently think of obeying it, it ſeeming to me impoſſible to ſupport life under an abſence of ſo many days from Lucinda, eſpecially conſidering I had left her in ſo much ſorrow, as I have already told you. Nevertheleſs, I did obey, like a good ſervant, though I found it was likely to be at the expence of my health. But, four days after my arrival, there came a man in queſt of me, with a letter, which he gave me, and which by the ſuperſcription I knew to be Lucinda's; for it was her own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it muſt be ſome very extraordinary matter, that put her upon writing to me at a diſtance, a thing ſhe very ſeldom did when I was near her. Before I read it, I enquired of the meſſenger, who gave it him, and how long he had been coming. He told me, that, paſſing accidentally through a ſtreet of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and ſaid to him in a great hurry; Friend, if you are a chriſtian, as you ſeem to be, I beg of you, for the love of God, to carry this letter, with all expedition, to the place and perſon it is directed to; for both are well known; and in ſo doing you will do a charity acceptable to our Lord. And that

you

you may not want wherewithal to do it, take what is tied up in this handkerchief; and, so saying, she threw the handkerchief out at the window; in which were tied up a hundred reals, and this gold ring I have here, with the letter I have given you: and presently, without staying for my answer, she quitted the window; but first she saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief; and I assured her, by signs, that I would do what she commanded. And now, seeing myself so well paid for the pains I was to take in bringing the letter, and knowing, by the superscription, it was for you (for, Sir, I know you very well) and obliged besides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver it to you with my own hands. And, in sixteen hours (for so long it is since it was given me) I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen leagues. While the kind messenger was speaking thus to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so, that I could scarce stand. At length I opened the letter, and saw it contained these words.

"The promise Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification, than your interest. Know, Sir, he has demanded me to wife; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has accepted this proposal with so much earnestness, that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and that with so much secrecy and privacy, that the heavens alone, and a few of our own family, are to be witnesses of it. Imagine what a condition I am in, and consider whether it be convenient for you to return home. Whether I love you or not, the event of this business will shew you. God grant this may come to your hand, before mine be reduced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promised faith so ill."

Theſe, in fine, were the contents of the letter, and ſuch as made me ſet out immediately, without waiting for any other anſwer, or the money: for now I plainly ſaw, it was not the buying of the horſes, but the indulging his own pleaſure, that had moved Don Fernando to ſend me to his brother. The rage I conceived againſt Don Fernando, joined with the fear of loſing the prize I had acquired by the ſervices and wiſhes of ſo many years, added wings to my ſpeed; ſo that the next day I reached our town, at the hour and moment moſt convenient for me to go and talk with Lucinda. I went privately, having left the mule I rode on at the houſe of the honeſt man who brought me the letter. And fortune, which I then found propitious, ſo ordered it, that Lucinda was ſtanding at the grate *, the witneſs of our loves. She preſently knew me, and I her: but not as ſhe ought to have known me, and I her. But who is there in the world that can boaſt of having fathomed, and thoroughly ſeen into, the intricate and variable nature of a woman? Nobody certainly. I ſay then, that, as ſoon as Lucinda ſaw me, ſhe ſaid; Cardenio, I am in my bridal habit; there are now ſtaying for me, in the hall, the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with ſome others, who ſhall ſooner be witneſſes of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend; but procure the means to be preſent at this ſacrifice, which if my arguments cannot prevent, I carry a dagger about me, which can prevent a more determined force, by putting an end to my life, and giving you a convincing proof of the affection I have borne, and ſtill do bear you. I replied to her, with confuſion and precipitation, fearing I ſhould want

* In Spain, lovers carry on their courtſhip at a low window with a grate before it, being ſeldom admitted into the houſe until the parents on both ſides are agreed.

time

time to answer her: Let your actions, madam, make good your words; if you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself, if fortune proves adverse to us. I do not believe she heard all these words, being, as I perceived, called away hastily; for the bridegroom waited for her. Herewith the night of my sorrow was fallen; the sun of my joy was set: I remained without light in my eyes, and without judgment in my intellects. I was irresolute as to going into her house, nor did I know which way to turn me: but when I reflected on the consequence of my being present at what might happen in that case, I animated myself the best I could, and at last got into her house. And as I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family was busied about the secret affair then transacting, I escaped being perceived by any body. And so, without being seen, I had leisure to place myself in the hollow of a bow-window of the hall, behind the hangings where two pieces of tapestry met; whence, without being seen myself, I could see all that was done in the hall. Who can describe the emotions and beatings of heart I felt while I stood there? the thoughts that occurred to me? the reflexions I made? Such, and so many, were they, that they neither can, nor ought to be told. Let it suffice to tell you, that the bridegroom came into the hall, without other ornament than the cloaths he usually wore. He had with him, for brideman, a cousin-german of Lucinda's, and there was no other person in the room, but the servants of the house. Soon after, from a withdrawing room, came out Lucinda, accompanied by her mother, and two of her own maids, as richly dressed and adorned as her quality and beauty deserved, and as befitted the height and perfection of all that was gallant and court-like. The agony and distraction I was in gave me no leisure

to

to view and obſerve the particulars of her dreſs; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white, and of the ſplendor of the precious ſtones and jewels of her head-attire, and of the reſt of her habit; which yet were exceeded in luſtre by the ſingular beauty of her fair and golden treſſes, which vying with the precious ſtones, and the light of four flambeaux that were in the hall, ſtruck the eyes with ſuperior brightneſs. O memory, thou mortal enemy of my repoſe! why doſt thou repreſent to me now the incomparable beauty of that my adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory, to put me in mind of, and repreſent to my imagination, what ſhe then did; that, moved by ſo flagrant an injury, I may ſtrive, ſince I do not revenge it, at leaſt to put an end to my life. Be not weary, gentlemen, of hearing theſe digreſſions I make; for my misfortune is not of that kind, that can or ought to be related ſuccinctly and methodically, ſince each circumſtance ſeems to me to deſerve a long diſcourſe. To this the prieſt replied: that they were ſo far from being tired with hearing it, that they took great pleaſure in the minuteſt particulars he recounted, being ſuch as deſerved not to be paſt over in ſilence, and merited no leſs attention than the principal parts of the ſtory.

I ſay then, continued Cardenio, that, they being all aſſembled in the hall, the pariſh-prieſt entered, and having taken them both by the hand, in order to perform what is neceſſary on ſuch occaſions, when he came to theſe words, 'Will you, Madam Lucinda, take Signor Don Fernando, who is here preſent, for your lawful huſband, as our holy mother the church commands?' I thruſt out my head and neck through the partings of the tapeſtry, and, with the utmoſt attention and diſtraction of ſoul, ſet myſelf to liſten to what Lucinda anſwered; expecting, from her anſwer, the ſentence of my death, or the confirmation

of

of my life. O! that I had dared to venture out then, and to have cried aloud; Ah Lucinda, Lucinda! take heed what you do; consider what you owe me: behold, you are mine, and cannot be another's. Take notice, that your saying Yes, and the putting an end to my life, will both happen in the same moment.—Ah, traitor Don Fernando! ravisher of my glory, death of my life! what is it you would have? what is it you pretend to? Consider, you cannot, as a christian, arrive at the end of your desires; for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband. Ah, fool that I am! now, that I am absent, and at a distance from the danger, I am saying I ought to have done what I did not do. Now, that I have suffered myself to be robbed of my soul's treasure, I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself, if I had had as much heart to do it, as I have now to complain. In short, since I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder if I die now ashamed, repentant, and mad. The priest stood expecting Lucinda's answer, who gave it not for a long time; and, when I thought she was pulling out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth, which might undeceive them, and redound to my advantage, I heard her say, with a low and faint voice, I Will. The same said Don Fernando, and, the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride; and she, laying her hand on her heart, swooned away between her mother's arms. It remains now to tell you what condition I was in, when I saw, in the Yes I had heard, my hopes frustrated, Lucinda's vows and promises broken, and no possibility left of my ever recovering the happiness I in that moment lost. I was totally confounded, and thought myself abandoned of heaven, and become an enemy to the earth that sustained me,

the

the air denying me breath for my ſighs, and the water moiſture for my tears: the fire alone was ſo increaſed in me, that I was all inflamed with rage and jealouſy. They were all affrighted at Lucinda's ſwooning; and her mother unlacing her boſom to give her air, ſhe diſcovered in it a paper folded up, which Don Fernando preſently ſeized, and read it by the light of one of the flambeaux: and, having done reading it, he ſat himſelf down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the ſigns of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means that were uſing to recover his bride from her fainting fit.

Perceiving the whole houſe in a conſternation, I ventured out, not caring whether I was ſeen or not; and with a determined reſolution, if ſeen, to act ſo deſperate a part, that all the world ſhould have known the juſt indignation of my breaſt, by the chaſtiſement of the falſe Don Fernando, and of the fickle, though ſwooning, traitreſs. But my fate, which has doubtleſs reſerved me for greater evils, if greater can poſſibly be, ordained, that, at that juncture, I had the uſe of my underſtanding, which has ſince failed me; and ſo, without thinking to take revenge on my greateſt enemies (which might very eaſily have been done, when they thought ſo little of me) I reſolved to take it on myſelf, and to execute on my own perſon that puniſhment, which they deſerved; and perhaps with greater rigour than I ſhould have done on them, even in taking away their lives: for a ſudden death ſoon puts one out of pain; but that which is prolonged by tortures, is always killing, without putting an end to life. In a word, I got out of the houſe, and went to the place where I had left the mule: I got it ſaddled, and, without taking any leave, I mounted and rode out of the town, not daring, like another Lot, to look behind me; and, when I found myſelf in the field alone, and covered by the darkneſs of the night,

night, and the silence thereof inviting me to complain without regard or fear of being heard or known, I gave a loose to my voice, and untied my tongue, in a thousand exclamations on Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if that had been satisfaction for the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, false, and ungrateful; but above all covetous, since the wealth of my enemy had shut the eyes of her affection, and withdrawn it from me, to engage it to another, to whom fortune had shewn herself more bountiful and liberal. But, in the height of these curses and reproaches, I excused her, saying, it was no wonder, that a maiden, kept up close in her father's house, and always accustomed to obey her parents, should comply with their inclination, especially since they gave her for a husband so considerable, so rich, and so accomplished a cavalier; and that to have refused him, would have made people think she had no judgment or that her affections were engaged elsewhere; either of which would have redounded to the prejudice of her honour and good name. But, on the other hand, supposing she had owned her engagement to me, it would have appeared, that she had not made so ill a choice, but she might have been excused, since, before Don Fernando offered himself, they themselves could not, consistently with reason, have desired a better match for their daughter: and how easily might she, before she came to the last extremity of giving her hand, have said, that I had already given her mine: for I would have appeared, and have confirmed whatever she had invented on this occasion. In fine, I concluded, that little love, little judgment, much ambition, and desire of greatness, had made her forget those words, by which she had deluded, kept up, and nourished my firm hopes, and honest desires.

With these soliloquies, and with this disquietude, I journeyed on the rest of the night, and, at day-break,

break, arrived at an opening into these mountainous parts, through which I went on three days more, without any road or path, until at last I came to a certain meadow, that lies somewhere hereabouts; and there I enquired of some shepherds, which was the most solitary part of these craggy rocks. They directed me towards this place. I presently came hither, with design to end my life here; and, at the entering among these brakes, my mule fell down dead through wearineſs and hunger, or, as I rather believe, to be rid of so useleſs a burden. Thus I was left on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any relief. In this manner I continued, I know not how long, extended on the ground: at length I got up, somewhat refreshed, and found near me some goatherds, who must needs be the persons that relieved my neceſſity: for they told me in what condition they found me, and that I said so many senseleſs and extravagant things, that they wanted no farther proof of my having lost my understanding; and I am sensible I have not been perfectly right ever since, but so shattered and crazy, that I commit a thousand extravagancies, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and in vain repeating the beloved name of my enemy, without any other design or intent, at the time, than to end my life with outcries and exclamations. And when I come to myself, I find I am so weary, and so sore, that I can hardly stir. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to be an habitation for this miserable carcase. The goatherds, who feed their cattle hereabouts, provide me sustenance out of charity, laying victuals on the rocks, and in places where they think I may chance to pass and find it: and though, at such times, I happen to be out of my senses, natural neceſſity makes me know my nourishment, and awakes in me an appetite to desire

fire it, and will to take it. At other times, as they tell me when they meet me in my ſenſes, I come into the road, and, though the ſhepherds, who are bringing food from the village to their huts, willingly offer me a part of it, I rather chooſe to take it from them by force. Thus I paſs my ſad and miſerable life, waiting until it ſhall pleaſe heaven to bring it to a final period, or, by fixing the thoughts of that day in my mind, to eraſe out of it all memory of the beauty and treachery of Lucinda, and the wrongs done me by Don Fernando: for if it vouchſafes me this mercy before I die, my thoughts will take a more rational turn; if not, it remains only to beſeech God to have mercy on my ſoul; for I feel no ability nor ſtrength in myſelf to raiſe my body out of this ſtrait, into which I have voluntarily brought it.

This, gentlemen, is the bitter ſtory of my misfortune: tell me now, could it be borne with leſs concern than what you have perceived in me? And, pray, give yourſelves no trouble to perſuade or adviſe me to follow what you may think reaſonable and proper for my cure: for it will do me juſt as much good, as a medicine preſcribed by a ſkilful phyſician will do a ſick man, who refuſes to take it. I will have no health without Lucinda: and, ſince ſhe was pleaſed to give herſelf to another, when ſhe was, or ought to have been, mine, let me have the pleaſure of indulging myſelf in unhappineſs, ſince I might have been happy if I had pleaſed. She by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone: I, by endeavouring to deſtroy myſelf, would ſatisfy her will: and I ſhall ſtand as an example to poſterity of having been the only unfortunate perſon, whom the impoſſibility of receiving conſolation could not comfort, but plunged in ſtill greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe they will not have an end even in death itſelf.

Here

Here Cardenio ended his long diſcourſe, and his ſtory, no leſs full of misfortunes than of love; and, juſt as the prieſt was preparing to ſay ſomething to him, by way of conſolation, he was prevented by a voice, which, in mournful accents, ſaid, what will be related in the fourth book of this hiſtory: for, at this point, the wiſe and judicious hiſtorian Cid Hamet Benengeli put an end to the third.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

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